Book 2

SB98

Opening of Grand Ave.	#
Nantucket R.R. to Sconset 1884	Page 41-43-126
Old Sconset Houses	page 78 - also 20 to 29
Deaths	" 166-67
Surf Side Hotel	" 180-159.
Land Titles	62.
Nantucket Steamboat Co	66
Old Houses on Sconset Bank	78 to 88
Street Cars - Nantucket	116
Whale Ship - United States	145

60

FROM
J. LEACH,
STATIONER,
Writing Paper, Envelopes and Account Books.
86 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

References in Sidewalk Cards

July 14. 1888 - Vol. 1. No. 3 - 4 pages
Flag Raising on the Canonbury
also - July 16. 1888 - 1st page

Ice Cream saloon?

One night Corn Cure
Make it for Wednesday, Dec
Grant Tuesday night

South Gulley under Bridge (Natural) Middle Gulley leading to bathing beach - Hey by town. North
Shark Gulley near Crane property North Bluff & leading to old Massacre

Sept. 24. 1919
approved & laid out by the town, thus thwarting Herbert Britton in
his plan to "grab it" and add it to Beachstone property.

In the 70s Geo. Coffin, grandfather of Ed, Jamie, Roland & Laurence
Coffin ran
buttings up to
The store was
and used as
formerly
Jernegan (19
The original
owned by
later by Lotte

No Lids

Walked to. 5 aug 3-1901
N.R. elected 81 - 6 Arrest '94 - July 8
in 1887 track moved in from beach at Easterly
Aug. 1893 Beach washed into sea @ Nobadeer.

Summer Store 1st Rooms. Fillin
attached to Allen
Athletic Grounds
Grandchildren
1895 Robt rebuilt new chestnuts.
Not run in 1906
Sold in 1907. Motor Bus called the Bug put
in service NR-9
In 1908 another gasoline Motor Car Tried out &
found a failure in July; June 1909 new rails laid.
South Beach July 23. River Locomotive & cars June 9-10
Left to run Sept. 1917. Sept. 1918 track torn up
Sold to them the Ed. Jr. of Brooklyn in
1919 robbed Nantucket was signed in Nov. 11-
to the N.H.A. Remained in Brooklyn?

Lost Uncle 1895
Brothers of Asa Folger -
Orrin Swain
Abbie Howes in Island: Ole Cape Nantucket boats

All 3 Same Knees?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the sub
scriber has been duly appointed Administra
for upon the estate of
DELIA M. TRACY,
late of Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, de

SS., SATURDAY

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For Army

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Street Cars - Nantucket 116
Whale Shop - United States 145

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

All 'Sconset voters should attend the special Town Meeting, Tuesday evening, September 8th,

FROM
J. LEACH,
STATIONER,
Writing Paper, Envelopes and Account Books.
86 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Ask Jim Wood about Geo. W. Coffin's shanty, bank edge for reporting
" Sidney Folger " " " " " " " " tides
[illegible] about picts

~ 48c

To The County Commissioners of The County of Nantucket

Gentlemen:

The undersigned land owners and residents of Siasconset, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to accept and lay out the 25ft. road way known as Carew Street, running from Ocean Ave to Grand Ave. (see Assessors Map of Sec. 1911) public necessity & convenience requiring the same.

John G. Locke
Isabel G. Locke

Sept. 24. 1919

approved & laid out by the town, thus thwarting Herbert Britton in his plan to "grab it" and add it to Beach House property.

In the 70s Geo. Coffin, grandfather of Ed, Jamie, Roland & Lawrence Coffin ran a small store on New St. No Side adjoining his house on the west, and butting up to Oliver Folger's yard on the east where the "SRAIL CLUB" now is (1941) The store was moved to the N. end of Shell St. added to "La Petite" Cottage and used as a lunch room by Minnie Nichols. "La Petite Cottage was formerly "Alfred Folgers ice cream parlor" at Pump Square, where Horace Jernegan (1941) has his Antique Shop.

The original "Chanticleer" on New St. was the Charles Paddock House. Later owned by Albert Pittman; later by Sam P., later by Ally P. and later by Lottie Wyer Pittman wife of Ally Pittman & sold to The Wiley Family.

July 14. 1885 - Vol. 1. No. 2 & 4 to page.
Flag Raising on the Cumberland

References on Siasconset Pump

One night Concurs
Make it for Wednesday, Dec
be out Tuesday night

Book 2

5B98

Opening of Grand A
Nantucket R.R.
Old Sconset
Deaths
Surf Side Hotel
Land Titles
Nantucket Ste
Old Houses on
Street Cars - N
Whale Shop - Unit

Ask Jim Wood about Geo. W. Coffin's shanty, bank edge for reporting
" Sidney Folger " " " " " " " " tides
Ask Mrs. Franklin Folger about pictures.
Ask Harry Holden about 1st & 2nd 3rd Wireless stations here
Harry Turner - Hizekiah Coffin picture
" " Nantucket Indians.
" " Opening of McKinley Ave. 1887
" " Old Sconset Water Tank picture
" " W. H. Macy picture, birth - death.
" " Whale on Sconset Beach.

Tom Macy - photo.
LITTLE BOOK SHOP - Tues. Wed. Thur.
Belle Lemaire about W. H. Macy picture.
NEVADA - Auto. in town

"Whites Hamlet" later called -
and still later 1937(?) called "Wade Cottages".
Richard E. Burgess, grocer, butcher &c bought the "Hamlet" about ? Doctor Powers a retired dentist of Worcester who formerly ran the Ocean View Hotel after Levi Coffin sold out operated the cottages and a dining room. Later the dining room was burned. about ? the cottages were sold singly for $500.00 each.
Jamie Coffin moved one to his place on School St or the South end of Sankaty Road 19 - ?
Charlie Burgess moved one to Broadway & named it "High Tide".
Moved one to the N. Bluff.

FROM
J. LEACH,
STATIONER,
Writing Paper, Envelopes and Account Books.
86 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

References re Pierrett Bumps

July 14. 1888 - Vol. 1. no. 6 = 4th page.
Flag Raising on the Canonbury
also - July 16. 1888 - 1st page

One night Corn Cure
Make it for Wednesday, I'll be out Tuesday night

Ice cream saloon?

South Gulley under Bridge (Natural) Middle Gulley leading to bathing beach - dug by town. North Gulley east of Pitman property.
Shark Gulley near Crane property north Bluff & leading to old Massachusetts Humane Society Building, foot of bluff.

(Sunday
Menn @ Ocean View House July 14. 1888

The Lamberton House - now part of the Beach House. They moved there in 1882. House brought from town. ask Billy Smith
See Sept. 1. 1888 = Built about 1813. by Henry Barnard, father in law of Capt. Geo. W. Coffin, on Darlingt. in town.
about 1858 removed to Andrew Gardners lot, 1½ miles away. 1881 bought by Lamberton, taken apart & brought on box wagons to present.
Ship Shawmuga wrecked & from Nevers 1852. loaded with Cotton

See Sept. 1. 1888
" 3. 1887

about 70 years ago - 1858 - the Government employed Geo. W. Coffin to observe thro' a telescope from the bank the floating tide gauge anchored back of the breakers. A small shanty was erected on the bank about where the residence of Lee Davis is now. The shanty was white washed inside & out and it served as a loafing place for some of the villagers. The building was later removed & became a part of the north end of Columbia Cottage on Broadway. Another tide gauge was placed off from Nevers - but it washed away.
Benj. Bunker
about 1878 Sam Pitman & Asa Jones built for M.M.F. Rounds the House Sargent on Gay bet Orange & Miner St, from a barn & shed moved from Mathew Crosby House (now Villa Jerome) on Main highway.
1829 Milestones set by Peter F. Esser. Moved twice, once to Hendale Road; all but the 7th & 7½ mile stones set accurately.
1st. Ships Built on the Island & Brant Point = The Rose 1810.
1st. Death recorded on Nantucket = Jean Godfrey = afterwards Bunker wife of Richard Swain Oct. 31. 1662
1st. Birth " " " = Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Starbuck, born Mar. 30. 1663
1st. Marriage " " " = Peter Worth & Sarah Macy Apl. 11. 1665

Miss Rita Robinsons House

Brought from Sesachacha between 1814 & 1820 by Geo. Meader son of Nicholas Meader.
Later sold to Frank J. Crosby. In 1879 Additions were made, making an open court to the west and with a wart to the east on the north end.
Originally known as the Thomas Cannon place

...state of ...ppointed Administra...
DELIA M. TRACY,
late of Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, de...
...URDAY
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...Army
...of Nant...
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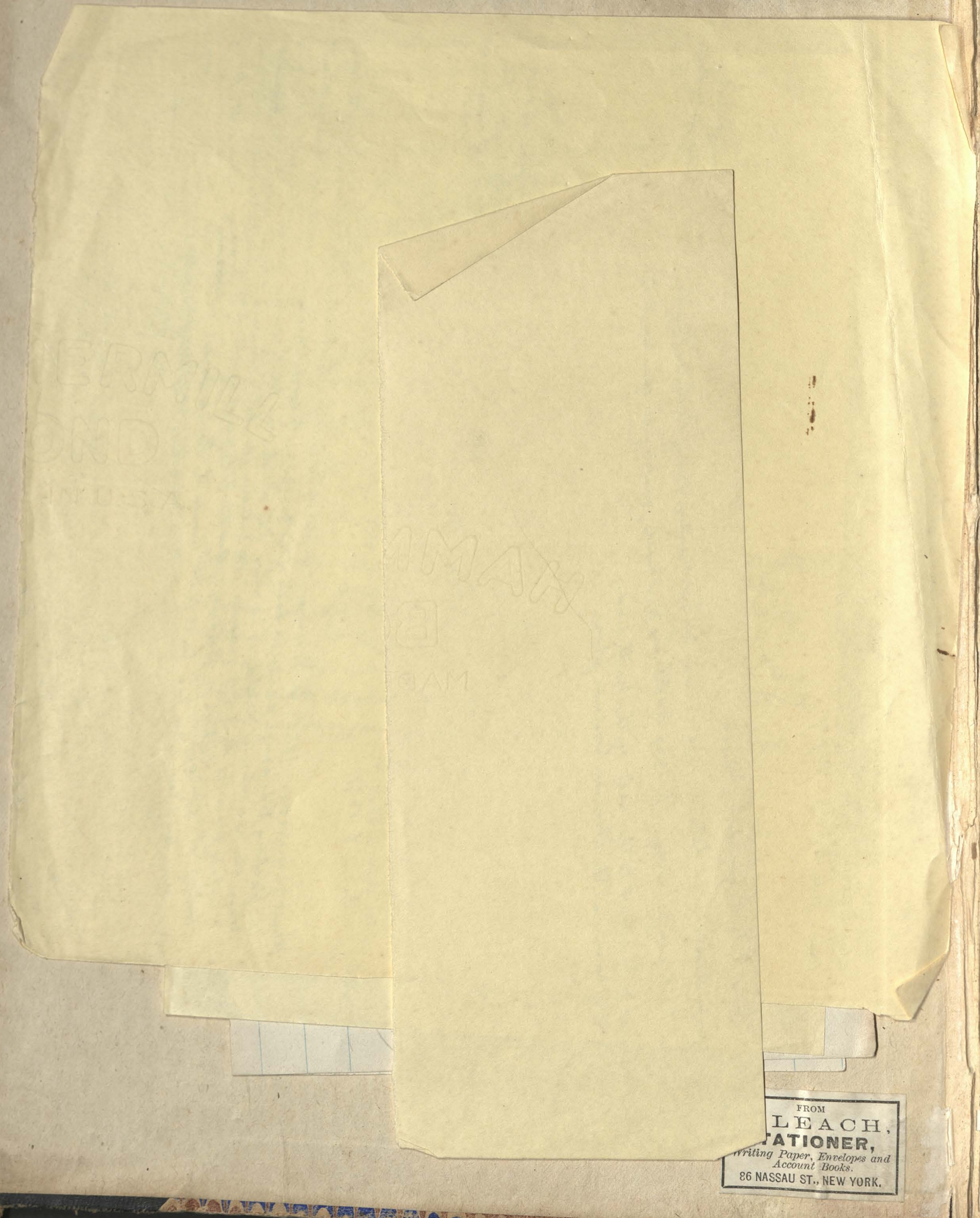
SB98



Book 2

FROM
LEACH,
TATIONER,
Writing Paper, Envelopes and
Account Books.
86 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

The Inquirer

VOL. 98. NO. 37

NANTUCKET, MASS., SATURDAY

number.

Habitual costiveness affliets millions o the American people. Kidney-Wort wi cure it.

Kidney-Wort has cured kidney con plaints of thirty years atanding. Try i —*Exchange*

Marriages.

In Boston, 22d inst., by Rev. James Freema Clarke, Alexander H. Seaverns, of Boston, t Alice May Whitford, formerly of this town.

In Rootstown, 18th inst., Mr. Josiah B. Whip pey to Miss Julia Scott, of Rootstown.

Deaths.

In this town on Monday last, Eliza A., wife o Rowland Folger, aged 73 years, 6 months, 8 days [Western papers please copy.

Rest, dearest mother, rest,
Thy troubles are all o'er.
Jesus took thee from our home
To rest forever more.

In this town 23d inst., Barzillai Grew, aged 8 years, 4 months, 23 days.

In this town Sunday last, Sarah, widow o James Townsend, aged 68 years, 10 months, days.

At Kankakee, Ill., 21st inst., Capt. James M Coffin, formerly of this town, aged 70 years, months.

In New York city, 21st inst., Caroline J., widow of William S. Barnard, aged 62 years.

Marine Journal.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

The steamer has made her trips regularly the past week, except Monday.

Thursday, Dec. 23d.

ARRIVED—Schooners Fannie Hanmer, Brooks Hoboken; Milton, Brock, Bangor.

Saturday, Dec. 25.

SAILED—Sloop Tawtemho, Ray, New Bedford.

Whalers

Ar at St Helena Nov 15th, barks Sunbeam, Tabe of NB, 450 bbls sp, and 919 do wh oil, and sld 11th 4th, Greyhound, Allen, of NB, and sld 19th, t cruise—would be at St Helena again March 15th 17th, Bertha, Robison, do, with 700 bbls sp, and 10 do wh oil, and sld 23d; 22d, bark Wanderer Heyer, of NB, with 130 bbls sp oil taken sinc leaving Kabenda; 435 bbls sp and 475 do hpbk o last cruise. Sld Nov 11th, bark Chas W Morgan Ellis, do.

Sld fm Teneriffe Nov 27th, bark Lagoda, Lewis NB, to cruise.

Cld fm San Francisco 12th, bark Progress, Ba ker, NB, to cruise.

Sld from St Jago, CVI Nov 24th, bark Matta poisett, Sliva, of NB, to cruise.

A letter from Capt Marchant, of sch Emm Jane, of Edgartown, dated at sea Dec 8th, report having taken 175 bbls sp oil since leaving Smith ville, NC, 7 weeks previous. Reports Nov 28th sch E B Conwell, Costa, NB, and Lottie E Cook do, clean; Dec 4th, sch Delia Hodgkins, Mine New London, do.

A letter from Capt Crapo, of bark Linda Stew art, of NB, reports her at sea Nov 27th, with 70 bbls sp oil on board. 500 taken last season.

SPOKEN.

Nov 29th, lat 30 N, lon 75 10 W, sch E B Conwel Costa, NB, no oil—all well.

Nov 11th lat 37 S, lon 4 E, ship Jireh Perry Chase, of NB, with 800 bbls sp oil on board.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the sub scriber has been duly appointed Administrator upon the estate of

DELIA M. TRACY,

late of Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, de-

Hearing on Bill to Repeal Nantucket's Exclusion Act.

The pros and cons of Nantucket's

More Nantucket For Army

A number of Nant have been summone this week, all but o for re-examination Stephen Gibbs was c but was sick at the first time he has be emption Board. G for limited service.

Leon M. Royal, Pacific National Ban board Thursday fo He did not pass bef he was accepted u spite of the fact tha cently operated upon Royal was instructe in readiness for a c master's or quarte ment.

Alanson Swain, pass at the first ex increased weight at accepted for servi

tee gave hearing on the bill introduced by Franklin E. Smith and others for the repeal of the exclusion act of 1914, and, as was to be expected and as the committee expected, the "antis" were in the great majority—but not quite as large a majority as four

WE ARE ALSO SHOWING NEW PATTERNS IN

FLAXONS, VOILES, CURTAIN MATERIALS, WHITE WAISTINGS, etc.

From the Tonawanda Herald.

TOM NEVER'S HEAD.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

[On the Island of Nantucket is a bluff called by the above name, but wherefore I do not know. A Picnic lunch upon that breezy height in 1879 (August 12) is commemorated in the following lines, written somewhat in the style of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs."]

Near, but south, of 'Sconset vill
Rises fair a grassy hill,
At its feet the snowy sands;
Stretching far to foreign lands
Rolls the ocean deep and wide,
And, methinks, the billowy tide
Sayeth ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

For, thither on one summer day,
With dear friends, now far away,
Came I, won by friendship's word,
While my heart with joy was stirred
At the scene to me so fair,
And with words most welcome there,
Echoing ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Scattered now are those who there
From that headland gazed afar—
Watched the sea-gull's circling flight,
Watched the breakers combing white;
Inland saw the grassy slopes
Undulate, like human hopes,
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Yes, within our hearts it dwells—
Watches o'er the wave that swells
From the ocean stretched before
Till it strikes Nantucket's shore!
And we'll bear the picture bright
To that day that has no night:
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Two are dwellers on that isle.
One is longing for its smile;
Cities fair before her spread,
Yet she craves Tom Never's Head—
Wishes one was by her side
Now by fair Niagara's tide;
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Hark! the promise comes to me—
"There shall yet be no more sea;"
Naught shall loving hearts divide,
And the sweep of love's great tide
Shall the only ocean be
Through the long eternity!
Hush! Say ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Let the boundless billows roll!
Naught can sever soul from soul!
And when once the spirit's free,
In our freedom—"There's no sea;"
Earth with all it's charms may stay—
We—not earth—shall pass away!
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

And when summer zephyrs sigh,
And the island-lovers hie
To the seaside, let them stand
Where we viewed the flower-decked land—
Where we listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!"

Let them lift the psalm of praise,
Mingling with the voice that says,
"Friendship's golden light is shed
On Tom Never's lifted head,
And the jewel—never sold—
Memory's casket hence shall hold,
Saying ever—"Tom Never,
Tom Never—Forever!" "

Jersey City, N. J.

FROM
J. LEACH,
STATIONER,
Writing Paper, Envelopes and Account Books.
86 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

The Inquirer

VOL. 98. NO. 37 NANTUCKET, MASS., SATURDAY

PERCALES.

We Are Showing

A Big Variety of New Patterns,

Over 600 yards received this week. - - Price, 25c a yard.

* * *

WE ARE ALSO SHOWING NEW PATTERNS IN

FLAXONS, VOILES, CURTAIN MATERIALS, WHITE WAISTINGS, etc.

Hearing on Bill to Repeal Nantucket's Exclusion Act.

The pros and cons of Nantucket's automobile controversy have once again been aired at the State House and the members of the Committee on Towns have doubtless learned much which will be of value to them in arriving at a decision whether it is best for Nantucket to remain auto-less or to break away from the notable position which the island has maintained for a number of years as the one spot in the United States where the honking of the gas-wagons is not heard.

It was a large representation of islanders and summer residents which appeared at the State House last Thursday morning, when the committee gave hearing on the bill introduced by Franklin E. Smith and others for the repeal of the exclusion act of 1914, and, as was to be expected and as the committee expected, the "antis" were in the great majority—but not quite as large a majority as four

More Nantucket For Army

A number of Nant have been summone this week, all but o for re-examination Stephen Gibbs was c but was sick at the t first time he has be emption Board. G for limited service.

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Alanson Swain, pass at the first ex increased weight at accepted for servi

ON NANTUCKET

MY HOUSE AND I. A Chronicle of Nantucket. By Mary Eliza Starbuck. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

TO many, many thousands of Summer visitors from all over the United States Nantucket has been an island of charm and romance, different from all else that they know, its very air heavily fragrant with the breath of its past. And now here comes a book that gathers up into itself so much of all that makes Nantucket what it has been and, to some extent, still is, that it will be a pleasure to all who love the island, whether natives or visitors, and will also be enjoyed by many who know this little spot in the Atlantic only by its fame. Miss Starbuck has accomplished this simply by not trying to do it. All she tried to do, apparently, was to set down the simple story of the daily life of herself, her relatives and her friends in their native environment and because in her effort to make it true she caught the colors of the environment, the spirit of conditions and the distinguishing marks of personality and breathed into it much of her own nature, she has made a real book about place and people, a book of charm and fragrance.

Miss Starbuck comes of a line of sea captains and shipowners who were among the leading people of Nantucket for generations. She tells of her father's wooing of her mother: He had met her three times, and then, on a bitter cold morning, when his ship was to sail at sunrise, he routed out the young woman's father before daybreak and asked to see her, and so carried with him on his long voyage her promise to wed him when he should return.

Later he set forth on another voyage when the author was six months old, which took him around the Horn and up the West Coast and elsewhere and lasted for five years. There are many delightful

(Continued from Page 20)

tales of these old-time captains and voyages—Miss Starbuck's ocean-going people were merchants, not whalers—and of the wives who sometimes went with them, the children born at sea, the excitement there was when one of these far-wandering merchantmen spoke another Nantucket ship on the lonely Pacific and both hove to, and the woman and children from one of them took sewing and toys and were carried by small boat to the other to "gam"—Nantucketese for visit, hobnob, have a good time, together—for a day. The book is full of little tales about Nantucketers who were her relatives or friends, some of them stories told her by those who had been to sea, but more of them dealing with her own life and that of her people on shore. It is a chronicle of trivial things, for the most part, the unconsidered trifles of every day, but the author has captured with them that something, whatever it is, that gives such things life and color and consequence to those whose daily life they make. And so her book becomes a vital and colorful story of the life and the changes on Nantucket through half a century and more. No small part of its charm is due to the author's visualizing style, her story-telling knack, and her sense of humor.

For Sconset Notes

Who remembers When the mail, about 1878 arrived via Baxters Lightning Express, its distribution announced by the blowing of a horn and the Gen. Delivery window was the east window of Shanunga Cottage on Broadway?

No one was allowed in the house. Rain or shine all business was conducted by Lou Baxter on the inside of the window, while patrons stood under an umbrella outside (if it rained) made change as best they could while balancing the umbrella and paid 1¢ for each letter or paper ~~piece of mail~~ received. The Government allowed the 1¢ charge to be made – and paid Lou Baxter $12.00 a year as postmistress and Capt. Wm. Baxter $ 8.00 a year for hauling the mail. In 1883, Mrs. P. M. Abny was appointed

assets and business of the Edmonds & Jones Corporation should make the investment unusually attractive from the standpoint of safety of principal, income yield and possible appreciation in selling value of the security.

If you are interested, and will sign the enclosed postcard, I would be pleased to give you more detailed information and a financial statement of the Company.

Yours very truly,

ABT-S
Encl.

ALL STATEMENTS CONTAINED HEREIN THOUGH BELIEVED BY ME TO BE TRUE ARE NOT GUARANTEED AND ARE MADE WITHOUT RECOURSE.

Robert Rattcliff of Nantucket, now eighty-three years old, was a young English sailor on board the Northumberland which took Napoleon to St. Helena, and still tells some reminiscences of the emperor, who took pleasure in observing the movements of the men and conversing with them. The gun amidships was named the Emperor by the sailors, because he frequently occupied it as a seat. He would pinch the ear of young Rattcliff, and ask him if he had enough to eat, good treatment, and how he liked sailor life. When coming to America, fifty-eight years ago, Mr. Rattcliff was wrecked on Nantucket, and has been a citizen of the island ever since.

Anchorage = N. side of Main St.

Geo. Starbuck house - now on Henry Coffins Plainfield Farm

Mathew Starbuck - bro. of Geo. Mathew & Wm. Hadevin Starbuck, now owned by Florence Hill Miriam
Gd. daughter of Mathew Starbuck

a dining Rooming House, (on what is now Chapel St.) burned 50 or more yrs ago.

Richard Mitchell House N.W. cor of Chapel St. now owned by Florence Hill

David Baxter (Capt.) bought by Geo Rogers Mother.

Atlantic House. later bought by David Gray from Louise Warren - later sold to an Italian woman from Detroit. Later 1935 sold cousin of Eichelbergers by Gray estate

Barker Burnell Sr. then passed to Lydia Burnell, then to Barker Burnell Jr. then to Mrs Geo Fawcett (Percy Haswell)

Henry Coffin, father of Levi Coffin then Cranklins then to J.E. Roberts 1908

Chas G. Coffin, uncle of Levi. bro. of Henry - father of Mary Green who inherited it. then passed to David A Green, & owned by him 1935

John Smith about 1895. then to Mrs. Smith, then to Ella M. Lowe.

Dr Burnell Rose, Lydia M. Burnell, then to Dr. TINKER? then to Fred. Howes.

WILLIAM M. BARRETT
BOX 82
SIASCONSET, MASS.

So. side of Main St.

Fred Sandford house. formerly by Sam Strain.

Wallie Brown store. about where p.o. kitchen is.

A house used by Mr. Meadows for a P.O. is. P.O. built by Fred where P.O. is. James Gibbs Cliff Eddy place "Are you like it"?

Reuben Ramsdell about where A. & P. store is.

Ocean View Hotel built by Chas. Robinson, run by Levi Coffin, then Dec Powers.
The Ocean View annex was built where Regan Houghton lives, in what was the Burrey house
The Ocean view & Annex torn down, the O.V. hotel being turned around and made into home of Mrs. T. G. Fletchers.

Joseph S. Barney. then to Alanson 2 & Wm 3 & Eunice. then to Emery O. Bucknor of N.Y.

Chas. Mitchell? then Chas B. Strain, then Mrs. Dougherty Orr, then David Gray, then he gave the house back to Mrs. Orr if she would move the house so he could have the land. Then Mrs. Orr sold the house to Mrs. Nena Barry who moved it to the N. bluff. then Dr. Martin

Lee Palmer then Robt. Coffin, Dr. Sutherland, David Gray then Eichelbergers.

John N. Barrett estate, formerly Alex. Bunker 1826, J.N. Barrett bought in 1836 then N. M. Barrett inherited 1867 from John N. then inherited by Wm. Mitchell Barrett.

Mathew Crosby - then Wm Crosby - then Mrs Jennie Jerome, then Mrs. Cullen Brown who later married Mr. Paul O. Bagley of Detroit.

Lowell & S. McCrary built it. then his daughter Mrs. J.D. Potter inherited it.

Robt. Pitman, then Sam Pitman. Place known as Bunker Hill.

Oliver Hussey house. On land between Pitman & Hussey house the first Wireless erected.

Albie Pitman house.
Albert

Barrett land way to Ocean
Old Doctor - Mr. Lempster

No. 1
From Robinson to F. H. Brinton
Sept. 17 - 1904 - Quit Claim with
Covenants [redacted] Ocean Park

No. 2
From Brinton back to Robinson
Sept. 25. 1911. without Covenants - Quit
Claim Deed.
This because Robinson didn't have
a right to sell it all & close up road.

No. 3
From Robinson back to Brinton
Oct. 10. 1911.

No. 1 conveyed all the triangular piece (Ocean Park) to Brinton.
Then No. 2 deeded it back - so he could re-deed it back with restriction of leaving a 25 foot roadway on the north side of land of Alice G. Burbank.
This road appears on Assessors map of 1911 - but has probably never been accepted by the town.
When Brinton closed the old Carew St. road which had been used by the public for over 20 years, he remarked to E— B— "I hope to God no one discovers for 48 hours that I have closed the road; I'll be safe after 48 hours."

"Is a for knot hole in a fence"
" " hole in the ground
" a stone

Concord Water Dept. 1934

4 Wells - 28 feet deep

6 to 9 ft. of water always.

This year more pumped in 1 day

261800 Gals.

Another day only 90.000, because of rain.

June 23. 1928

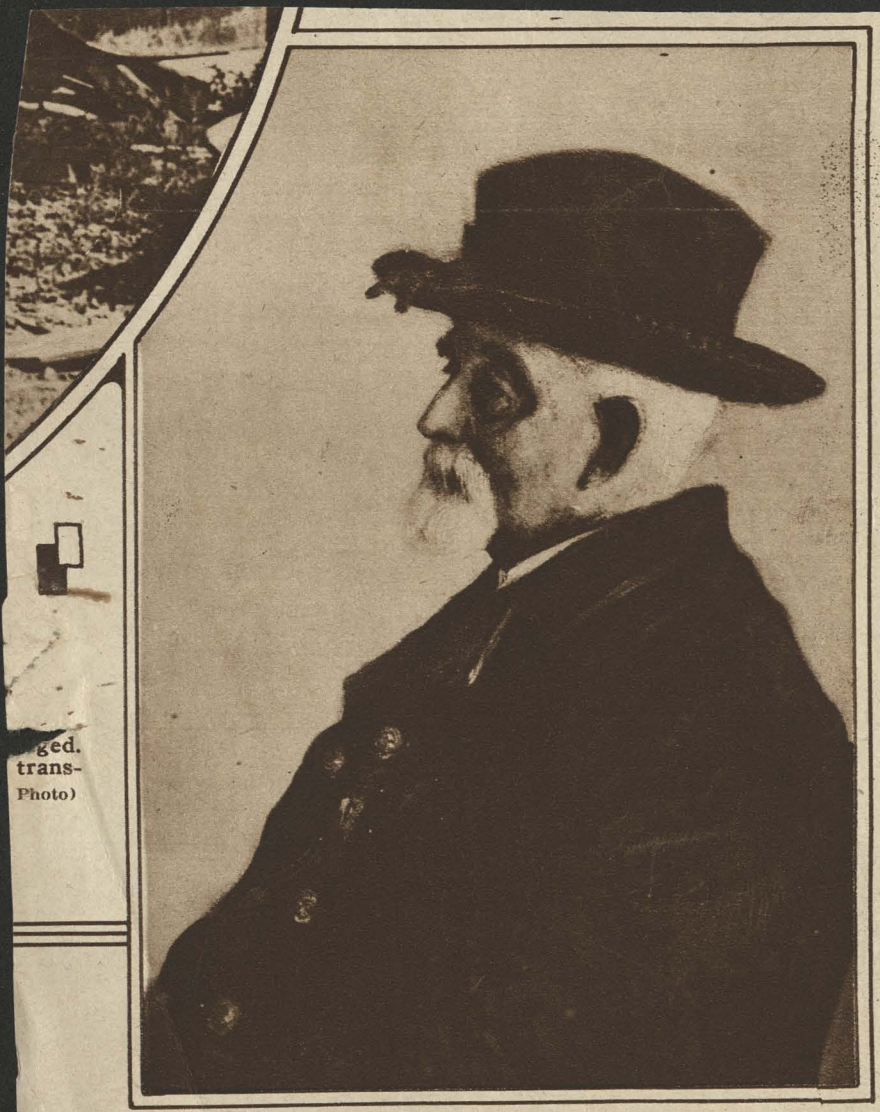
'Sconset Connected by Telephone Forty-one Years Ago.

Recent agitation over improved telephone service between Nantucket and 'Sconset has again revived the question of when did 'Sconset first have telephone service. Several years ago this same question was asked and we printed a brief history of the local telephone service. Now we have been again asked how many years it is since 'Sconset was first connected with town by 'phone. It was forty-one years ago this July—quite a long time.

It was only a few months after the government had installed a "signal station" on Nantucket and the lighthouses and life-saving stations were soon connected together, with the signal office in town, which later became the weather bureau.

The government line ran to Sankaty lighthouse and the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company made connections and opened public telephone communication. The town office was located in the store of Herbert S. Sweet on Federal street (where the Catholic church is now located) and the 'Sconset end terminated at the village postoffice.

The tariff was 15 cents for each communication and when anyone wanted to talk from town to 'Sconset he or she would go to one of the seven telephones located in town (all connected together) and thus get in touch with 'Sconset. Sometimes the voices would carry quite distinctly, but usually a fellow had to "holler his head off" in order to make the other fellow understand what he was saying. It was unique telephone service in those days.



ged.
trans-
Photo)

A NANTUCKET VETERAN, a familiar figure of the island township as depicted by the Boston painter Walter Gilman Page, now an all year resident of Nantucket. This portrait was included in Mr. Page's August exhibition at a Nantucket club.

JAMES WOOD 1928

Declaration of Independence.

Although the story of its adoption, signing and promulgation has been written, read and discussed for 150 years, it will be news to most people that the Declaration of Independence was not signed on the fourth of July, nor even in the month of July. The only signing on the Fourth of July was by John Hancock, the President, and Charles Thompson, the Secretary.

On July 2, Mr. Lee, of Virginia, offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted after an all day debate:

"Resolved, that these United Colonies are, and of right, ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

On July 4th, the formal Declaration of Independence was laid before the Presidnt, but the declaration against slavery was afterward eliminated. The Declaration was finally adopted by Congress on August 2, and signed by 35 members. By September 15, all the signatures were affixed except two. One of these signed in December, and John Dickenson, of Pennsylvania, declined to sign. He was a patriot and in full accord with the work of Congress, but, being a member of the Society of Friends, declined to take a step which meant war.

6/30/28

Folger Has Revolutionary Flag.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

Ernest G. Folger, 191 Belmont street, is the possessor of a valuable trophy of Revolutionary days, a "13 star" flag, antedating 1779, at which time the number of stars in the American flag was increased to 15. While the history of the flag is lacking, it is none the less interesting and is in a perfect state of preservation.

Mr. Folger recalls that it was purchased by his father, who died June 20, 1886. "Aside from the fact that father purchased it June, 1878, somewhere in Cambridge, I have no knowledge of its history," said Mr. Folger. "I have tried hard to trace its origin, to get some facts on it, but thus far I have failed, and if there is anybody in the city who has information along this line, I would be pleased to hear from him."

Mr. Folger claims a distant relationship to Benjamin Franklin, and has a brother, Benjamin Franklin Folger of Cherry street, Brockton, who was named for the man who drew electricity from the clouds with a kite. He is a descendant of the Coffins, Lumberts and Barrets of Nantucket, and several of his ancestors fought with valor in the Revolutionary war.

He is a great-grandson of Peter Folger, who settled Nantucket and afterwards went to Martha's Vineyard, and whose daughter was wed to Ben Franklin.

6/30/28 MIRROR

Wyer (1 arm) son now Watchman at Bank

Aaron Irvine (1 arm) lived at & attended Bug Light

Later Wm Hillar (1 leg) tended Light discontinued & Hillier paid U.S. 100 a year rent

Capt Benj F Wyer 1st 1880

Caretaker after discontinued paid 100 Gibbs ? Rings Curfew also at Athenaeum

Discontinued Aug. 1. 1880. Capt. B. F. Wyer Keeper

1856 Bug Light beacons refitted

Bug Lt. so. side harbor 1st Keeper Caleb Cushman built 1820

Sconset P.O. Nov. 1872 Miss Love Baxter P.M. 12 a year her father Capt Baxter 8 a year for carrying the mail

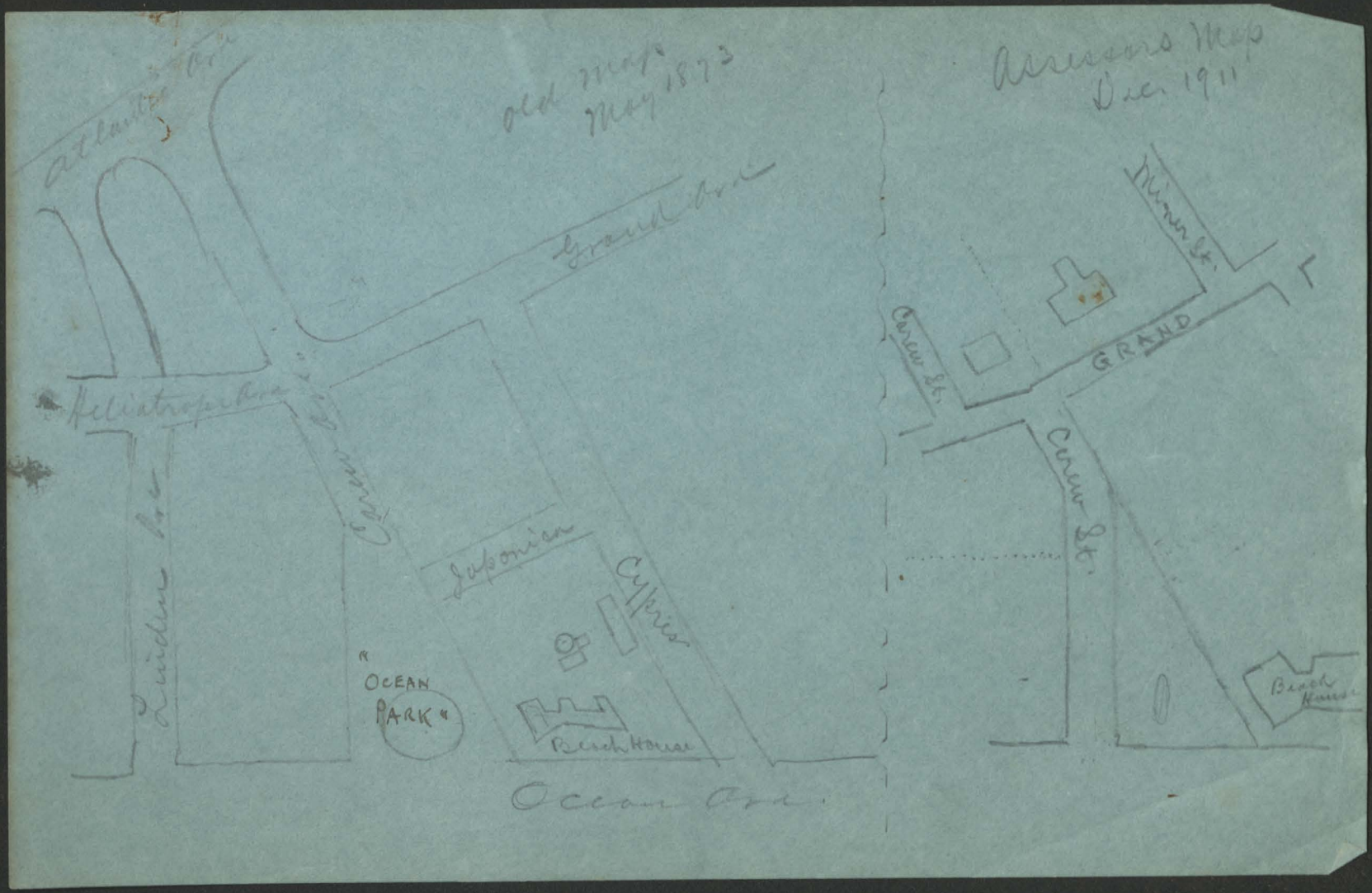
Sankaty Lt. 1850

Bug Lights at Cliff 1838 - 1st Keeper Paleg Easton

Syndicating "Iron Age"

Stock & Bond Corp. 239 - W. 39

2 Rector St. N. Warren C-


Old Map
May 1873
Assessors Map
Dec. 1911
Atlantic Ave
Grand Ave
Heliotrope Ave
Carew Ave
Linden Ave
Japonica
Cypress
"OCEAN PARK"
Beach House
Ocean Ave
Miner St.
Carew St.
GRAND
Carew St.
Beach House

Siconset Notes

Who Remembers When Wireless Telegraphy was established at Siconset in 1901? This was the first station erected on the American Continent. The first message came from Steamer Lucania. The Siconset Station was burned Nov. 15th 1907. but later rebuilt. Jan. 23. 1909 Steamer Republic was lost in collission with Steamer Florida off Long Island, the Siconset station picked up the S.O.S. Call sent out by Jack Binz. Sept. 25. 1914 Siconset Station closed by U.S. Gournment for alleged violation of Neutrality laws, but was reopened, under government censorship, Jan. 17. 1918. The International Wireless Station at Siconset was closed Aug. 31. 1921., reopened Jan. 2. 1922 and permanently closed April 1922, part of the equipment being taken to the Radio Compass Station at Surfside.

Some years ago the late Patrick B. Delaney erected on his premises at the Cliff a private wireless apparatus and established his experimental laboratory there. This has been taken down since Mr. Delaneys death in

Page 360 - Lithgow Book

Sconset
Poems
McCherry's

this
be revealed
to know the name.
CLearwater 7-6293.

The Night 'Sconset Came Alive

By Lady Dionis De Courcy

Here is a jewel, set in aquamarine;
An isle encircled by the laughing sea—
An ancient sanctuary — sweet . . . serene
For men who'd *live* and worship as they please.

Here came the Plain Folk, battling open sea,
Turning their backs on rock-bound, hide-bound shores.
This was the Odyssey that set them free —
This blessed spot twixt home and the Azores.

Then. . they were princes, riding screaming gales;
Merchant Princes, bringing the topaz tea
Of far-off Indies. . . Princes hunting whales
For the fat rich oils, for gold, for ivory.

Here to this island, girt by the laughing waves
Came kings and captains, lords of the brave new world,
Proud of their cargoes — proud as Indian braves —
With Chippendale chairs and cashmere shawls unfurled!

Why do you snarl, little man? Why wince?
Every one was a merchant prince!

Here on this island, clasped by a sea that sings
Came a Merchant Prince, but lately, in a craft
That flew by a star. . . a silver ship with wings.
And he brought his golden cargoes in a raft.

And he filled the air with laughter, music and light
And shared his trove with many a land-locked soul.
Is *this* a crime, dear Sir, for a single night?
I doubt if he even disturbed a single mole.

Here, on this island smothered in roses and rancor
Came a merchant prince to rescue a fine old house.
And he made it whole and fine, and then dropped anchor.
Are you a man, Sir Earwig? Or a mouse.

That you take your poison pen in your petty paw
To send your anonymous piddlings thro' the mail?
It must make the sea-gulls mew and the deer guffaw
And excite the belly laughter of a whale!

Here, on this island blessed by sun and sea
There lives an oaf with neither rhyme or reason.
Unloved, unlucky wretch — *you* must be *he*
Who wields such a clumsy pen that's dipped in treason.

Sneak back behind your iron curtain, lout
And leave this isle in sea-washed peace hereafter.
A pity that you sniggered and came out
A pity that you can't take life and laughter.

* * *

The Night Sconset Died

The Milestone Road, a seven mile ride,
Leads to Main Street, Sconset's pride,
With spreading maples and houses neat
A quiet, peaceful village street.
There city people have come to stay
And love the charm of an earlier day
The whaling families have long disappeared
But the houses old are still revered.
This atmosphere of olde n charm
Green Chimneys well preserved from harm
The shrubbery concealed from sight
Gentle folk dining by candle light.

Hacking his way through the foliage dense
Came the big shot from Providence
With money from stores and a radio station
At last he had found theright location.
His plane and his pilot he kept on thehop
Bringing in workers and even to shop
So crude andso crass, of parvenu boors,
No worse has been seen on the Nantucket moors,
A man with so little sense of propriety
He now set out to crash into society.

The people of Sconset woke up one morning
And there was a tent and a gre en and white awning
Invitations went out, the people all came
To celebrate Psyche's going to Spain.
The imported rumba band screamed through the night
While the guests swilled champagne in the bright neon light,
The caterer provided them with squabs to eat
While thehumble villagers danced in the street.
The hideous noise lasted on till the dawning
When thelast celebrity reeled out from the awning
People stirred in their sleep and the children cried
For this was the night when old Sconset died.

WE ARE NOW WELL STOCKED WITH
ALL THE MORE STAPLE GOODS:

**Cottons, Sheeting, Crashes, Sheets,
Pillow Cases, Towels and
House Furnishing Goods.**

LOUIS COFFIN & COMPANY

Why We Advertise!

WE ADVERTISE SO THAT WE
MAY GET ACQUAINTED WITH
PEOPLE AND SELL THEM LUMBER

We expect to sell to them more than once and that is why we give good values and prompt service.

We also sell

DOORS, WINDOWS,
BLINDS, FINISH,
MOULDINGS.

FLOORING and
LUMBER of
all kinds.

CENTRAL LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.
172 North Water Street, New Bedford, Mass.

The Cash Market.

Tel. 306.

SATURDAY'S SPECIALS.

We have an extra good lot of **Steer Ribs** to sell cheap this week.

Prime Ribs, 1st cuts,	30c lb.
" " 2nd cuts,	28c lb.
Other good cuts,	25c lb.

DO NOT MISS THIS SALE.

Try our Nantucket
Sausage Meat, 35c lb.

WHILE THEY LAST:

than one lone speaker in favor of admitting automobiles—there were several—and the chairman of the committee at the close of the hearing endeavored to find out whether anyone now favoring autos had changed his or her mind since the hearing in 1914.

It is estimated that about two hundred persons were there, including many islanders who went up to Boston just for the hearing alone; many who happened to be away at the time and found it convenient to join their fellow citizens upon this periodical Nantucket festival; and many summer residents who lived in the vicinity of the Hub and took the trouble to attend and by their presence showed that they were interested. And many persons who had never been to the island—including a number of legislators—joined the throng just to listen and enjoy the arguments in the unusual situation which was to be brought before the Committee of Towns—that of a whole town and a whole county of the state of Massachusetts coming before the Legislature and pleading that it might be permitted to retain its unique and isolated position of being the one and only place in the United States "where the air is not defiled by the sound and smell of automobiles."

The weather conditions could not have been worse and but for the fact that it was Nantucket's periodical automobile controversy which was to be aired, the snow and rain and slush and mud would certainly have kept many persons away. Weather conditions, however, are not to be considered when the question of admitting or excluding automobiles from Nantucket is coming up for consideration, and it was indeed surprising the number of ladies who braved the elements and showed their interest by being in at-

Burton Swallow
Camp Devens last
sequently discharge
ability, passed
day and will go
submitting to an ope
physical defect.

John P. Conway
was discharged.

Irvin M. Wyer pa
cepted for limited
understanding that
made to get him en
neering force.

Paul Mathison pa
examination, but
that he is a fisher
called unless absol
fill up the district
emption Board ins
his license for refe

Arthur Marshall
ter Holmes both pa
cepted for limited s

Ernest R. Terry
failing to pass the
tion.

Arthur P. West
but as he was desi
to the merchant
agreed to recomm
branch, with the u
if he is not accept
vice he will be call
vice in the army.
go before Dr. Ge
Nantucket, agent
ping Board.

Miguel Suares
was discharged.

Herbert N. Bro
from examination
was also Prince G.

Willing

Editor of The Inq
Regarding the s
the owners of the

86 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

THE PATCHWORK VILLAGE—'SCONSET BY THE SEA.

The village of Siasconset is situated on the southeast corner of Nantucket Island, on a bluff 30 feet in height and 400 feet from the ocean. It is 50 miles from the main-land, and sufficiently near the Gulf Stream to feel its influence in raising the temperature of the waters that wash the southern and eastern shores of the island, and to this fact is due the popularity of the beach for the enjoyment of surf bathing. Hot days are scarce ever known. The mercury seldom rises above the point of summer heat. It has never exceeded 88, and does not go beyond 82 degrees more than a half-dozen days during the season. Even then the cool sea breezes make visitors unconscious of what elsewhere might be an oppressive heat. As nightfall approaches, the air becomes delightfully cool, and during the hours devoted to sleep a pair of blankets is always an acceptable covering.

The old village is made up of quaint little cottages, shingled on the sides as well as roofs, many of them built over a hundred, and some begun near two hundred, years ago, for the habitations of sea-faring men engaged in fishing during the spring and fall, and whose ideas of house building seem to have been largely gained from their experience on shipboard. The snug parlors remind one of ship cabins; the small bed-rooms are little more than state-rooms, while the closets are cabin lockers but slightly enlarged. For twenty years past their owners have rented them to families of visitors during the summer. The odd shapes of the structures and the old-fashioned furniture with which they are provided, make them objects of curiosity to tourists, artists and visitors.

To the east and south of the village are dangerous shoals known as Bass and Pochick Rips and the Old Man's Back, on which the sea is ever breaking in picturesque streaks of whitened foam shown on the dark surface of the surrounding waters. During the season, heavy gales give to the visitors opportunities to see the ocean in its most tumultuous fury dashing upon the beach, along which are the wrecks of vessels, which have been stranded in the storms of former years. A mile to the north is the light-house on Sankaty Head, on which, after nightfall, a brilliant light flashes upon the view at minute intervals and makes an attractive and appropriate feature in the marine landscape. Tom Nevers' Head to the west, is a bold bluff, at the foot of which is a beautiful pond; and Sesachaca Pond is another and larger sheet of fresh water to the north of Sankaty Head, which at all times furnishes an abundance of perch fishing.

Pleasant jaunts are made with teams over a gently undulating country, presenting the peculiar characteristics of the Scottish moors. At Nantucket, eleven miles by rail, and at Wauwinet, at the head of the inner harbor, five miles distant, by team, sailing, rowing and still water bathing can be enjoyed by those who are fond of those sports.

The resident visitors at Siasconset are of an intelligent, cultivated and refined class who come for rest, recreation and retirement. As there are no large hotels, there is an absence of fashionable display and with it real ease and comfort.

The attention of those favorably impressed by this description of Siasconset as a place for summer sojourn, is invited to a brief statement in respect to cottages which I have constructed and furnished with a view to their occupancy by visitors. They are built in the style shown in the accompanying diagrams, following the traditions of the builders of a hundred years ago, who made their houses strong and compact for comfort and convenience, and with no thought that the structures they reared would ever be in demand for the residences of families from distant parts during the warm season. The only variations I have made from the strict simplicity of 'Sconset architecture are to have the apartments more commodious, and to avail myself of a few accessories which improve the appearance of the dwellings, without, in the least degree, giving to them the ornate look of modern built cottages at fashionable seaside resorts.

Each cottage is situated on a lot having a frontage of from 50 to 55 feet, with a full area of 3,000 to 3,300 square feet of ground. Each has a small cellar, a cistern abundantly supplied with rain water, and is completely furnished for housekeeping, even to the extent of providing crockery, cutlery, and bed and table linen, and also works of art and ornament to give to the interiors a home-like appearance. The bedsteads are of modern style and are furnished with springs and mattresses of the best quality of curled hair. A driven well situated on the property furnishes an abundance of pure, soft water for the use of tenants.

The accompanying maps show the situation of the Nantucket with reference to the New England coast and the Gulf Stream, of Siasconset on the island, and of the different cottages with reference to the beach. The ground plans exhibit the sizes and number of the rooms on the first floor. Photographic views of the different houses can be seen at my office.

The houses are in readiness for occupancy on the 1st of June, or earlier if desired, and tenants may continue in possession until October, or later. All are of recent construction, and the farthest distant from the beach is reached by a walk of two minutes. Life ropes are kept in place for the safety of bathers, and may be used by tenants without expense Bath-houses and tents and awnings, conveniently located on the beach, will be furnished to tenants at the cost of their maintenance.

The purity of the air and the character of the soil assure absolute freedom from malaria. Mosquitoes are seldom seen. Persons suffering from hay fever find exemption from the ailment during their stay. Asthmatic patients also experience great relief, and the climate is excellent for those who suffer from insomnia or nervous prostration.

Each season, physicians, who are resident visitors, give attention to invalids needing advice or treatment, and others of both the prominent schools of medicine reside in Nantucket and can be quickly reached if their services are required.

Two mails a day are received at and forwarded from the post-office in the village, and telegraphic communication is had with the mainland through the cable laid by the United States Government.

In a chapel, for the construction of which visitors of different denominations contributed, religious services are regularly held during the season. In Nantucket are churches maintained by societies of Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics and Friends.

Groceries, provisions, and meats of the best quality; fish fresh caught in the sight of visitors; and poultry, eggs, milk and vegetables grown on farms adjacent to the village, are delivered daily at the dwellings of residents at reasonable prices. The cost of living for a family of an average number, exclusive of the wages of domestics, is from $3 to $5 weekly for each person of the household, the sum varying with the tastes and habits of families. But those who prefer to be free from the cares of maintaining a kitchen, will find the tables of the two hotels and an excellent boarding-house available for meals within two or three minutes' walk of their residences.

than one lone speaker in favor of admitting automobiles—there were sev- | Burton Swallow, Camp Devens last

The route of travel from New York to Siasconset is from the foot of Murray street, by the Fall River line of steamers to Fall River, thence by rail to New Bedford; by steamer to Nantucket, and by rail to Siasconset. The time consumed is twenty hours—from 5.30. p m. one day to 1.30 the next. The cost for going and returning, using an excursion ticket, including state-room, is about $10. The route of travel from Boston to Siasconset is by the Old Colony Railroad to Wood's Hole, thence by steamer, three hours, to Nantucket, and by rail to Siasconset, the whole trip occupying about seven hours. The cost of going and returning, using an excursion ticket, is $4. ADDRESS, for further information,

E. F. UNDERHILL,
No. 22 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

Telephone, Law 502.

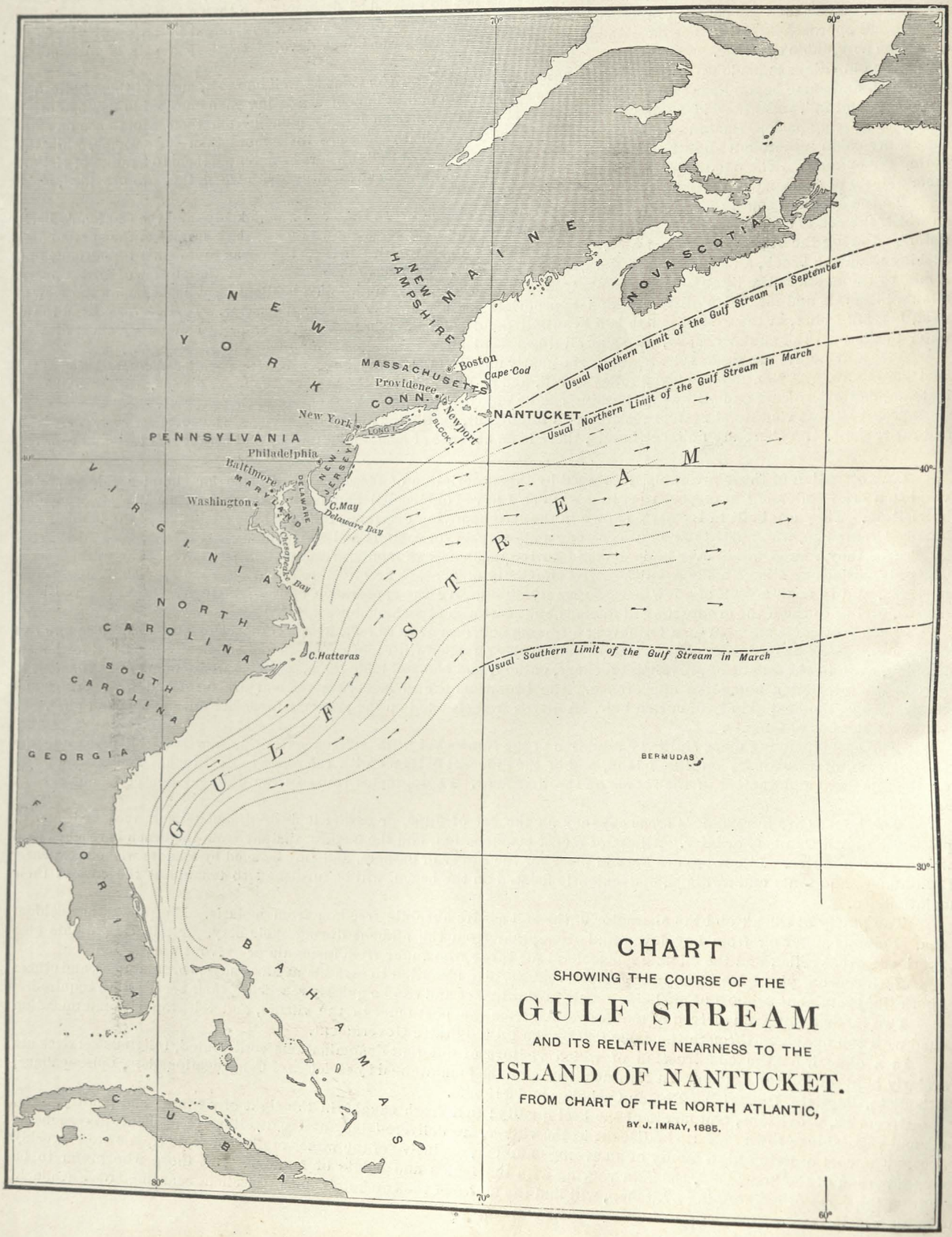
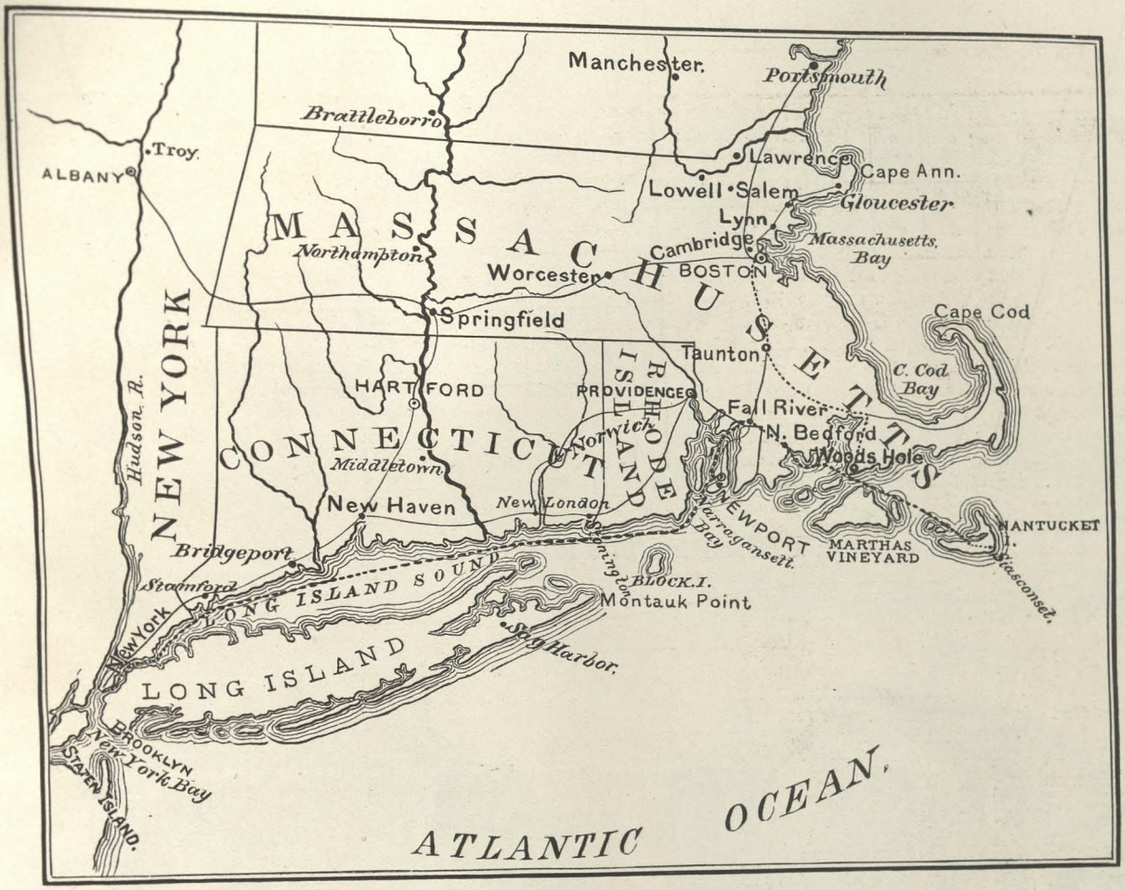
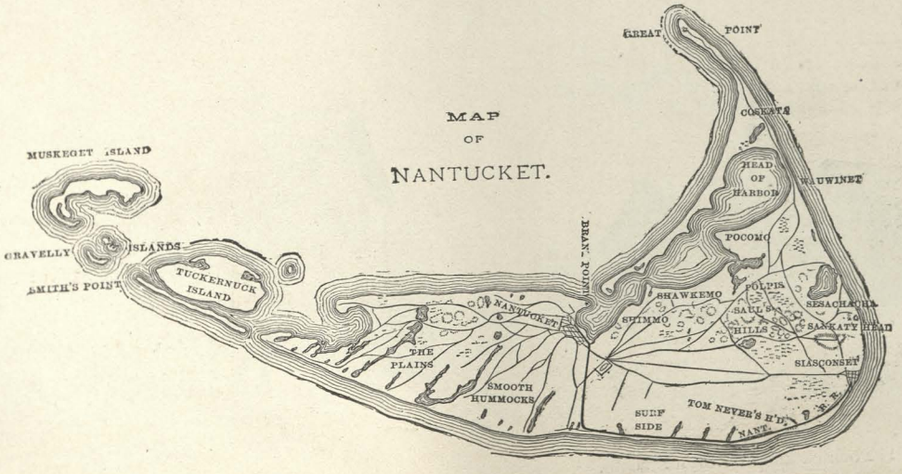
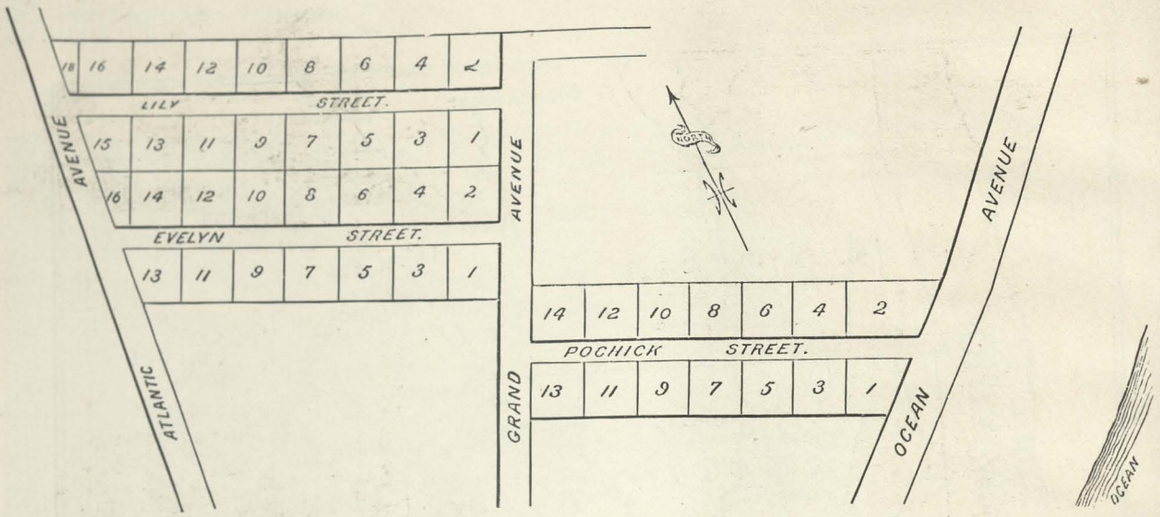


CHART
SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE
GULF STREAM
AND ITS RELATIVE NEARNESS TO THE
ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.
FROM CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC,
BY J. IMRAY, 1885.


Manchester.
Portsmouth
Brattleborro
Troy.
ALBANY
Lawrence
Cape Ann.
Lowell
Salem
Gloucester
Lynn
Cambridge
Massachusetts Bay
MASSACHUSETTS
Northampton
Worcester
BOSTON
Springfield
Cape Cod
Taunton
C. Cod Bay
NEW YORK
Hudson R.
HARTFORD
PROVIDENCE
RHODE ISLAND
Fall River
N. Bedford
Woods Hole
CONNECTICUT
Norwich
Middletown
New Haven
New London
NEWPORT
Narragansett Bay
NANTUCKET
MARTHAS VINEYARD
Bridgeport
Stamford
LONG ISLAND SOUND
Stonington
BLOCK I.
Montauk Point
Siasconset
New York
Sag Harbor
LONG ISLAND
BROOKLYN
New York Bay
STATEN ISLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN.

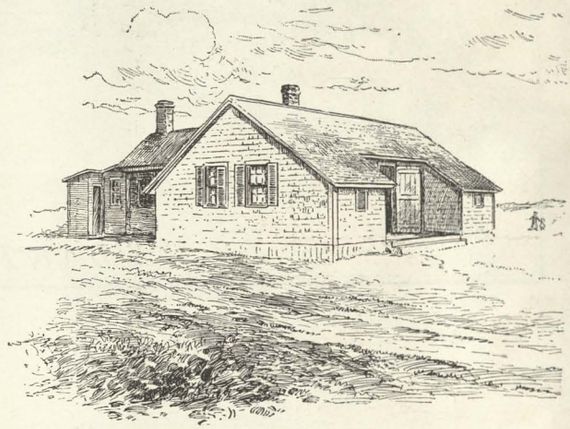

MAP OF NANTUCKET.
GREAT POINT
COSKATA
HEAD OF HARBOR
WAUWINET
MUSKEGET ISLAND
GRAVELLY ISLANDS
SMITH'S POINT
TUCKERNUCK ISLAND
BRANT POINT
POCOMO
SHAWKEMO
POLPIS
SHIMMO
SAUL'S HILLS
SESACHACHA
SANKATY HEAD
NANTUCKET
THE PLAINS
SMOOTH HUMMOCKS
SIASCONSET
SURF SIDE
TOM NEVER'S H'D.
NANT.

MAP OF E. F. UNDERHILL'S LAND AT SIASCONSET.

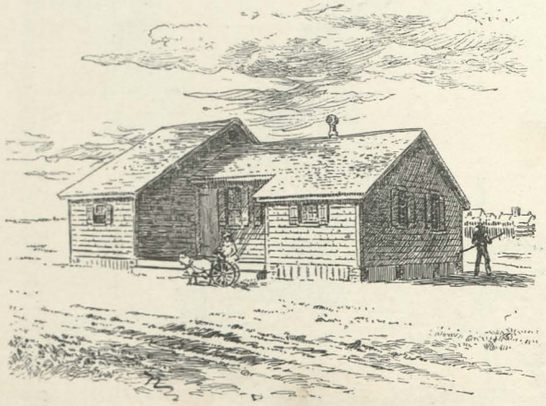


PERSPECTIVE VIEWS.

Nos. 4, 5 and 8 Pochick and No. 2 Lily Streets.



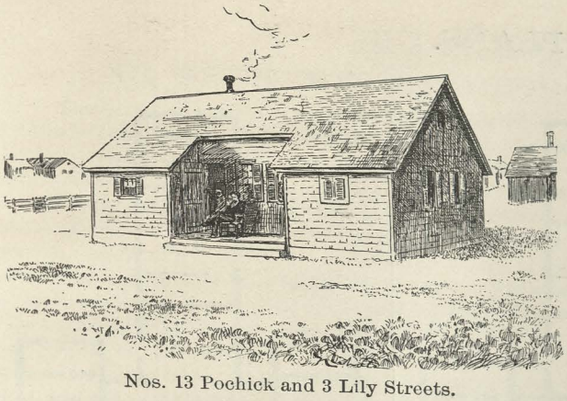
No. 1 Evelyn Street.



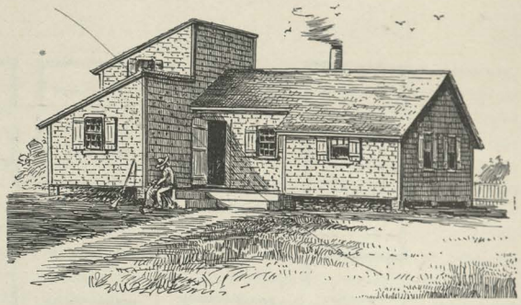
Nos. 14 Pochick and 8 Evelyn Streets.

No. 3 Evelyn Street.

E



Nos. 13 Pochick and 3 Lily Streets.

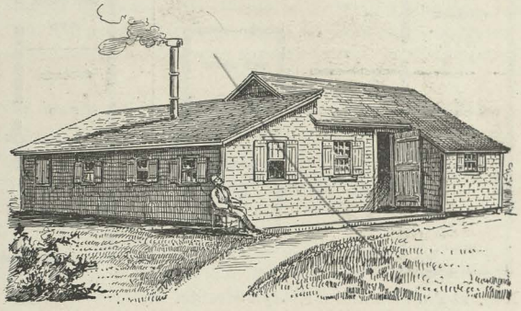


No. 10 Pochick Street.

No. 8 Lily Street.

Nos. 11 Evelyn and 13 Lily Streets.

No. 14 Lily Street.



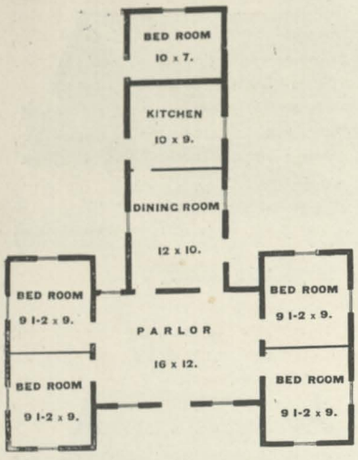
Nos. 11 Pochick and 4 Evelyn Streets.

LISTS OF COTTAGES AND RENTS.

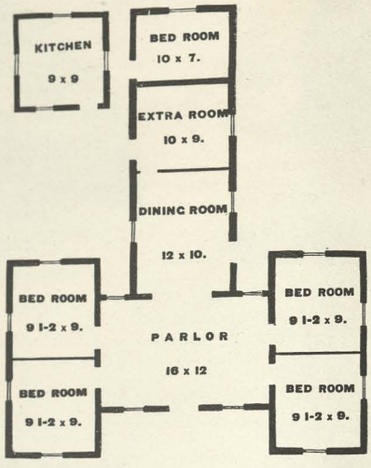
(THOSE MARKED OFF ARE RENTED.)

No.	4	Pochick	Street,	$ 90 00
"	5	"	"	200 00
"	8	"	"	190 00
"	10	"	"	150 00
"	11	"	"	135 00
"	13	"	"	150 00
"	14	"	"	150 00
"	1	Evelyn	"	150 00
"	3	"	"	125 00
not built	~~4~~	"	"	125 00
"	8	"	"	135 00
"	11	"	"	100 00
"	2	Lily	"	165 00
"	3	"	"	135 00
"	8	"	"	100 00
not built	~~9~~	"	"	100 00
"	14	"	"	115 00

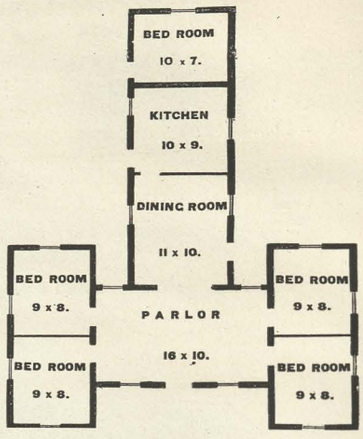
GROUND PLANS.



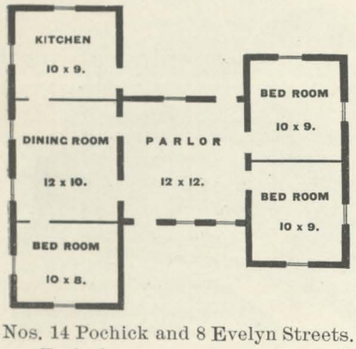
Nos. 4 Pochick and 2 Lily Streets. Each has a small attic bed-room.



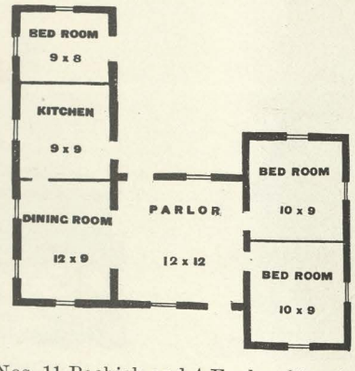
Nos. 5 and 8 Pochick Street. Each has a small attic bed-room. No. 8 has no outside kitchen.



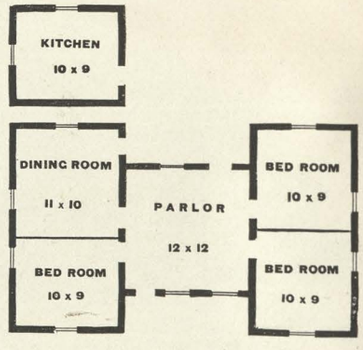
No. 1 Evelyn Street. Has two attic s.ore-rooms.



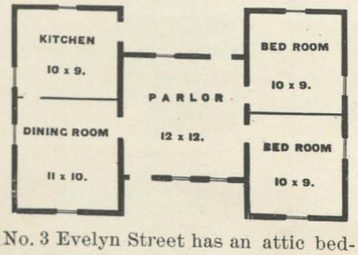
Nos. 14 Pochick and 8 Evelyn Streets. Each has a spacious attic bed-room. No. 12 Lily Street.



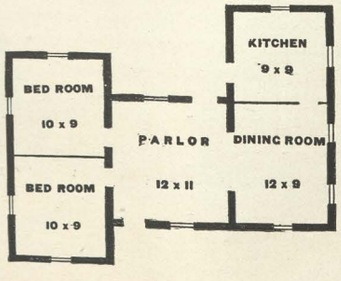
Nos. 11 Pochick and 4 Evelyn Streets.



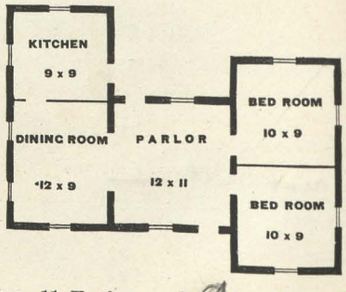
Nos. 13 Pochick and 3 Lily Streets. Each has two attic bed-rooms.



No. 3 Evelyn Street has an attic bed-room and a store-room



No. 8 Lily Street.



Nos. 11 Evelyn and 14 Lily Streets.

SIASCONSET

AS SEEN BY CORRESPONDENTS OF THE PRESS.

The cottages, located mostly on three narrow streets running parallel with the bluff and with little lanes between, constitute the village. But these cottages, to the lover of 'Sconset life, make one of its chief attractions. Nearly all of them are a single story in height and might have been built by the rudest carpenter. The sides are shingled as well as the roof to keep out the driving rain which comes with the wild ocean storms, and the chimneys are built low and strong or else protected by a steep roof rising between them and the sea. These cottages are the successors to the still ruder structures which afforded shelter to the men engaged in cod-fishing in the early days of the island. For 'Sconset is no mushroom growth, but boasts of what, for an American village, is venerable antiquity and has played its part in the history of the island running back for over two hundred years. The original 'Sconset cottage had only three rooms, a fire-place of brick or stone carried up to the peak of the roof in a rude chimney which was surmounted by a wooden box daubed on the inside with clay to prevent its taking fire. * * * The charm of the cottages with their queer shapes, their antique furniture and general oddity, however, is something which grows on the visitor gradually. * * * 'Sconset draws to it few visitors who are wealthy or very fashionable, yet its summer residents come from places as distant as Detriot, Chicago and Cincinnati, and even California.—[Cortland Standard, August, 1881.

The cottages sprawl all over the ground and are most peculiar looking affairs. They range, the tourist is told, from one hundred to two hundred years old. They bear both internal and external evidences of age. They are filled with quaint furniture of the olden time, chairs out of the ark and clocks that have kept time with the centuries. They make an air in these little habitations which is rare and distinct as is the atmosphere without. Inside and outside 'Sconset is a new and novel sensation. From the top of a bluff it looks squarely out on the broad and restless ocean, and an almost faultless beach ranges at its foot. Every breath of air that goes into one's lungs is pure and invigorating and you can no more improve it than you can gild fine gold.—[Elmira Advertiser, August, 1882.

Siasconset seems a small place at a little distance, and so it is; yet, on exploration, one is surprised at the number of streets and their intricate convolutions. Some meet you unexpectedly; some are very narrow; some are phenomenally short; and some are intercepted by houses which seem to have stepped off their lots for a moment to see a neighbor. The natives adorn their houses with figure-heads and carvings taken from wrecked vessels. The cottagers also follow this fashion. The "bones" of the wrecks from whence these have been taken lie at intervals on the beach. Their "ribs," sometimes so completely buried in the sand that but a few inches can be seen, are strangely suggestive of mammoth human skeletons. * * * The chief occupation of three-fifths of the dwellers for the summer at Siasconset, is to sit or lie down. They sit by the hour on the porch or hotel veranda. They transport their bodies to the beach and lie down. They have good appetites and eat. There is something in the air here which predisposes one to rest and laziness. If you have a task to do and set about it, it impels you to dawdle over it and finally to wander off to the next cottage in quest of a neighbor to gossip with. It puts in your mind no end of excuses for so doing. You will go ostensibly for a pen, a pencil or an envelope and often, on reaching your destination, you have forgotten for what you did go.—[Prentice Mulford in New York Graphic, September, 1884.

Siasconset is a queer small village, clinging barnaclewise on the eastern bluff of the island, close by the shelter of Sankaty light-house. Originally each house consisted of a single room which served to shelter the owner after a fishing cruise, but by and by, as the cottager waxed richer and more luxurious, he would fetch a small barn or outhouse from the parent town and clap it alongside his primal tenement. Sometimes a vessel would be wrecked on the dangerous shoals of the island and fragments of it drift ashore or perhaps would be driven, in a stress of weather, upon the beach itself. Whereupon the fisherman would use the material to make clumsy enlargements to his cottage. These additions were called "warts" and the term was not unhappy. These are certainly the strangest looking houses in the experience of man. Outside in a grotesque attempt at ornament are nailed the carven nameboards of wrecks that have been driven ashore, the fantastic scroll work of unknown prows, and the massive and hurriedly painted figure-heads that were modeled one knows neither by whom nor where. The cottages all look as if they were never made by man but had been by some curious freak pitched together by the sea. Yet, inside, they are charmingly cozy and snug and filled with wonderful china and stately clocks and rare curiosities from all quarters of the earth. The waves tumble and toss and glitter and roll and rear up greenly and dash down foamingly, and roar and hiss and splash and bubble and chase each other madly and belch forth each other furiously and thunder and dash and play merrily all the while on 'Sconset beach. On the cruel "rips" that skirt the island, the ocean rises and lashes its billows into never ceasing spray. Here it curls into a whirlpool, yonder it sweeps on smoothly for a moment to prepare itself for a quivering leap into the air—then, on the troubled billows roll until they dash over and glisten and foam again on the yellow sands. Of the other delights possessed by this queer, quaint island, of its peculiar veiling mists, of its original character studies, of its grotesque roads and its amusing and never-to-be-forgotten railway, of its hospitalities, of its summer tents on the sands, of its characteristic box-wagons, of its fishing, of its appetite and refreshing sleep, I have no language to speak adequately.—[Watertown Post, September, 1884.

'Sconset's magnificent position on a bluff overlooking the ocean with no land between it and Spain or Cuba, attracted attention several years ago, and it has now a good sized summer population. Instead of building cottages for themselves, as others have done on the cliff near Nantucket town, the outsiders have taken possession of the quaint old houses of the fishermen, and, without altering their outward appearance, have transformed their interiors into the cosiest nests imaginable. These houses are all over a hundred years old and some date to the seventeenth century. Some are small and some large. They are situated on narrow, grassy lanes which run criss-cross over the top of the bluff. The long slanting roofs

start from the first story near the ground and sweep back to the ridge pole. There are curious embrasures and odd little wings, and all, roofs and sides, are covered with naked, or whitewashed, or, sometimes, painted shingles. The surroundings of the houses are extremely neat, and dainty curtains in the windows serve in lieu of blinds. The idea seems to be to preserve intact the air of antiquity and oddity. * * * The summer residents pass the greater part of the day on the broad beach which extends three hundred feet from the foot of the bluff. There they sit in the shadow of a large wreck, or under tents. They put on their bathing suits at home and keep them on the entire morning. Young men and women lounge on the beach in their picturesque garments.—[New York Sun, August, 1885.

Summer visitors from all parts of the country have done much to modernize and make luxurious the interiors of these queer little cottages. Yet still they remain ancient and of another age, another history. The tall old clocks still stand ticking slowly in the corner that they have known for a hundred years and are not to be put out of countenance by the gew-gaws and light ornaments of later days. The curious little casements are veiled sometimes by costly curtains, but still are quaint and queer; and the clumsy figure-heads of impossible gods and goddesses grow into stranger uncouthness and more ungraceful shapes in contrast to the slender and beautiful girls that lean carelessly against them and flirt under the noses of the figure-heads that long ago snuffed the ocean storms. Nothing would make Siasconset modern. It is like some venerable old woman whose youth was spent in hard battle with the elements and whose age is too grey and too wrinkled to be softened by unaccustomed nnery. But this agedness doth add a rarer pleasing to the damsels whose summer charms invest it with laughter and with loveliness. It is one of the prettiest pictures of life to see a half dozen merry maidens lingering around the old village pump to read notices posted thereon, and to laughingly drink of its waters; some in white, some in cream color, and some in blue, and all in sweetness and grace. In faith, it were no ill fancy to look on them as the nymphs of the pump and to believe that at the end of the season they disappear like truth into the well, and only come up in the springtime.—[Boston Commonwealth, August, 1885.

So I am at Siasconset. And with me is a vast number of artists, authors and other unhappy victims of nerves. There is more peace and quiet at Siasconset than in any other spot outside of Nepenthe. None of us are ready for Nepenthe; so we came here instead. We eat prodigiously; we drink—eh bien—there is nothing but milk; we slumber twelve hours of the twenty-four and the other twelve we are drowsy.—[The Journalist, August, 1885.

Above all, at Siasconset, lazy, breezy, queer, antique, the world's end of the sea-girt isle, attached by a narrow gauge railroad that resembles the camel in its motions, environments of sands, and oriental habits—this ancient fishing hamlet, Siasconset, metamorphosed into a summer rest for tired nerves, has not its like. Nowhere else is such a combination of ocean coolness absolutely pure, of piny wood and healthy moors, of the dashing surf and gleaming waves and the white caps on the distant rips, the blue gems of the fresh water ponds that are set in the green and purple of the moors, the ruddy flashes of Sankaty light, guardian sentry of the Siasconset coast, sending never failing cheer to the thousand watchers far out at sea, beautiful landmark and never hid—the gorgeous sunsets that make the heavens above the moors a sea of glass encircling golden islands and fringed with purple headlands and blue mountains, while moon and stars shine out in the clear Siasconset atmosphere that gives the starry night reflected by the silvered sea an oriental splendor; these are all unrivaled. Dull, however, is it not, this same old Siasconset? The ancient village is dull in just the way that makes it attractive to those who love it and make it, year after year, their chosen summer home. The grassy lanes, like the streets of the new Jerusalem, are filled with children playing in them, and the awnings on the beach are always picturesque with the little ones scooping the sand or holding on to mamma's hand in the edge of the foaming waves, or astride of papa's shoulders as he carries them out in his strong arms in deeper waters. At all hours of the day, a long line of awnings on the beach is the resort of gazers on the changeful sea, who with books and conversation while away the happy hours inhaling with every breath the invigorating coolness and tonic purity of the ocean breeze. There is at Siasconset an abandon in respect of clothes and other conventionalities that cramp humanity upon the mainland that is conducive to repose of mind. The woman who said that she experienced the peace which religion gives, only when she was well dressed, might fall from grace at Siasconset. Flannels are the rule, although "boiled" shirts and bonnets are worn by some persons on Sunday. Home life is here reduced to its simplest terms, but in the queer little shingled houses of the 'Sconseters which they let ready furnished with all their antique appointments, there is abundance of good cheer.—[Springfield Republican, September, 1885.

Why do college professors and men with comfortable bank accounts and weary brain-workers come from nearly every conceivable town in the country to fill the cottages in this far-away and quaint old fishing town? The old fishing town is still the heart of 'Sconset, and its streets are as narrow as ever, and not a few of the cottages retain their ancient flavor and diminutive proportions; but on either hand are new and, of course, more pretentious cottages. These are not, however, of the Newport pattern, and old 'Sconset retains its popularity. Its one pump supplies all the drinking water of the village, and its handful of permanent citizens are still an essential part of the summer community. But people do not come to 'Sconset because of either Old, or New 'Sconset; they come because warm water and a cool air meet here as they do not elsewhere meet along our entire coast line. This is a broad assertion, but the facts sustain it. Sconset is only thirty, or, at the outside, forty miles from the warm water of the Gulf Stream, nearer than any other point on our coast, except possibly a stretch along the Florida coast. The water is warmer here than at Cape May, absolutely warmer. Warmer water may be found below Fortress Monroe, but not north of it. Rival beaches may challenge the statement, but it will stand nevertheless. The water is warm; the east wind bracing, and the southwest wind soft and wooing. There are no fine drives here, no iron pier, no Gilmore, no cottages that cost a fortune, no Casino, no polo, no fuss and feathers of any kind. There is rest and health in the air, pleasure in the water, and ease and peace and many whist parties in the quaint cottages. We went last Sunday in flannel shirts to hear our fellow-citizen of a summer, Moses Coit Tyler' preach. A dude in a claw-hammer is unknown, and living is reduced, or rather elevated, to the realm of comfort and common sense.—[Atlanta Constitution, August, 1885.

'Sconset is certainly the quaintest bit of village comedy that my eyes have ever seen. Such Lilliputian streets and houses. If there had been no invasion of summer residents, one might easily imagine that a race of dwarfs or gnomes had built themselves this microcosm by the sea. But the men we saw on the steep-shelving beach, fighting the sea that was trying to wrest away their hard-won spoil, were not of the pigmy sort.—[Rev. J. W. Chadwick in the Christian Register.

And after these charms of the waste comes 'Sconset. The reader who has never looked on it has missed one of the queerest corners of the earth. It is, or was, a little fishing hamlet of box-like cabins, perched on a mighty bluff, forever engaged in buffeting the ocean and forever getting the worst of it. Now two large hotels and near a hundred modern cottages, inhabited during the season by a little colony of pleasant people—literary, artistic, and otherwise—have subtracted somewhat from the fishy, old-man-of-the-sea aspect of the place. Still the quaint picturesque element holds its own well, some of the newcomers having taken pains to foster and develop it in new houses built after old style. A stroll down Broadway, (the name is given in irony, for the way is so narrow that a dray-load of fish or furniture—the only commodities ever seen in it—can with difficulty pass), will introduce one at once to this feature. Most of the houses here are minute cottages, with the eaves so low that one can readily touch them with upstretched hand. Most of them bear the name of the cottage over the doorway lettered on a board or storm-beaten figure-head won from a wreck. The antiquity of these cottages is their chief charm. Enter one and you will see how space may be economised and how prone the ancient architect was to build on the nautical plan. The sleeping chambers are reached by a step-ladder precisely like those used in the descending to the cabin of a fishing smack, or for climbing a vessel's side, while the "best room" was finished like a ship's cabin with projecting beams, and corners beaded and ornamented with rude carvings.—[N. Y. Evening Post, January, 1886.

For 200 years this little village was a home for a few fishermen and their families, who, in 1676, began to build little box-like houses, shingled down to the ground, with window panes not much larger than a man's hand. Once it was a prosperous place, when the whalers, after being gone on a three or four years cruise, returned laden with a wealth of oil, sperm, and whalebone, and also of treasures from far-off countries over the sea. But the discovery of coal oil gave a death-blow to this industry, and now the village, after a long sleep of discouragement and depression, has suddenly burst its chrysalis and woke up to the butterfly existence of a summer resort for gay and fashionable people. They take delight in renting the uncanny little fishing huts with bedrooms where they can hardly turn around, with dining rooms so tiny that they sometimes have to enlarge them by awnings stretched out over the back yard; and parlors which have no glory but the big chimney corners and the grand old ocean view from the wide barn-like outside doors.—[Demorest's Monthly Magazine, March, 1886.

Here one has all the emotions of living at sea without the disagreeable effects of sea sickness, for the ocean, after it has washed the shores of Spain, beats with lightness and strength upon the opposite shore of 'Sconset, and the fresh breeze, pungent with salt, brings health and long-life to the summer residents. Most of the cottages stand upon a high bank looking out upon a dazzling expanse of lonely water which scarce a vessel dares to sail an account of the dangerous "rips." Behind are the moors, almost as impressive as the ocean, with undulations and level land or "hummocks and pastures," in local phrase. At this season of the year the wild rose perfumes the air; the beech pea gaily flaunts its red and yellow petals; the August lily is preparing to clothe with scarlet the deep hollows, and less conspicuous flowers tempt the botanist. In many fresh wa er ponds which a narrow strip of moorland protects from the ocean, water lilies and other aquatic plants abound. As spoil for summer visitors, grow thistles both purple and white; and in nooks, which are known only to a few, the genuine Scotch heather blooms upon these New England moors. Soon the golden rod time of the year will come and the commons will blaze with glory. If one cannot come near the heart of nature on these wild moors, he needs no further inspiration, for he has lost an understanding of her meaning.—[Boston Journal, July, 1886.

Four years ago, less than a score of families came to 'Sconset to rent the funny little cottages. To-day visitors are recorded as numbering nearly 2,000. The little hamlet is like a small hub surrounded by a circle of long spokes, and bluff lots are not to be purchased on the southern end of the village and but a few in number on the extreme north. Within the past two years Mr. Edward F. Underhill has had cottages built in simple but convenient style and thoroughly furnished and has this season rented them at a good price upon the investment.—[N. Y. Tribune, August, 1886.

It is a period of seven years since I had visited 'Sconset and I must confess to a startling surprise and pleasure at the changes which had taken place. I would not venture to say how many cottages have been added to the original village, but I know that Mr. E. F. Underhill of New York, has already built thirteen which have become occupied almost as soon as finished. To Mr. Underhill, the village owes much of its present prosperity. He has loved the place since he came here several years since for his summer vacation. He is wise in that he has preserved as far as possible, in his new cottages, the quaint and peculiar style of architecture known nowhere else but in this strange little hamlet. Squatty, shingled, ugly, yet inside they present an appearance of genuine comfort.—[Boston Courier, August, 1886.

'Sconset, once a little fishermen's village is destined to become a city by the sea, for already nearly a hundred new and beautiful cottages have been erected. * * The air of the island is equable both summer and winter. The sharp changes peculiar to the climate of the mainland are not known here, owing, probably, to the influence of the Gulf Stream. A case of malaria never originated upon the island, and as hundreds can testify, a residence upon it for a few weeks will surely prove a remedy for the worst cases. No one need go to Europe in order to have the benefits of an ocean voyage, for on the island, all the benefits of such a voyage can be had without its discomforts and sickness.—[Baltimore American, August, 1886.

Life at 'Sconset is almost primitive in its freedom from conventionalities. It is not rough or rude (or even rural, since the sea and moor are scarcely country-like) but it possesses the charm of freedom from the unreasonable restraints of

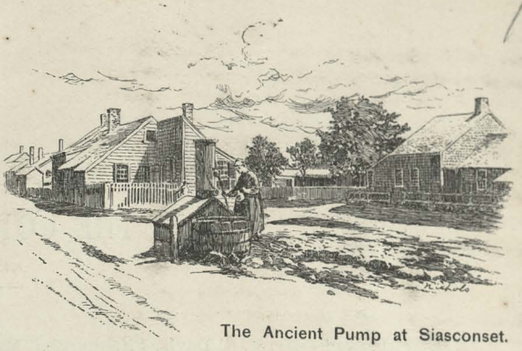
fashion Here gat er the men and woman, who of weary brain, of nerves tired, and dulled with large and noble exertion, with minds taxed to peril with their great interests and duties. Not these alone, of course, are at 'Sconset, but many come in their train—the oung, the gay, the happy—for these enjoy the boundless delights of the surging, swelling, sounding sea, delights which L ng Branch, or Ocean Grove, or Rockaway cannot fairly equal in degree. Half of the population are cottagers who have their summer homes and "keep house" in them. Presidents of colleges, judges, admirals, painters, impressarios, authors, professors, divinty doctors and doctors of disease are to be found in quaint little houses bearing names more quaint than they. Mr. Underhill's cottages are new (old in style). They are all so completely and comfortably furnished that the tenant need carry with him to 'Sconset nothing but wearing apparel—[Rev. William C. Richards, D.D., in the Berkshire Eagle, September, 1886.

If anyone desires to return to primitive modes of life where they can be exempt from dressing as lay figures to advertise their respectability, if they want to sift out the nonsense of modern civilization and get the small remainder of common sense existence; if they yearn for a good night's sleep and an appetite that can eat a square meal without resulting in fits of indigestion, let them set their faces as flint 'Sconset wise. The visitor will have to live in a one-story cottage where elevators are as useless as would be silk dresses and velvet gowns.[Rev. John Chester, D.D., in the Christian at Work, October, 1886.

COMPARATIVE THERMOMETRICAL RECORD.
MAXIMUM.

JULY, 1887.					AUGUST, 1887.				
Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N.Y.	Signal Station, Equitable B'ld'g, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.	Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N.Y.	Signal Station, Equitable B'ld'g, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.
1	95	90	76	74	1	92	88	83	76
2	95	89	73	72	2	85	85	74	70
3	95	86	74	74	3	84	84	71	69
4	92	86	77	74	4	82	80	70	66
5	80	74	79	73	5	84	79	74	68
6	82	80	76	72	6	86	86	78	71
7	92	89	74	72	7	79	76	68	67
8	93	93	78	73	8	79	77	68	66
9	88	83	78	64	9	83	78	73	67
10	85	83	75	70	10	84	81	72	68
11	84	82	73	70	11	84	80	74	70
12	90	89	69	66	12	89	87	80	79
13	96	92	84	80	13	77	75	71	64
14	90	89	76	73	14	80	77	70	68
15	82	81	78	74	15	73	71	74	72
16	99	94	74	69	16	81	78	68	66
17	91	91	78	70	17	85	84	72	70
18	90	89	75	68	18	86	84	69	68
19	78	78	72	70	19	89	85	75	74
20	86	80	69	63	20	76	76	72	72
21	76	73	71	65	21	85	80	72	68
22	83	82	71	67	22	84	83	72	70
23	86	83	78	73	23	87	82	72	72
24	83	78	80	74	24	75	75	70	68
25	90	84	81	68	25	76	74	66	66
26	91	90	76	70	26	72	71	68	66
27	90	87	75	70	27	75	72	70	68
28	92	85	77	66	28	75	73	67	66
29	93	87	79	74	29	77	75	66	65
30	93	86	82	76	30	76	75	69	64
31	93	89	82	78	31	76	74	65	66
Av'ge.	88	85	76	71	Av'ge.	81	79	71	68

An Old Street in Siasconset.

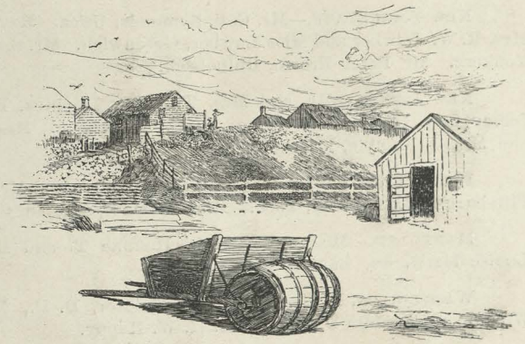


The Ancient Pump at Siasconset.

An Ancient 'Sconset Cottage.

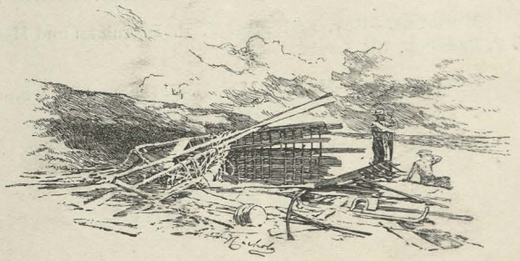
The Fire-place in an Old 'Sconset Cottage.

A Storm off 'Sconset Beach.



The Old Fish Cart on the Beach.

'Sconset Beach Dories.



After a Heavy Nor'Easter.

Occupants of the Cottages in Previous Years.

Massachusetts.—Mr. E. S. Davis, Fitchburgh. Mrs. Richard Eddy, Melrose. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner, Dr. A. E. Jenks, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chase, Nantucket. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Folger and Messrs. J.W. and J. C. Folger, Jamaica Plain. Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Paine, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. G. Mason, New Bedford. Mr. and Mrs. David Manning, Jr., Miss Agnes Clary, Messrs. George and Albert Titus and Mr. H. G. Taft, Worcester, Mrs. S. N. Stockwell, Boston.

Rhode Island.—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Almy, Providence.

Connecticut.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Butler, Jr., and Mrs. Holcombe, Bridgeport.

New York City.—Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Elder, Miss Eliza Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stoddart, Misses L. and E. Menut, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barron, Mme. Marie Dupré, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Law, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Daly, Mrs. M. E. Van Hamm, Miss Adele Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bartow, Mrs. W. H. Neilson and Miss Josephine Neilson, Mrs. M. S. Benner and the Misses Benner, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Neilson, Jr., Miss Belle Kellock, Mr. Eugene Higgins, Mr. Robert A. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Hartley and Miss Hartley, Mr. Jacob Stout, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Hartley Mr. Wilfred Hartley, and the Misses Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. James Stokes, Mr. Norman Dodge, Mr. Frank L. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Max Strakosch, Miss H. A. Hatch, Miss Agnes F. Smith, Mrs. John Gearity and Miss Gearity, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Starbuck, Rev. and Mrs. Edward Y. Prime, Col and Mrs. P. J. Yorke and Miss Yorke, Mr. Prentice Mulford, Mrs. Martha Bachrach, Mr. Wm. H. McIntire, Mr. Hillary Bell, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. F. Birch, Mr. R. A. Wight, Mrs. M. C. Wight, Miss M. J. Kelly, Mr. Wm. K. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacArthur, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Berryhill.

Brooklyn.—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carter and Miss Carter, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McEwen, Mrs Julia H. Brown, Mrs. Roland F. Coffin and Miss L. M. Coffin, Miss Julia Fort, Mr. D. E. McMullin, Mr. H. B. Brush, Dr. A. C. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Atterbury, Mrs. Emma Sterling, Mr. and Mrs R. L. Engs.

New York State.—Mr. C. S. Symonds, Utica. Rev. and Mrs. C. H. W. Stocking and the Misses Stocking, Albany. Mrs. R. W. Lowber and Miss Lowber, Greenwich. Mr. S. S. Hepworth, the Misses Hepworth and Miss Cornelia B. Getty, Yonkers. Mr. Peter Brown, Rhinebeck.

New Jersey.—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. R. Hopkins, Passaic. Miss Mary B. Jenkins, Boonton. Mr. J. C. Parsons, Jersey City. Gen. R. B. Marcy, U. S. A., Orange. Mrs. C. A. Brandegee, Mr. W. P. Brandegee, Miss L. J. Brandegee, and Mrs. J. Kemble, Elizabeth.

Pennsylvania.—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Watres and Mr. and Mrs. B. Galland, Scranton. Misses Evie and Carrie Dolan, Pittsburg. Miss Jessup, York. Miss Emma Speakman, Coatesville.

Maryland.—Misses Elizabeth, Hannah T. and Rebecca Yardley, Mt. Washington. Mrs. Chandlee and Miss Louise Matthews, Baltimore.

Washington, D. C.—Rev. J. N. Chester, D. D., Mrs. J. F. Eversfield, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Mrs. O. M. Winston, Miss Kate D. Frye, Mrs. H. W. Happy.

Michigan.—Prof. and Mrs. Byron Cheever, and Prof. and Mrs. O. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor.

Illinois.—Prof. Wm. C. Richards, and Mrs. William Fuller, Chicago.

Minnesota.—Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Waring, Minneapolis.

Tennessee.—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fletcher, Nashville.

Missouri.—Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Ingraham and Miss Bessie Ingraham, Mrs. W. W. Patrick, and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Paddock, St. Louis.

Nova Scotia.—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clements, Yarmouth.

Having let nearly all of my houses I undertook to act as the agent of other owners & sent out this blank to get description of their houses,

E. F. H

May 27 88

1 Where is your house situated?

2 How far from the beach?

3 Is it in sight of the ocean, and if so, is the wiew partial or unobstructed?

4 Is it new or old?

5 Is it a one, one and a half, or two stories?

6 How many rooms does it contain?

7 How many bedrooms?

8 Has it a cellar?

9 Has it a cistern?

10 Is the furniture modern or old fashioned?

11 Do you furnish bed clothing, bed linen and table linen?

12 Do you furnish crockery, cutlery and plated ware for the table?

13 Is the kitchen fully equipped with utensils for cooking?

14 What rent do you ask?

15 Shall I take one-half of the rent on signing the lease, and the residue to be paid on or before the 15th of July?

16 When will the house be ready for occupancy?

17 Add any further information you may deem important.

The Sun.
SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1888.

OLD NANTUCKET.

Its Bygone Prosperity—Pictures of Its Old-Fashioned Sailor—His Costume and Character—The Old-Time Whaling Merchant—"Tip-Up" Cart Rides.

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

Forty-five years ago Nantucket was at its highest tide of whaling prosperity. It sent out a fleet of 100 whalers. Its returned ships lay in tiers two deep at those now ruined wharves. When acres of ground were covered with oil casks "winter stored" under seaweed; when full oil casks obtruded themselves on the water edge sidewalks, and rendered a lady's passage in a silk dress a difficult, if not costly, experiment; when acres of ground, now grass-grown or turned to salt meadows, were covered with boat-builders' shops, blacksmiths' shops, ropewalks, shipyards, and coopers' shops whose noisy hammers rattling around full or empty casks reverberated through the entire town (a cooper with one hammer, one cask and one iron hoop to tighten on it can make more noise than twenty men engaged in any other work); when every other man smeled of oil, and the talk on all sides was of oil and the price per gallon of oil, "whale or sperm," and the names of the far distant seas from whence were gathered oil, or where Nantucket's ships put in for repairs or provisions, were on every lip, such as "The Beard Banks," the "Falkland Islands," "New Zealand," the "Arctic Ocean," "Behring's Straits," the "Okhotsk Sea," "Sea of Kamschatka," "Honolulu," "Rio," "Valparaiso," "The Azores," the "coast of Japan." When on the high seas the men of Nantucket, New Bedford, New London, Stonington and Sag Harbor formed a sort of society by themselves as they floated about all over the water covered globe, and as their ships met sometimes in distant harbors the captains chatted in the cabins while the sailors "gammed" in the forecastle.

A "gam" in sailor talk is equivalent to a ladies' tea party, or an impromptu meeting of hen-pecked husbands behind the barn or at the village grocery, where they can talk it out and smoke their pipes in peace, and realize something of the right of free speech as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States—to husbands as well as wives.

Foreign tongues, then Portuguese and Sandwich Island, were often heard on Nantucket's streets. Laborer's wages were $1 per day. A dollar then bought as much as will three now. Bluefish were 3 cents a pound and the best cigars 3 cents each, and all the small change was in Spanish sixpences and smooth-worn shillings. Lack of hard cash was made up in "orders," and the man from "Sconset-il" who came to town with a barrel of codfish might turn that into a keg of molasses, and the molasses into paint, before he could get it into a dress for his wife.

The streets literally "biled" on a summer's night with sailors who couldn't get elsewhere to spend their money. Every incoming ship brought stores of beautiful shells from the South Sea Islands and savage shark-toothed spears and wonderfully carved war clubs and royal paddles and strings of great ostrich eggs and feathered skins from the Cape of Good Hope or Patagonia, and Esquimaux canoes and waterproof garments of parchment, and whalebone canes, and other carvings in bone and ivory, the result of the whaleman's own labors or "skimshaunter-ing" on the long passage home.

Those ships brought also monkeys and Maltese cats and ship-bred rats and parrots, whose language, English or Spanish, learned at the grammar school on shipboard, unfitted them for permanent residence in respectable families, to whom they were presented; for, if you train up a parrot in the way he should not go, he will never thereafter depart from it and the worst of it is, you never know when he is going to "bust the crust" of colloquial propriety. The young man of 20 who hadn't been round Cape Horn was, as to estimation, quoted far below par with the Nantucket girl of that period, and, in reply to his love song and vows of eternal constancy and all that sort of thing, she replied: "John Folger, that song will sound better after you've struck your first sperm whale." Then marriage to the Nantucket woman meant a husband three months to herself at home to three years at sea. Fathers, on return from these long voyages, found either new children or old children grown out of all remembrance. A wife was equivalent to a widow with a live floating husband.

The use of warming pans was then understood. Ladies carried foot stoves to the unwarmed church on cold Sunday mornings, and never such a thing as a church organ was dreamed of, and one fiddle and the bass viol led the whole choir. The sermons had from fifteen to twenty-five heads, and the minister said "in conclusion" so many times that his hearers lost all confidence in his ability to stop when once under headway, so much did he overrun his reckoning and sail out of one text clean into another. Ballrooms were lit with candles which dripped and distributed their favors with the impartiality of justice on broadcloth coat and ladies' shoulders.

The young man who danced danced in dancing "pumps," and danced several inches higher from the floor than nowadays, and cut pigeon's wings and performed other saltatory acrobatic feats quite impossible to the dancing young man of to-day. For a man of that time who would dance his way into a lady's favor could not "soger" round through a quadrille as nowadays, when a man dances as if he'd lost something on the floor and was meditatively trying to find it. He had to "work his passage."

Then all the women in town that would sew were employed on sailors' outfits or making up for the "slop chest," the readymade clothing store kept on board in charge of the captain, from whence peajackets, flannel shirts and other clothing were sold at 700 per cent. advance on shore prices to the improvident tar who had imagined that cash and warm weather were to last forever.

A fleet of Nantucket sloops were busy carrying oil to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and in connection with the oil trade and business correspondence Nantucket was as well known in London as is Boston to-day.

The Nantucket whaler brought up at those now ruined wharves, battered and worn and torn, from Cape Horn seas, from Arctic floes and ice nips, from Polynesian typhoon and Pampa gust off the Brazilian coast. She was "hove down" and turned almost keel upward. A host of laborers swarmed over her without and within. She was recoppered, resheathed, recaulked, rerigged, repainted. New deck timbers were to be put in—new planking, new knees, new everything.

You could scarce hear yourself speak for the noise of calkers' irons, copperers' hammers, carpenters' saws, ship carpenters' broadaxes, bawling stevedores, shouting riggers aloft. The windlass that turned her over or eased the ship up again creaked and whined above all other noises, and as all this was going on the Nantucket boy ferreted about in the dark recesses of the forecastle, or "'tween decks," or aft in the now deserted cabin, for shells or sennet or whatever of foreign curiosities the sailor had left behind. Or he hooked scraps of copper or old copper nails lying on float or on the wharf, or tore them slyly from the

ship's side and sold them to the junk dealer at a shilling a pound to raise his Fourth of July celebration fund—for we were all boys (or girls) once, and it's a great pity most of us can't be so again, and revive and re-enjoy a period when we got more pure fun out of a corn-cob and a clam shell, or an old plug hat lying on the sidewalk, than we can now out of our new carriage or our $2.50 Waterbury watch, which occupies all one's leisure time in keeping it wound up.

The whaling merchant of Old Nantucket was then with a bit of good horseflesh driving briskly about from the ship under repair to his office, from office to dwelling, and back again. He was ever in consultation with his ship carpenter, his cooper, his blacksmith, his rigger, or with his "stevedore," who bossed the entire ship's repair. He wore a black stove-pipe hat and a high standing collar (sideboards we termed them), and his neck was cramped in a black "stock," kept in its place by a stout steel spring concealed within it, which suggested a Spanish garrote. He wore a swallow-tailed coat whether at business or not, and from his waistband there dangled a huge gold fobchain and a great seal attached.

He wrote with a quill pen and knew how to mend it. He sanded his letters to dry the ink from a black or red sand pepperbox on his desk. He so folded his letter that it would make its own envelope, for envelopes were then not known or used, and he sealed it with a red wafer or sealing wax. He spliced the mainbrace at 11 o'clock regularly with a horn of Jamaica rum, and kept a decanter of the same always ready for action on his sideboard at home.

On summer Sundays after service he would go down on the wharf, where his ship lay with all the signs of Saturday's labor lying about her, and sit with his brother merchants on spar or carpenter's bench or stringpiece and talk over—nothing, of course, but the sermon he had just heard. You couldn't then mention a sperm whale on Nantucket of a Sunday, and even if a spout had been seen outside the bar there would not have been over forty boats in pursuit.

He was in business a prudent man, a keen man, but, unlike the more wicked whaling agents of New London and New Bedford and Sag Harbor, he did not in settling up the voyage with the sailor say, "Well now, William, here's $50 advance that you had charged to you." "Yes." "And here's $50 on our books that you didn't have. "Y-yes," "And that makes a hundred." "Yes." "And ten per cent. commission on that makes $110. For however skilled William might be in his place at the "weather earring," reefing topsails or in the boat with harpoon or lance, he was sometimes little fitted to cope with that deadly cash shaving, wage-lessening complicated column of figures in the heavy leather covered ledger of the whaling agent of New Bedford or Sag Harbor.

The shore dress of the Nantucket sailor of forty years ago was a fancy rig as compared with that of the sailor of to-day. He wore a round tarpaulin hat—a straw hat, hard coated with tar, and about as comfortable on one's head as an iron skillet. It was picturesque, but painful—like a tight set of corsets—and would knock a man's front teeth out if thrown hard enough at him—I mean the hat, not the corsets. A half yard of black ribbon fluttered from the hat—his liberty day signal possibly that his "coppers were hot," and his "money burned in his pocket." In his ears were gold earrings. If the rings were not there the hawse holes were. His hair sometimes hung in ringlets to his shoulders, and these he had curled and oiled and perfumed even after they were gray; for a man can be as vain as a woman, and has a right to be, and as a rooster wears gayer feathers than the hen, and the peacock is ten times more the swell than his wife, why shouldn't a man ornament his top-knot and make it look like something human, instead of cropping it close and sandpapering it afterward, as so many of our young men do at the request of the barber, whose mission now seems to be to cut off and shave off all the hair in the universe, and leave the very earth bald. He wore a short jacket, sometimes of green baize, sometimes of blue cloth, having many buttons sewn closely together. Arms, bosom and sometimes whole body were tattooed in red and blue india ink, with ships under full sail and flags of various nationalities, as well as his name, for purpose of identification, in case of sudden death in foreign lands.

On his feet were low slippers or pumps, and in his hand a light whalebone cane, and inside his right or left cheek a lump of tobacco, and if there were any Spanish dollars in his pocket he made them get out as quickly as possible. His business on shore was to enjoy himself and spend his money, and in such pursuit he hired teams and "tip-up carts" and filled them with girls and possibly a fiddler, and drove to 'Sconsett or Madequet, and danced all night and drove back to town, and drove furiously for all the biggest stones or deepest ruts in the road, and if he capsized the cart and all in it, so much the better; and in coming into town on occasions he veered, and yawed, and tacked, and close-hauled on the wind, and often managed to carry away or smash up something of his own horse or wagon or that of somebody else. And if in coming through Main street he "missed stays," and was capsized and shot senseless through a shop window, he has on coming to exclaimed: "Set 'em up with another horse!"

That was a strange good luck which attended this fleet of whalers for generations. In those little ships, not nearly as large as many of our present coasting schooners, they sailed year after year in far distant, unknown, and then almost unmapped seas. They sailed in the light, and in the darkness, too, on seas beset with rocks and reefs above and below water. They were exposed to currents setting them on dangerous shores. They ran many risks from the savage and treacherous natives of the South Sea Islands. They cruised in the far North amid floes and icebergs. These were not short excursion trips. Their voyages lasted two, three, four years, always exposed to some one or other of these dangers. So voyaging they explored and discovered and were familiar with tribes and cannibal races long years before costly naval and Government expeditions retold the whaleman's story in series of ponderous volumes. So, wandering over ocean after ocean for so many thousands of miles and during so many years, yet for over two hundred years four-fifths of Nantucket's whaling fleet returned home safe.

Nantucket has good reason to be proud of her past record. Hers was a dash and bravery that laid a boathead on to a sperm whale as few others dared to. "Blubber hunting" is neither child's play nor safe play. Your men-of-war cruise through a whole generation of sailors without a battle. Your whaler, greasy as he may be, looked upon with contempt as he may be by the naval epaulettes of the quarter deck, fights every month for hours from a frail craft a monster creature who with a single lash of tail or fin can cut through boat and man as your knife cuts through a watermelon, or whose jaws, opening to the dimensions of a church door, can munch a boat as a man munches a biscuit, or whose tremendous black bulk, hundreds of tons in weight, rising out of water full thirty feet, can fall bodily on boat and crew.

Nantucket whalemen 100 years ago were the boldest fighters in this war—bolder than even the British sailor, whose Government then offered as high as $2,000 and $3,000 bounty to encourage her seamen in these fights, while Nantucket got no bounty at all. Bold as England's seamen were, they shrunk from the close-quarters combat with the sperm whale, after the fashion of Nantucket. Through Nan-

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tucket's 200 years of this sea fighting there happened thousands of such desperate contests—unrecorded, forgotten. This fighting blood was in the mothers of the island. Said a Nantucket wife to her husband: "John, don't you let a thing go past your boat's head without getting an iron in it!" Nantucket's first idea was to get fast to the whale—somehow—anyhow—and consider afterward how to get at safe distance from the thrash of fluke and fin. Those were the tactics of success. Attack! Attack! Attack! If we are always studying the methods of retreat we shall never get near enough for successful attack. People who are always stopping to consider what may happen if they take a step forward, use up just so much of their force in making difficulties in the way of getting ahead.

Had Napoleon on crossing the Alps put his brains on ways and means of getting out of the scrape in case of disaster, he would never have generaled the force to get across, and when Nelson laid his ships on the land side of the French fleet in the Bay of Trafalgar, he thought only of the one chance that there would be enough water to float them, and dismissed all further thought of the matter.

Nantucket was something more than the nursery of whalemen or seamen. Its bold, adventurous life was the nursery of courage. The spirit bred of any certain order of life goes on and on from generation to generation, and to-day the spirit of the older Starbucks and Macys, Hussys and Swains, Folgers and Coffins, transmitted through a thousand different organizations, though possibly in many cases bearing other names, is working throughout the land.

NOTICE.

The following petition has been filed with the County commissioners:—

To the County Commissioners of Nantunket:

YOUR petitioners, resident and non-resident owners of property in Siasconset and vicinity; respectfully ask that measures betaken by your board.

1. To open for public use the streets now owned by private individuals within the village, and maintain the same as public highways.

2. To open Grand Avenue as shown on the map of Robinson & Ellis, Northward between the properties of William M. Barret and the estate of William C. Swain on the West and that of Joseph S. Barney on the East, to Main street.

Signed by Edward F. Underhill, and 32 others.

There will be a view and hearing on the above petition on the premises at Siasconset on Thursday, the seventh day of June at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Per order County Commissioners,

LAURISTON BUNKER, Clerk.

Nantucket Journal May 24/88

Madaquet Musings.

MADAQUET, Nantucket, June 27.—Sconset is at one end of Nantucket Island; Madaquet is at the other; Nantucket town lies between the two. Sconset is a village; Madaquet is only a locality. Sconset, during the summer months, can be reached by railroad from Nantucket in about forty minutes. Madaquet is only accessible through the aid of horse flesh or a serviceable pair of human legs. Sconset is moderately retired from the world, but it has a railway, a post office and a telegraph. Madaquet has none of these, and hardly an echo of the world's bustle can reach you. Sconset is the place for people who are not yet able to get along without the world. Madaquet is for those "above the world," and who can live without the daily paper to tell them of its troubles, anxieties, riots, crimes, fires, murders and all the other calamities hourly avalanched upon it. Madaquet has a little harbor of its own, happily not navigable for large vessels, full of howling excursionists, but more favorable for sailboats, warm salt water bathing in its sun-heated waves, the digging of a peculiarly esculent clam on its clean, sandy shores, and by night if you desire, fire fishing for such fish as are foolish enough to be attracted within reach of your spear by the glow of your kerosene lamp with a tin reflector behind it. Two miles from the shores of Madaquet harbor the Atlantic surf is ever tumbling in, and between the two, and skirting the sand hills on the ocean's edge, is a narrow and beautiful lake three miles in length, whose banks are dotted with the brush barricades from whose concealment the duck hunter kills his game in the fall.

Madaquet has no hotel or other accommodations, unless you take them with you. Old and empty houses are frequent. In some of these you might tarry for a week or a month without the owners knowing anything of it. But, if you prefer to pay rent, you can hunt up the owner and pay him.

In Nantucket's era of whaling prosperity, the farmer could flourish at Madaquet. Now he cannot. He has largely moved away, leaving his empty house behind. Great "double houses," unpainted, barred up as to doors and windows; weird, lonesome and ghostly, they seem, too. Grass, unchecked, grows high above the doorsteps.

I am living temporarily in one of them. The nearest neighbor is a mile distant. A few hundred yards from mine is another empty house. It has four tenants—four crows living in the chimney, where they have built a nest. When they settled first there were but two crows. The other and younger two are the result of eggs and incubation. Their four black heads are often seen projecting just above the chimney edge in relief against the sky.

All over the island and miles from the shore you may see lying about dead spider crabs and clam and winkle shells. These are owing to the crows. They seize them alive at low water, fly high inland and let them drop, knowing that the laws of gravitation and other scientific reasons will smash their shells when they hit the earth, so that they can the more readily get at the meat inside.

Crows can put two and two together as well as some other people, and well they know the difference between a stick and a gun in a man's hands.

What looks to be a village, yonder, is a cluster of hunters' homes. Nearly every "home" has a flag-staff, and from some bits of bunting are still flying. These are exclusively masculine homes. They are tenanted, possibly, two months a year. They are then the abodes of men who go ostensibly to shoot ducks or plover, but who are there really to enjoy a temporary respite from family cares and realize for a time the former delights of their bachelorhood. They take with them large and well-filled demijohns. They do their own cooking. They sleep in bunks. No woman invades their territory. They have things all their own way and return home refreshed.

You will at Madaquet find days when it pays only to live and not try to do anything else, when your eyes literally feed on the deep green of the meadows as contrasted with the blue of the sky, and then your vision falls upon the sea, a darker blue still, stirred by a lust breeze, rolling in white caps, tumbling a breaking on shoal and shallow, showing h and there streaks of lighter water, cold by the sands underneath and bordered by edges where the submarine thickets o weed grow. There is stir enough in the and waves and waving grass and tossin ding daisies, and buttercups and th waving tree branches without your d thing. What you want is to take thi and rest and lounge about and dre sea sands or the meadows.

Then you absorb this vigor and make it a part of yourself, carry it back to the American c

A MADAQUET HOUSE.

much force garnered up for use in the work of life there.

There is living in absorbing life from nature, and there is living in putting that life out again in effort. Don't come here to work your exhausted, and, possibly, for the time, crippled brain. Don't come here to think or plan, or worry about what you'll do next fall or winter. When you think, you work. Don't think here. Be for the time a sponge, a clam, an inert, lazy thing, a lounger, a dawdler. Then you are getting what this island can give you, and what will do you good, and what when you go away you can use—the force you have absorbed here, in the pulpit, the counting house or elsewhere.

Star N.Y. July 1-88
Prentice Mulford

Along the Coast Line.

Quaint Sconset, the old fishing village on the outer rim of Nantucket, since the coming of the railroad from the island's metropolis, 11 miles away, is building up fame as a summer resort. The village is made up of little cottages, shingled on the sides as well as roofs, many of them built over 100, and some near 200 years ago, for the habitations of sea-faring men engaged in fishing during the spring and fall, and whose ideas of house-building seem to have been largely gained from their experience on ship-board. The snug parlors remind one of ship cabins; the small bedrooms are little more than state-rooms, while the closets are cabin-lockers but slightly enlarged. For 20 years past their owners have rented them to families of visitors during the summer. The odd shapes of the structures and the old-fashioned furniture with which they are provided, make them objects of curiosity to tourists, artists and visitors. Carrying out the native idea, E. F. Underhill, a New Yorker, has built a lot of cottages resembling those of the fishermen, but more roomy, which he rents by the season for moderate prices to visitors.

Springfield Republican
June 10-88

Sea Beach Studies.

SCONSETT, Nantucket, July 5.—Sconsett village contains over one hundred and twenty houses, two hotels, one light-house, one fire engine, two stores, one church, one schoolhouse and two public pumps, and is yet without a graveyard. I have not seen or heard of a death or burial or any preparation for one. I do not think the cornerstone of a graveyard has been laid here. If death does come here, it will find the inhabitants entirely unprepared. They do not seem to think of it. There are people here old enough to die. There are people here who ought to die. There are people here who in many respects have died, but don't know it. Their bodies wander about above ground. But the better part of their souls has gone or returned to that mysterious infinity from whence soul came. Something in the climate here toughens the "vital cord" or "silver link." It won't break. Of course, the summer visitors go home to die. At all events, none die here. They can't think of such a thing on account of the lack of mortuary and undertakers' necessaries. It cannot be proven that anybody ever did die in Sconsett. There are people here who have got all ready to die—old whaling captains, especially, who have very fresh recollections of the first part of this century, but who changed their minds just as their great grandsons thought they were off, and went to raising vegetables for summer visitors. In so doing they seem to raise a sort of new life for themselves. It does not exactly rejuvenate them as to outward appearance. But it keeps them at a sort of standstill—something as salt preserves a codfish. They never look any older, live as long as they may—though some of the stories they tell get longer and tougher. Theirs seems a sort of physical as well as mental desiccation; a sort of mummified immortality. I hail it as a token of the good time coming, when our entire race will become immortal. Of course, perfect immortality can't be realized or developed all at once, no more than can a perfect steam engine. These, the first specimens on Nantucket, haven't the bloom of youth on them, owing to their being badly "cured." I am speaking now after the manner of codfish and all that appertains to codfish.

There are five seasons at Sconsett—the summer boarder and cottager season, the winter season, the two codfishing seasons in May and October and the early spring plowing and planting season. A Sconsetter is as much at home with his boat as with his plow, and will put off and land alone in his "dory" in a pretty heavy surf.

You will say that you never really ate codfish until you taste a Sconsett cured fish. Curing codfish is a delicate operation. They are not merely laid in the sun to dry, as many imagine. A codfish must be handled and taken in and out of cover fifteen or twenty times before it will stay cured, for, if the sun be too hot, it burns it, and the fish will fall to pieces in flakes. If it comes up cloudy or foggy the codfish gets too moist and decays. The heavens must be carefully watched while the codfish is curing. The fish are always being taken off or placed on the drying stages, for the elements seem ever at work trying to do something to wrong a codfish.

This old village, until a few years ago, was only a hamlet of funny little antiquated fishermen's cottages, covered on sides as well as roofs with weather-stained shingles. It is now the nucleus around which has been built a hundred or so of seaside dwellings for summer occupancy. Some are like the quaint originals and others are in style stately and imposing. But life here, whether in the old or new, is free and easy. After a few weeks' residence, a black coat, a stiff linen collar, or an elaborate gown, or ornate millinery have a positively disreputable look to one accustomed to the easier, looser and certainly more comfortable flannel shirt and easy fitting dress here worn alike by native or visitor.

The conventional garb of the metropolis seems as an indication and almost bears a flavor of the city's hot and stifling breath.

The beach female attire is largely the attire of the ballet. It is singular how quickly one gets used to it. The dress that would draw a mob on Broadway is here an almost unnoticed matter of course.

Do you see those two black-coated gentlemen sitting on that beach. They are dignitaries from abroad. One is a professor; the other, also, is a great man in his line. They are watching the bathers. This is the hour of salt-water immersion—11:30 a. m. Everybody is in more or less—all save the two gentlemen

in black. They are too dignified to go in: they are too dignified to wear loose, comfortable flannel shirts; they are too dignified to be comfortable. What a hot, stiff, uncomfortable thing dignity is. How much strength and starch it does use up. The Professor and the General will not swim. Why not? Because they cannot. Because they dare not try to learn. Because they are too dignified to show their awkwardness. Because at the bottom of their hearts they know that yon breakers would treat them with no more respect than any of the others. Because they know that in that surf they would appear to great disadvantage as compared with that sunburned girl in her teens, who strikes out so boldly and rides the billows like a mermaid. Because, being too dignified to make the first attempts to learn the art of surf swimming, they are obliged to sit there inert on a log, like two black crows and look patronizingly at the swimmers, and at times say something so profound to each other that the wisdom or sense drops out of the bottom of the remark. Such is the price of dignity. Now they toddle home, over the beach under their umbrellas. Poor dignified unfortunates! They are resigned to stiffness and dignity. They are gradually to grow more stiff and more dignified and more inert and more profound and die at last of dignity. Theirs is the dignity that kills.

There are ladies here on the beach of like dignity with the gentlemen. They do not endeavor to swim, first, because they are too dignified, and secondly, they dare not try. They will never swim. They are too old to learn anything new. They are really dead, too. Anybody is really dead who regards their life as finished and past the time for learning any new tunes. The drawing of their last breath and all that business is a mere formality. So is the funeral. People in this state of mind carry the funeral always with them. You see the funeral in the expression of their faces. It is set, stolid, querulous and hopeless. They are now in mourning because life for them has stopped growing and expanding with new interest. When anything in Nature stops growing it begins to decay.

But here is a lady venturing into the surf with the dignity that maketh alive. She can swim. She is at home among the breakers. See her throw herself into the arms of that big comber as it rushes shoreward. Is she tipped over and flung contemptuously about like a bale of goods from a wreck? Not a bit of it. The wave takes her up as gently as she would a babe, and while she sinks down in its seaward hollow it expends its strength and crashes on the pebbly shore. Won't she be carried out to sea by the "undertow?" The "undertow" is dangerous enough to the inexperienced, but there is no necessity for magnifying its terrors as they have been magnified. The "undertow" is only the backward wash of the wave as it runs from the beach incline into the sea, just as water runs off the roof of your house. But the "undertow" stops running back after the water from the beach slope reaches the level of the water in the ocean, and does not run 'way out to sea or carry people away to sea, as many imagine. Watch that chip on the water, and you will see it floating parallel with the shore. That's the way the tide or current sets as a rule along our ocean beaches, and as now you may see the lady swimmer in the red silk cap is floating with it about forty yards from shore. She is now making scarcely any exertion, keeping herself afloat by the slightest motion of her fins—I mean her arms—for that is all any human body need do to keep on the water's surface, supposing that human body doesn't want to propel itself ahead She is in the tideway, and that carries her along fast enough without any effort of her own, and, as you may see, it doesn't carry her out to sea, but parallel with the shore. She is safe now, although the waves are running pretty high, and her red cap is lost to the view of those on shore every few seconds, as she would be in perfectly smooth water, since she rides like any other duck on the top of those great undulations. Many people think the water of a wave travels. It travels very little. It's the undulation that travels on the ocean's surface exactly as the earth's undulations or waves travel during an earthquake, and as that earth undulation lifts up a house and sets it down again in about the same spot, so does a water wave lift up a board or chip or your body and sets you down again nearly in the place it found you. The place where a wave can do you the most damage is just where the timid bather generally gets, and that is where the undulation of water strikes the land, and if you stand where it strikes you get all the force with which it has crossed, more or less, the Atlantic Ocean. But if you remain where now you see our lady swimmer, but a single foot outside or seaward of its curling crest when it first makes ready for its tumble shoreward, you are lifted ever so buoyantly on it, be it ever so high, exactly as a feather is lifted on the bed quilt, when you pass your hand under that quilt and raise it up. You may now observe how madam lands in a heavy surf. This is the main accomplishment as well as main difficulty in surf bathing, for the same skill and about the same method is necessary in safely landing a human body as in landing a boat without capsizing it. That was a heavy surge which preceded her, and you will observe how she is carried back a few feet by its "undertow." There's the next billow coming. She concludes not to land with that, but, keeping an eye to windward as she swims, she throws her left shoulder dexterously into it just where it begins to curl, and although the foam is all around her, she keeps out of its inward tumble and is ridden safely over it. The next lands her. Practice, dexterity and the indescribable "knack" to be gained only by practice has taught her to keep her body just where the billows' force is rushing onward, and rush her as it does to a footing waist deep on the sands. She is standing up against the undertow, and in so doing leans her body as far forward or shoreward as possible, because did she lean the other way or seaward she would lean in the same direction the rush of water from the beach is going, and in so doing would lend her own strength and weight to help the undertow sweep her off her footing. Her rule is to incline always to the water rushing from the beach into the sea, and incline in the same manner toward the incoming wave—nay, to go forward bravely and meet it before it breaks—when, instead of being knocked down and pounded and triturated in sand and seaweed, she is lightly and gently lifted upward.

Is there danger in surf bathing? Of course there is. There is danger in horseback riding, carriage riding, car riding, boat riding. Horses get frightened, carriages break down or upset, boats capsize, cars smash, and, equal to all, if not above all, people who have heads sometimes lose them during periods of danger, and those who haven't any heads, or anything level or cool in their heads, are always in danger. It is dangerous for the stoutest swimmer to venture half a mile out to sea; for man is hardly an amphibious animal, nor is cool water his natural element to live in for any length of time, and the strongest body is at risk from such prolonged exertion or immersion, and when every summer's seaside casualties are summed up, you find always a relatively large proportion of drownings among the bold and venturesome, who imagine the powers of their bodies to be equal to those of their wills.

But danger is always the provocative or bid for exercise of skill. Skill is another name for brains. Brains must be brought into practice to make a play of these billows and transform them from enemies into helpful friends. Our lady swimmer has thus made friends with these billows, not so much through mere strength of muscle as in learning where to put that strength of muscle and when to use it. You will notice as she emerges from the waves that she is a well-formed girl—tapering at her limbs like the spars of an A 1 clipper, with clean, clear cut lines on arm and leg, well clad with flesh, but not so much as to suggest coming ponderosity and consequent clumsiness, nor yet so lean as to hint a spinsterial angularity in the immediate future. That's the only build which makes good swimmers, and good swimmers are always easy swimmers. If that was an unduly fat girl she'd find it hard to keep a correct balance in the water. She'd have a continual tendency to keel over to larboard or starboard and the exertion necessary to keep her ballast so trimmed as to keep her on anything like an even keel would use up over much strength and that soon makes a drudgery of swimming. True, fat will float one in the water, but the trouble is it doesn't keep your corporeal craft right side up. If she's pudgy she'll "cant too much to port," and if she was too lean she would draw too much water to swim well.

The risk in surf swimming lies mainly in landing, after the surf reaches a certain force. It is then easy enough to stay outside the breaker. The trouble is in getting ashore at all, or in getting ashore without being pounded by a breaker. The knack lies in knowing, by a kind of instinct, the approach of the breaker that will wash you in far enough to give your legs a support on the sands. You may have to wait for three or four to pass under you before the right one arrives. I am speaking now of a tolerably heavy surf. It is not at first a pleasant sensation to know that you are within so few feet of the shore and cannot at pleasure reach it, and that it is only your coolness and skill that can land you. Besides, the beach and the people on it look to you ten times farther away than you do to them. It seems as if you were being carried out to sea when you are almost stationary. I think the reason for this is that your eyes, being on a level with the water, are looking up the undertow as it washes back from the beach, and the water so flowing toward you like a gently descending waterfall gives you the impression that it is carrying you out seaward with it. I am not above being frightened more or less myself, on such occasions. Indeed, I rarely venture in anything of a swell but that I am liable to a scare anyway. Yet the chances are that if one does nothing but keep him or herself afloat, he or she will in time be washed on to leg holding ground; at least, I am told so, and I like to believe it. I am a fair swimmer, yet in some surfs I had rather swim in theory than practice. But some of these long, lank, brown-legged Sconsett boys will crawl down the beach like eels, glide down the undertow and right up the inward side of an enormous breaker and are over it in a second before it breaks and on the safe or seaward side of it. But the Sconsetter lives, moves and breathes so much among codfish that he is part codfish himself.

The Sandwich Island women are better swimmers than the men. They can sustain themselves longer in the water. It is unsafe to say that a woman's muscle cannot be made as strong as a man's. Look at the girl of the trapeze. The size of a rope is no indication of its strength. So it is with human muscle. A tiny watch spring is relatively far stronger than a hundred times its weight of pig-iron. Women do endure pain better than men, and endurance means simply an outlay of strength.

A marine crank came here recently and introduced what he called a "surfboard," to facilitate surf bathing. It was simply a two-inch plank shaped very much like an old-fashioned ironing board, which is also used to lay out dead folks on, and when stood upright looks like a tombstone, anyway. The surfboard was about six feet long, rounded at both ends and wider at one end than at the other. The aqueous crank said that such boards were used by the Sandwich Islanders, and that the young male and female Sandwiches played in the surf with them for hours. He fired Ned Underhill with the idea. Underhill owns a town here of seventeen summer cottages, and builds and furnishes them at the rate of three a year. So Underhill got his carpenter to make two "surfboards." He tried one first himself, and marched, holding the board in front of him, into the surf. He marched boldly.

An angry and contemptuous swell knocked him and his surfboard endways and all other ways before he got afloat. The immediate result was that for about five seconds there was a mixture, confusion and commingling in and around that breaker of Underhill, the surfboard, Underhill's head, Underhill's legs and the base of Underhill's trunk. It was at times an interesting and exciting spectacle to the ladies and gentlemen sitting on the beach. However, everything came out straight at last and the beach public were able to distinguish between Underhill and his board. The "surfboard" didn't work. It was found at last that any other board would do in these waters about as well, providing any one had sense enough to stick to it.

N. Y. Star July 8-81
Prentice Mulford

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

The First of the Season at 'Sconset.

People who leave town in fashionable earliness have certain advantages that do not come to those who go to the seaside in democratic August. For the past five years I have been a visitor to 'Sconset when the summer was in its meridian and it never seemed so pleasant as it does in June. There is a prevalent belief among city folks who do not belong to the celebrated four hundred that Mr. McAllister considers the very elect, that the weather is not comfortably warm in the country until after the 4th of July. But the thermometer rose to eighty with us last week and has very agreeably stayed there since. The water is warm enough for a swim through the day and 'Sconset maintains its olden reputation for for double blankets at night. I am not indeed aware that it is an especial luxury to need such a supply of blankets. But as particular stress is laid on the matter by advertisements it is just as well that 'Sconset should have its due. So it is the cause of rejoicing with us here that we have had the torrid town heat tempered down to comfort by brisk sea breezes, and that we have clung to the traditional blankets. And, with that remarkable but general selfishness of human nature which regards complacently a condition of things in which our fellows are suffering from evils that we have escaped, it has been no inconsiderable portion of our enjoyment of life to sip scalding coffee with equanimity while perusing accounts of the heated spell in New York.

'Sconset looks clean and fresh and luxuriant in grass and sea weed. Two thirds of the cottages are closed, of the remaining portion half the houses are settling down for a long summer with their usual tenants, while the others are in possession of servant girls with mops and pails and scrubbing brushes. The lawns are unshorn and waving with daisies, Timothy and buttercups, through which may still be seen glimpses of the lime-marked tennis courts of last year. There is only one net set out in all the village, and it is stretched in so hasty and perfunctory a fashion that it plainly shows the desire of each adjacent cottager to pre-empt the ground to the exclusion of his neighbors.

ge or two of the old driveways are barred up to prevent indiscriminate travel by the native carts, and it is no unusual thing at this early season to find the villagers' horses turned out to graze before one's front door.

However, there are three or four matters of high importance in 'Sconset at present which possess us to the utmost and which will in some manner have disappeared before the belated visitors arrive. To begin with, there are many evidences of a tremendous competition in the grocery and butcher line. A year or two ago there was only one shop in all the town whose solitary rival in the edible purveying was a talkative and spry old lady who had a thriving trade in bread and rolls and pies of her own baking. In those days it was a favor to get anything to eat at any price, as the farmers made it a compliment to us to sell their vegetables, milk and poultry. This year, however, there are no less than three grocery stores, and each one is laying plans that are quite cityfied in their adroitness to catch the patronage of the cottagers. We used to have to do considerable skirmishing and send many orders to Nantucket town before there was any positiveness about tomorrow's dinner. But it is a remarkable matter this year to see the grocer trio standing attractively behind their counters and pointing to the fine array of good things piled around them. Moreover, they send their wagons, driven by spruce and eloquent boys, to your back door every morning to solicit orders, and an even greater marvel than this is that the farmers do the same thing to such an extent that about breakfast time the back yard bears something of a resemblance to the delivery hour at Washington Market. We have no longer to abase ourselves and supplicate for victuals, but can sit with some dignity at the kitchen door and venture to criticize the maturity of chickens, or even go to the unparalleled audacity of commenting on the price of eggs. Things indeed have come to such a pass this year in 'Sconset that to be a cottager is no longer a three months' sentence to hard work and short rations.

An innovation not much less extraordinary than this is the presence of a veritable shipwreck on the Pochick Rip within a few hundred yards of the shore. It was an English steamer, the something Castle, laden with sugar, that was wrecked in a fog last March. The spars and rigging all taut and trim rise high above the boiling waves of the reef and at low tide a bit of the bow can be seen. It is a very pretty sight as it stands now and if it could be kept as it is it would be an invaluable attraction to the beach. But the sands on which the ship sank are soft and the tide over them is swift and powerful. The Castle is sinking daily on its slippery foundation and its topmost spire will scarcely be visible when the crowd comes here in August. There is talk among the natives, as there always is about wrecks, that the ship's hold contains a small fortune in gold. Probably there is no village in Connecticut where money is held in dearer regard than it is in Nantucket. And it is a melancholy matter to the natives that neither boat nor diver could brave the fierce swirl of waves that toss furiously over Pochick Rip. Indeed the entire fact of the unfortunate Castle is exasperating to them. For when the sacks that contained its cargo were washed ashore it was a natural irritation to discover that the sugar in them had entirely disappeared. "'Taint fur me to be a-flyin' in the face o' Providence," said a grimy and gloomy mariner to me in relating the incidents of the disaster, "but it seemed a wicked and unnat'ral waste to have them bags come up empty when ornary granilated is ten cents a pound."

The celebrated and in no way estimable Nantucket tick is now in the fulness of his activity and multitude, and will be gone before the later visitors arrive. At present we spend a considerable part of our leisure time in searching the ears and bodies of our horses and dogs to remove clusters of this most abominable of all insects and keep a vigorous inspection over our own persons. To the native Nantucketer his tick in the early summer is, like salt cod in the winter, merely a dispensation of fate and something neither to be appalled at nor complained of. But to those who are not used to such things there can be nothing more horrible than these insects. The tick is black, with white spots, the body in its normal and hungry condition is flat and hard and of the size of a pea but it has a number of lively legs around its circumference that give it the appearance of a large and animated asterisk while attached to the ugly head are a pair of powerful claws. The tick sits on the tip of a spear of grass waiting, in a Micawber way, for something to turn up. And if that something happens to be you the insect climbs with incredible celerity and instinct to your head and gets under your hair. It takes hold of the flesh so softly that you may not be tickled by it. After which it proceeds to fill up with blood until it drops off bloated to repletion and dies happy. If you pull it off before the repast is well begun the tick tears a neat bit of flesh away in its claws as a reminder. If you are considerate enough not to disturb it the insect will distend with blood in a couple of days until it is the size of a large and globular bean. There is excellent soothing on the Nantucket moors at present. But after a morning with the ducks this week I sat down and pulled thirty-eight ticks and as many pieces of flesh out of my dog and since that he has looked askance at Nantucket fowling.

HILLARY BELL.

Boston Commonwealth
June 23, 1888

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Doll-Houses and Love in Livery at 'Sconset.

The prevailing and most characteristic feature of the 'Sconset house is its smallness. It is to be sure unique in design inside and of a shape outside that is to be seen no where outside of a nightmare. But one gets used to these peculiarities. Before we have settled down here a month the queer style of the cottages and even their "wart" bedrooms are accepted with unconcern. However, we may stay at 'Sconset from the snowdrops until the falling of the leaves, without ever getting comfortably used to the fact of sleeping in a bandbox and dining in a clothes' closet. There is so wide a sweep of bluff along the coast for the building of roomy houses and there are so many rich people to occupy them that the obstinate infatuation of 'Sconset builders for doll-houses is remarkable. The original dwellings of the village are small. But that can scarcely be understood as a reason why they should be a pattern for their successors. These primal tenements were quite large enough for their first use and offered ample accommodation for the cod-fishermen who had only an occasional visit from their wives during the fishing season. Here, however, we have these exact cottages and their more modern but no larger neighbors occupied from June till October by wealthy people who, in the city, would hardly put a servant where in 'Sconset they have to live themselves. The bedrooms are small enough to be very well filled by a couple of chairs, a wash stand, a bureau, a bed and a man shaving, the parlor is excellently adapted for a tete-a-tete, the dining-room impossible for a dinner party unless the waitress can serve the dishes by a system of elevated railroad like that used for making change in dry goods shops, the kitchen a continued provocation to profanity for the cook. One grows bald here early by knocking unexpectedly against the ceiling or becomes round-shouldered by continual weariness in avoiding it. As for privacy, in a street of cottages built by a certain Mr. White of Detroit, the walls are so thin that the occupant of the central house can hear the entire conversation of all his neighbors on both sides, which makes it a highly desirable residence for those of a curious and gossiping nature. In the Underhill hamlet, however, there is a space of some five and twenty feet between the cottages which is a non-conductor of family skeletons. The 'Sconset cottage at its best is a very enjoyable place for a married couple and one servant. But when, as is very often the case, a large family with cook, house-maid, nurse, coachman and pet dog gets into one small house it becomes a puzzle to know how they do it and preserve their equanimity. In these instances the family sleeps on the ground floor while the servants' bedrooms are upstairs, or rather up ladders, for the sole means of getting to them consists in climbing a ladder. "Mum," said the cook of a New York lady next

morning after they had taken possession of their cottage, "I have served with the best folks and got a good character for soups and pastry. But I am neither a fireman nor a telegraph pole man, mum, nor used to climb ladders, mum, like a hod carrier. If ye'll kindly give me my wages, mum, I'll go back to New York." And back she went indignantly by the next train.

The conundrum of 'Sconset is beginning to be as it has always begun to be at this season, the coachman. A coachman here has not so much reason as boots in a ballroom. There is no place for him to sleep, no place for him to eat in the already over-crowded kitchen, no place to stable his horses. He is not even permitted the ordinary perquisites of livery and can in no way kiss the housemaid or make love to the cook during the entire season. Sentiment is indeed debarred to our domestic retainers here. The kitchens are so small and open that even the most enthusiastic ardor of Jeames and Mary must pause before the exchange of a chaste salute in the possible observation of so many neighbors. Further than this the nights are damp and cold and sleepy and in no manner encouraging to the strolls and accompanying blandishments of domestic loves. This deprivation of what is as necessary to the comfort of cockades and aprons as it is to purple and fine linen makes it an exercise of diplomacy in management and generosity in coats and gowns to retain servants until the return to town renews their usual privileges. It is a matter of history that mine host, Levi Coffin of the Ocean View, had a strike in his kitchen two summers ago for this very reason, although the fair malcontents gave it another name, and upon his expostulation with them they to the number of fifty odd cast off their caps and aprons and the dust of 'Sconset and returned to Boston in a body. And last summer a fashionably bred family from New York were forced to do their own cooking, bed-making and dish-washing because the coachman was reproved for paying his addresses to the waitress after dinner in the dining-room. The course of true love in livery does not run smooth at 'Sconset and the kitchen door is not an inviting path to matrimony. But on several happy occasions I have had the good fortune to observe that the retainers of a household near by have hit upon an expedient plan at once to retain their own rights and the esteem of their mistress. The coachman, who is not only a person of sentiment but of excellent astuteness, retires into the cellar at set hours during the day with the ostensible purpose of polishing shoes. There to also repairs by romantic coincidence the housemaid, a comely and demure a lass as ever shook a duster, with the obvious design of inspecting the ice chest. But when the wind is favorable I hear certain sounds and exclamations from that cellar which have no relation whatever either to ice-chests or shoes.

HILLARY BELL.

Boston Commonwealth
June 30–88

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Tennis at 'Sconset.

The only monopolist at present in 'Sconset is a young gentleman named Coffin. Heretofore Mr. Coffin has achieved distinction by wearing larger shoes than any of his neighbors. But this season he arose to something of positive fame by the purchase of a lawn mower. He is now the sole owner of the right, title and emoluments of the only instrument of that kind on this end of the island. This solitariness of possession does not tempt Mr. Coffin into extortionate practices or undue pride. His manner is unchanged, he is affable and persevering as usual, he has not even appeared in the finer raiment which would harmonize with his increase of income, but attends to his duties in a democratic blue jean which is made up and worn with admirable simplicity. Yet a very considerable part of the population at 'Sconset waits humbly upon Mr. Coffin and his arrival at a cottage is welcomed with a greater joy than is accorded to even the most favored guest. Mr. Coffin is an exceeding tall young man and has that imperturbility of countenance which comes to those who hold nearer commerce with the clouds. Yet on more than one occasion I have seen him stop in his labors over a lawn and under pretence of wiping his brow cover his natural emotion at the spectacle of the entire household assembled eagerly on the piazza watching him make the tennis court ready for a summer's sport.

We have all grown so immediately and fervently desirous for the game that there is not a man of us, nor for that matter a woman or child, who is not an authority on rackets and rules. Mr. Sears is our high priest and the complete enjoyment of life is divided only by a net. Yet it is not to be denied that even when Mr. Coffin and his lawn-mower have ended their mission there are some tribulations to the temper in a 'Sconset tennis court. The ground, in the absence of a roller, is uneven and hummocky. Apart, therefore, from the disadvantage of frequently stumbling on the treacherous sod, the balls, no matter with what accuracy they may be served, continually rebound in directions that are least expected and make us at once loose-jointed and cross-eyed in the effort to return them. Yet these trials are the least of what we endure in the pursuit of our favorite recreation. The style of 'Sconset architecture is not in accordance with any tennis law or regulation that ever was promulgated. The cottages are built on corner foundations of brick at an elevation of from six to fifteen inches above the ground. This was designed as a means of keeping the houses dry by allowing a free ventilation underneath them. It serves the builder's idea excellently. But it is an ill thing for tennis playing. The balls go under the houses in an exasperating way that leaves the game no longer a cheerful and innocent matter, but leads to ill temper and, when the wind is blowing away from the ladies, sotto voce whispers of profanity. Guard nets are of little service as the dogs that hold high carnival under the cottages soon tear them down. Tennis balls are hard to get here as they are not sold at any of the three shops. So there is nothing to do but to force a way under the houses in pursuit of them. By reason of the smallness of space to be crept into the task of recovering truant balls is impossible to those of a fleshy habit and only lean young gentleman of sinuosity, daring and ingenious minds can accomplish the feat successfully. The enterprise calls for a stout heart and tough muscles. It needs a certain heroism to crawl on one's stomach into a twelve inch aperture over snails and caterpillars and bits of broken bottles to be probably seized angrily by a dog who fancies that the intruder in his favorite lair has come after a pet, particular bone laid away for a nice condition of gaminess. These perils safely passed it is no uncommon experience for the young gentleman in search of tennis balls to find his body suddenly imprisoned hard and fast to the ground by the increased weight on the floor above him of a stout lady or an aldermanic old gentleman. In which case the unhappy youth has to contain his patience and his wind until his companions call at the cottage and request the kindly but corpulent jailor of their companion to move on and permit his escape. Nor is it an unfrequent adventure to get underneath the kitchen floor when searching the illusive ball and be cooled off with drippings of dish water. It may, therefore, be understood that in some particulars we play tennis under difficulties and that one of the most indispensable requisites of the game is a slender and valorous young man who is small enough in girth to crawl under a cottage and big enough in heart not to be dismayed by terrors in his quest. Nor are the cottagers themselves altogether as happy in this phase of tennis as they might be when they take no active interest in the game. In the least expected moments they hear strange uncanny sounds beneath the parlor and bedroom floors that are well calculated to appall the nervous. I happen to reside in a cottage that is in the immediate centre of two tennis courts, and very frequently through the day I become interested by scraping noises that seem to proceed from the bowels of the earth—a muffled concert of sounds, mutterings, pantings, ejaculations of pain and anger, the growls and snappings of dogs and occasionally a wordy warfare between two young gentlemen of the rival courts who have crawled simultaneously under my cottage from different sides of it and are disputing the exact ownership of a discovered ball. However these latter encounters happily never come to blows, inasmuch as by the tightness of their circumstances the angry claimants can do nothing but glare at each other, or at most knock their heads together, after which they are forced to recrawl their way back to their

separate courts ignominiously, feet foremost. During which return passage, I have generally observed, the young gentlemen lose the fine enthusiasm that instanced their original entry and retreat slowly with as much grumbling and growling as that given forth by the dog who still snarls at their supposed attempt at embezzlement of his bone. I find, moreover, by studying the indignant ejaculations that proceed from beneath this particular room in the cottage, that exactly under my table there is a delusive hollow surmounted by hillocks which is as alluring to tennis balls as it is inaccessible to those who go after them. So I have now under consideration a plan to lift the floor and hold an auction sale of the stray results of many a tournament at the end of the season and thereby indemnify myself against bankruptcy by our butcher. HILLARY BELL.

Boston Commonwealth
July 14-88

NANTUCKET.

The Patchwork Village—'Sconset by the Sea—The Wreck—The Cottages—The Old Pump—Quaint Signs on Nantucket Roads—The Smugglers' Hiding Place.

Last week we wrote of the Suburban Press Association's excursion as far as the trip to Siasconset, called by the natives "Sconset" for short. The trip is made via the Nantucket Railroad over the most jolting track it has ever been the writer's privilege to ride. The trip consumes forty minutes and the ride most of the distance along the south shore of the island gives most delightful views of the ocean. As the train passes along you can discern the masts of the iron steamer which, with a cargo of $155,000 worth of sugar, was wrecked last winter. On account of the high seas raging here all the time, no diver or vessel has been able to work about the wreck, and there the steamer will lie till the action of the sea breaks her up. Another point of interest along the line of this railroad is the life-saving station at Surfside, and here it was that the accommodating railroad officials stopped the train to allow our party to visit the station, examine the boats and listen to the story of the labors of those in charge of the station. Again boarding the train we soon reached 'Sconset, which is situated on a bluff 30 feet in height, some 300 feet from the ocean and 50 miles from the mainland. There, below the banks, we found the huts of the fishermen and saw several scenes similar to our illustration of "The Old Fish Cart on the Beach."

After taking a stroll on the beach and testing the temperature of the water and finding it to be most delightful for surf-bathing, we hastened to the bank upon which lies the patchwork village, eager to scan these quaint little cottages, some of which have been built 100 and some 200 years,—cottages which were for years used by sea-faring men, when fishing was in its prime, but which about 1875 began to be sought for as summer residences as 'Sconset came into notice as a most attractive summer resort, both on account of its quaint appearance, and the health-giving properties of the air. In 1881 additional buildings were erected and marked improvements have been made from that date to the present time.

The accompanying illustration of "An Old Street in Siasconset" gives a good idea of the houses which line either side of a street not over twenty feet in width. Passing on we stopped at the post office, located in one of these old cottages. An idea of the size of the office may be formed when we record the fact that our party of about 40 persons had to divide itself into four parts in order to enter and call for our mail. That the reader may gain a better idea of the class of houses here occupied we present an illustration of "An Ancient 'Sconset Cottage."

The interior is most convenient, as the party can attest, for the writer fortunately had a key that would unlock the door of a cottage belonging to the family of Editor Hussey of Nantucket, and of course we entered and made a survey of the place. It was a most comfortable habitation for the summer, with everything convenient for work. We do not wonder that so many make yearly trips to this, one of the most restful places on the New England coast, a place where, as one of the summer visitors said, "he can sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four."

The Old Fish Cart on the Beach.

After a further stroll about the village and conversation with some of the older residents, we were driven by rain into the reading room, a room in which we found a sanded floor, shelves and tables well filled with reading material, both magazines and books, that gave evidence that the inhabitants were alive to the

An Old Street in Siasconset.

times and nightly congregate to read and discuss the leading questions of the day. The shower over, our steps were turned toward the station, with many regrets that the time did not permit a visit to Sankaty lighthouse, from which a most magnificent view is to be had. On our way we stopped at the ancient pump. We drank of its cooling water and listened to its story, as told by one who has known and daily visited it for upward of fifty years. Reluctantly we departed from the most ancient and quaint village we ever visited and retraced our way to Nantucket village.

Monday evening soon arrived and the village maidens and youths, under the

An Ancient 'Sconset Cottage.

leadership of Editors Hussey and Gardner, and accompanied by the Sherburne Orchestra, gathered in the hotel parlors and entertained the Suburban Press most pleasantly. The visitors in turn gave then a mock trial for a treat. Dancing followed and shortly after midnight hand-shaking and cheers broke up a pleasant evening.

Tuesday morning most of the party rode through the streets of the island and during their ride came across some signboards which are worthy of notice. We will give the inscriptions on two of them: "Please avoid driving in one

The Ancient Pump at Siasconset.

track, that the road may be kept smooth," "Please follow the sides as well as the middle of the road." As the streets are nearly all in good condition, it seems as if these requests, which are placed most conspicuously in nearly all the streets, are heeded. On our return from the ride we visited a house near the hotel, said to contain a hiding place for smuggled goods in years long since past. Climbing to the attic a trap door was raised, and, descending some twenty steps, we found a small room in the centre of the chimney, large enough for five or six persons to stand in, with shelves and hooks in abundance. Tradition says it was built by the smugglers, but reason seems to say that the place was built by a former owner of the building in which to hide his valuables, there being at that day no bank on the island where he could deposit his wealth. Albeit the place is a curiosity and one well worth a visit.

Tuesday noon our brief but pleasant and ever memorable visit to Nantucket closed, and it was with regret that we left a town where the thermometer is never known to register over 82° in the shade. Surely a place that can boast of such a record is destined to prove a most popular summer resort. G. W. S.

Medford Mercury
July 13-88

NANTUCKET DISCOVERY.

Views of a New Visitor—The Approach to the Island—Watchers on the Wharves—The Grassy Streets—Squantums—A Scene in the Hotel Parlor.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

NANTUCKET, July 2.

WHY does each person who lands at Nantucket feel a certain sense of discovery? It would seem as if the island by this time had been pretty thoroughly discovered and described. I do not think there is a place in the Northern States which can keep up such an interest in the mind of the visitor with so little material to start with. You are interested from the first, and you keep wondering at yourself on account of that feeling. The day I disembarked from the steamer I met a man wandering on the deserted wharves, where I also went to wander.

"I say," he said, after glancing askance at me for a moment, "I say, you ain't a native, are you?" I told him I was not a native. Then he gazed around, waving his stick as he did so, and asked earnestly,

"What do you think, now, makes a man keep wanting to look about him on this island? There isn't a thing here, not a thing, barring the ocean, you know; but, somehow, I keep staying, because, you see, I'm continually expecting there's going to be something. I guess that's it, anyway," he went on, apparently becoming a trifle confused in his thoughts, "but it may be it's the ghosts of the past that make you believe there's something here, though your own eyes tell you there isn't. I'm bound to find out. I've been here three weeks, now, and I can't make up my mind to go. Do you suppose, now, it can be whales?"

The old gentleman's colored glasses were turned full upon me as he asked the question. I helplessly repeated his last word, "Whales?" and waited for him to say something more. But he seemed to have given utterance to all that was in his mind that could be spoken, and turned to walk down towards the water. I stood and looked at him and thought that, on the whole, I could sympathize with him.

From the time I had set out in the boat for this destination I had felt that, of course, this journey could not be like other journeys. I had never been to Nantucket, though naturally I had read about it a great deal. I even knew that 'Sconset—that mysterious place which so tempts to descriptive articles those who see it—'Sconset is on this island. Nay, more than that, I meant to spend some time in that settlement. Already, though only two hours in Nantucket, I had been asked three times if I were not going to 'Sconset, and each person had told me "it was just as quaint as it could be," and they all hoped I wouldn't fail to stay there as long as I could. None of these people were islanders, however; they were of that kind of human beings classified as "summer visitors."

As we came within sight of that dolls' city on Martha's Vineyard we wondered that anybody should go there thinking to rest. It looks like a collection of "play-houses," not theatrical houses, but tiny buildings wherein people shall feverishly play at having a good time. But the moment we left the Vineyard behind us, and saw Tuckernuck and Muskegat lying low down in the sea to the south, with the wide opening eastward towards the ocean, and I felt the southwest breezes that are vouched to be the breezes which make it impossible for the mercury to go higher than 90°—when I saw and felt these things, then first came over me that delicious belief that I was going into a region that was not like any other region I had ever visited.

At a certain distance, as you approach, Nantucket gives the impression that it is below the level of the sea, and that it is only by a miracle that it is not submerged. And this although the houses rise one above the other in some directions. It is pleasant to stand on deck and sniff the soft air as the boat comes nearer to Brant Point. One is slightly sorry that the Nantucket Hotel is so near, and so large, and so modern looking. What one instinctively wants here is a queer old inn that shall be on the very point of tumbling down, but which, of course, must possess every comfort, must tinkle electric bells, and flash electric lights, without having the appearance of doing either. As it is, for the moment, one has the feeling that he cannot see anything but this hotel, so prominent is it.

I leaned on the railing and looked in silence at the town, which was slowly gliding nearer and nearer. It made a pretty picture, that old place, quiet and removed, the summer sunlight lying upon it, the sea sparkling in front. There were groups of people here and there on the wharf watching the incoming boat, and a few carriages waiting. But there was none of the bustle usual to such places in summer. A certain sedate alertness was characteristic of the crowd, if it could be called a crowd. I saw some old men with seamed, brown faces, watching intently, their dark-veined hands

resting on canes. Their clothes hung loosely, their hats were pushed back. I knew these were islanders, and I wondered how often they had watched the arrival of different craft in this harbor, with just those faces of serious curiosity. I thought of those times in winter when for weeks there can be no communication with any part of the world which does not lie within these island limits. The cold then shuts these people fast in their own spot of creation, and I do not imagine that they care very much if they are thus isolated. There is, I am sure, a kind of unacknowledged feeling that all cannot live on Nantucket, but that those who can should daily give thanks for their privileges in being able to pass their lives there; and that they should also, though sorry for outsiders, still be kind and forbearing to them. Of course all the inhabitants of the universe cannot be Coffins and Starbucks and Mitchells, and it behooves those who are to be indulgent to those who are not.

There is a great and somewhat unaccountable charm always in a long stretch of sandy beach, and here the shining flat curves in and out for at least eight miles, a narrow ribbon of land which encloses a peaceful lagoon, and makes a harbor with which the old whaling captains were familiar, but which now extends its calm surface almost in solitude. There are no big craft coming to the town now. Never do the lazy fellows straddling on the wharves see a square-rigged vessel making towards them. Nothing comes. Let them watch the offing all day, and no prow turns in this direction.

"Somehow," said an old man whom I used to see on a particular rotten wharf, "I can't help a watchin' for a sail ter come. I know there ain't nothing gone out, 'n' there can't nothin' come in no more 's they used to, but I've got ter watch. Ye see I'm in the habit o' watchin' 'n' I'm too old to change now."

His faded eyes turned off seaward as he finished speaking.

It seemed to me that had I not known so well from everybody who has ever written about this island that it was once prosperous and now was forlorn, I should have recognized the fact just from the pensive aspect of the harbor waters that rippled in a gentle, melancholy and retrospective way up that long lagoon. The very sands shone as if to say they had sparkled more gayly once when whale oil was something precious. It certainly pleased my fancy to think thus. Do you say that my imagination was aided by those mouldering and unused wharves?

Yes, the town, despite its air of having known better days a long time ago, has an attractive appearance. There are a good many houses and very few people, and rents ought to be low. Not knowing what might await me in 'Sconset, I was seized with a desire to dwell for the summer in one of the houses which have platforms on the roofs for the accommodation of those who once were looking for the return of whalers. Such a lookout would afford excellent opportunity to strain the vision for that ship which has not yet come to me—that ship which, I am assured, will bring me news of Spanish castles to which I have fallen heir.

I found grassy streets here, and I have always considered grassy streets to be more suggestive of blissful quiet than anything else I know. Carts do not rattle in such highways; here pastoral peace might preside. With such idyllic thoughts in my mind I was startled by the yells of two small boys, who came dashing out from a neighboring alley. Why is it that the youthful male must be so vociferous? I walked away with their screams in my ears, having learned that even green highways may be infested, though not by carts, and knowing that two small boys were capable of casting a curse over the whole of Nantucket town.

I strolled long about the streets, and felt more and more convinced that I must come here and stay a dreamy week or two, for I did not think the island could offer anything more suggestive. I would come and, if festively inclined, I would make one of a gay squantum. Do they have squantums here? I paused where a fisherman had his stand of wares and put that question to him. His leathery face wrinkled into something equivalent to a smile as he looked me all over before replying. Then he told me that he guessed squantums wa'n't so fash'nable as they was when he was young. Still, they did have 'em. "Why," with a broader grin, "I saw my second wife for the first time at one of them squantums. She wa'n't my wife then, in course, but she was later on."

I ventured to remark that such festivals must be peculiarly pleasant to him, in view of what he had told me.

He hesitated, straightened a bluefish out in its place, and finally said that he hadn't nothin' to say agin his second wife, but he would say she had a tongue in her head. But she was dead and gone now, and he was living with his third, who never spoke 'less she was spoken to. He brightened visibly as he told me this last.

I resumed my sauntering. I would sometime hunt up the old traditions that must cluster here as thick as bees upon clover. I would row alone in a boat upon that solemn harbor, and would go exploring among the crooked, solitary shores that unroll themselves between the town and Great Point. Could a tramp along that narrow and monotonous way be otherwise than exhilarating, with the splendor of the sea so near?

At last, returning slowly up Main Street, I looked at the "marine curiosities" which are to be bought here, and I even thought I should buy more shells to put with the same treasures on which I had expended money in St. Augustine. I compared the quaintness of the Floridian city with the quaintness of this Massachusetts town and decided that each had a flavor, distinct, and like nothing else I had ever known.

At this point in my reflections I became aware that it was beginning to rain, and that thunder was muttering in black clouds in the west. I hastened back to the Ocean House, and soon came down into the public parlor to see what manner of people were there. But, as a rule, visitors at hotels rather avoid the parlor, which, no matter how finely it may be fitted, is usually desolate. There was one occupant of this room as I entered. A pale, thin girl was sitting at the window apparently watching. Presently some one crossed the street; I saw the girl's face brighten in a pathetic way which made her look still more like an invalid.

A young man in a checked suit, canvas gaiters, and gay necktie came in cheerily, and with a good deal of eagerness beneath his too evident gayety. He hastened to the girl's side, took her hand and held it as he sat down beside her. He was so extremely cheerful that I immediately knew he was very anxious about his companion.

"We've hit upon exactly the place now, Mabel," he said; "you can't help getting well. Why, they told me down to the drug store that a person can't die here, even if he wants to. The clerk said an old chap tried to shoot himself the other day, but on account of something or other in the atmosphere, you know, the pistol hung fire, whereas, in any other spot on the known globe it would have gone off, to a dead certainty. And I've got a lot of statistics about climate, and that kind of thing, that I'll read you to-morrow. Oh, it's a great place, and you are bound to sleep now. You can't get any malaria on any conditions. We'll hire a cottage and send for your mother, and be as gay as larks."

The young wife had risen to her feet. The light from the window showed the dark streaks under her eyes, and the painfully sensitive face.

"You are so kind!" she murmured, and then in a passionate whisper, "Oh, if I can only sleep here!"

A spasm of anxiety passed across the tanned countenance of the man, instantly succeeded by a bright expression so evidently forced that

it hardly could have deceived his wife had she not been so absorbed in her tremulous hopes concerning herself.

They walked out of the room, and I heard him robustly expressing the conviction that she was bound to sleep now.

The face of the invalid haunted me so that I went out again after supper to gain some new impression. I walked to the wharf at which I had landed, and looked back. How crowded the little place appeared! The lights twinkled one above the other in that part of the town where the dwellings rise almost in tiers, or so they seemed now.

In those old days when the forsaken families passed so much of their time without husbands, fathers, and brothers, it was well that the homes should push close together.

The shower was over, the blue-black heaven was full of stars, and the blue-black ocean quivered and shone darkly, sobbing against the quay. The southwest wind blew over the island, bringing damp scents from sea and and.

M. L. P.

Eve. Post. N. Y. July 18, 1884

QUAINT OLD NANTUCKET.

Though a Sleepy Place, Still It is Gay.

Plenty of Bluefish Caught at Great Point.

'Sconset, Its People and Its Base Ball Cranks.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NANTUCKET, July 21. 1888. This quaint old town, with its town-crier, antique whaling captains, decaying wharves and drowsy custom house, is now undergoing its annual summer rejuvenation—I am tempted to say resurrection. For considering the lack of animation in what is the town proper even now, when the Cliff and the hotels are alive with summer visitors, I doubt if in winter it bears any signs of animation at all. Whaling used to be the great industry here. I tell the trades-people that the summer visitors are now taking the place of the whales. They answer with a laugh and a wink. The summer visitors virtually bring all the money that comes to the island.

As a rule they and the natives mix about as readily as oil and water. The Nantucketers are a pretty close corporation. Scratch a native and you find a Coffin, a Folger, a Starbuck or a Macy. That is to say, nearly all Nantucketers are descended from some of the oldest landed proprietors in the country, and, while they are naturally hospitable and generous, they won't put up with any airs.

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The Quaintest Place

on Nantucket is Siasconset, or 'Sconset, as every one calls it, for short. Like Mrs. Dick, in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," this village has never risen to the dignity of its full name. Even the official signposts direct you to 'Sconset. It is a rambling little hamlet, with green lanes and alleys, all of which have been dubbed streets or avenues, and there is even a Broadway. Such a Broadway! The houses on either side were originally huts, where the fishermen who came over from Nantucket in the fall spent the night. Then when the wives began to come over to make sure that the husbands were behaving themselves, a queer little extension was built on to the original hut. The next year, perhaps, the daughters and sons would come over to 'Sconset, and more extensions, equally queer, would be added. Thus originated a style of architecture which is peculiar to 'Sconset. The cottages seem to have been cut short, like the name of the village itself. The extensions were called "warts," a term still applied to them in the native vernacular. A cottage here does not, for instance, consist of a sitting room and three bedrooms, but of a sitting room and three 'warts."

'Sconset is situated on a grassy bluff at whose feet a beach some hundred yards in width reaches to sea. On one of the bluff cottages is a sign post pointing seaward and bearing the inscription: "To Spain!" This direction is absolutely correct. If you were to sail a straight course from the 'Sconset beach the first land you sighted would be Spain. Standing on the 'Sconset bluff you have 3000 miles of sea at your feet. No wonder the breeze leaps from the sea like a young giant? No wonder the billows sometimes rear and plunge and raise their streaming crests on high before they descend with a crash upon the shore! Small and quaint as are the

Old Cottages of 'Sconset—

or, for that matter, also some 20 new ones, built, however, in imitation of the real old articles—they are often occupied by people of wealth. There are, for instance, the Marcellus Hartleys of New York, who could make a splurge at Newport or Lenox if they chose to. They occupied for several seasons a cottage with all its rooms on one floor, excepting one room under the roof, and that was reached from the sitting room by a ladder. The Hartleys are an excellent example of the type to which the 'Sconset summer visitors belong. People come here, because it is impossible for anybody to make a splurge here. The most important occupation of everybody in 'Sconset is to sleep. You feel sleepy the moment you begin to breathe in the strong salt air from the ocean. You go to bed feeling sleepy, you wake up feeling sleepy, and you are delliciously drowsy all day long. You never grow tired, because you never get sufficiently over the sleepy feeling to do anything that will tire you. I must, however, except from this some young people who are too jolly to become affected by the prevailing drowsiness here.

× × Gustav Kobbé in Boston Herald July 22-88

'SCONSET SCENES.

A Life-Giving Air—Vital Statistics—At Home in the Locker—A Study of Miss S'reny—Mainland Foolishness.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

NANTUCKET, July 5.

THERE is a real sense of refreshment in being on an island where certain localities are mentioned as the "South Pasture," the "Middle Pasture." Not only are these places named colloquially thus, but are so put down on a map which I have just been studying. The words made me feel as if I had gone back into some pastoral age, and that it would be an appropriate thing if, when I strolled out, I were to take a shepherd's crook with me. And what was the proper dress for shepherd and shepherdess in their day? I should think some dame of fashion, weary of yachting and tennis costumes, and the like, would appear in Nantucket in a guise which called for a crook and a flock of sheep. Surely it would be a pretty kind of life to play at for a week or two. Would not Corydon approve? I would guarantee that he would admire, if the masquerade garments were becoming. And think how sweetly the lambs would frisk!

These were some of my thoughts as I was borne over the country upon that dear little railway which leads from Nantucket town southward, along Surfside, following the coast until it reaches Siasconset. Surfside seems to be located in South Pasture, and is a modernized desecration, so far as a name may desecrate. Any place on another coast might be called thus, but it is too bad to bring that kind of appellation to this island.

In itself it is of very little interest to see where the old sheep-pens used to be, but, if in the mood of a loitering summer stroller, one may feel a delicate and poetical delight in that stretch of ancient pasture across which we were speeding. There were two young fellows sitting near me, and as they looked from the windows they assured each other that there "wasn't a thing to see, you know." One of them ventured to suggest that the ocean was rather an extensive object when you come to think of it,

don't you know? The other reluctantly acknowledged that it was, and he added, with a show of animation, that the ocean was a good thing on account of the bluefish there were in it, and he meant to pull a few of 'em out.

Meanwhile the fragrant southwest wind was rustling ribbons, and fans, and drapery in the car. Already I could affirm of my own knowledge that there is something decidedly soothing in the air here, something which relaxes the tense nerves and makes night after night of sleep seem within reach. There is a peculiar sense of rest which comes to one, like the touch of a kindly hand on a hot forehead.

It is only about eight years since 'Sconset was discovered by people who are continually hungering for new "resorts." I could almost say that I am sorry they ever found it. Why not let it be the same old place that was, without a store or a post-office, without even religion—that is, if religion dwells only where it can have a "meeting-house!" In the old times, if you lived in 'Sconset and unexpectedly ran short of tea or tobacco, you must endure life without those luxuries until Providence opened a way for you to get them. Similarly, if you were inclined to wish to hear a sermon, you must wait, and if you were ill, you must get well without a doctor. But you were tolerably sure of not dying, since dying is so very difficult an act to perform within the limits of Nantucket, and I should say that, in 'Sconset, the properties of the air and the ocean render the giving up of life well-nigh impossible; and, what is better, this air and water make life a pleasure; they give a sense of gratitude for merely being in the world. I can hardly imagine a spot which can exercise a more benign influence on worn and sensitive nerves. There is a peace which is immediately felt, for it pervades the hamlet almost as perceptibly as does the salt odor. The vital statistics of the island must be charming reading for the invalid. If you had come down here ill, would you not delight to read that, of the seventy-seven deaths in one recent year on Nantucket, "72 per cent. had lived to the average age of seventy-three years? Five of these deaths were of persons over ninety, fifteen had lived over eighty years, and eighteen over seventy years." In view of such figures as these, do you not agree with me that this is not the place for a person who is tired of life? And even a pistol-bullet refuses to do a bullet's duty.

As for the houses in this old fishing settlement, how many times have the queer old structures been described? They are almost as inspiring to description as is the beauty of a novelist's heroine or a sunset at sea. You can hardly have a first glimpse of 'Sconset without immediately wishing to choose a few adjectives concerning it. This temptation is strongly upon me now. There is a great and unpremeditated simplicity in the old houses that were built by the ancient fisherfolk, and there is a carefully attended and somewhat labored homeliness in the new houses made by the summer visitor in imitation of the old. I had resolved from the first not to be in an imitation house. I had a note of introduction to a Miss Serena Starbuck, who had inherited a cottage from one of the old owners.—The house was one of the genuine things. Miss Starbuck had, in a previous summer, "boarded" a friend of mine. It was hoped that she would now board me. I hoped this very strongly indeed when I looked at the dwelling that was pointed out to me. In 'Sconset the lower you can have the ridge-pole of your house the more correct is that ridge-pole. To a moderately tall person the effect should be that he must creep in on all-fours; if this effect be secured, everything else follows. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the occupant really must creep in thus, but that he must have the feeling that he would be obliged so to do; and only as he actually enters will he discover that he can just hold his head upright. When a ridge-pole is about eight feet high, it will be seen that the eaves will not be exalted.

It was towards the smallest and oldest-looking house within sight that a boy pointed when I asked where Miss Starbuck lived. It was covered with blackened shingles; it did not look as if "modern appliances" would be found within it. Neither were they; but there was comfort. From the first I was tempted to call the house "The Locker"; it did not look like a ship, but it looked like something to go into a ship. My notions of what a locker really is were somewhat vague, but this object fulfilled my notions.

Miss Starbuck was a woman of somewhat advanced middle age. She had very innocent looking, prominent blue eyes, which exactly matched in color the gingham dress she wore. She greeted me with calm self-possession. Her pale and somewhat full lips had a faint but constant hint of a smile. She said she should be happy to accommodate me; that she had been much pleased with my friend who had been with her last season, and she had no doubt she would be much pleased with me. Here I murmured something—that she could hardly be that—which I regretted doing, for she repeated that she had no doubt she should be much pleased with me, and I submitted without further protest. She had given me a seat by one of the bits of windows, and she sat down opposite me while we settled the terms, or "the amount of remuneration," as she called it. She said that provisions had risen since she boarded my friend, and so she should be obliged to charge me half-a-dollar more per week. I assented to this. She then showed me a room which was exactly large enough for a single bed, a chair, and a washstand, and for me if I moved about carefully. She explained that I could keep my trunk in the passageway, and I mentally added that I must also keep my "things" constantly in my trunk. But the window looked out on the water, and the house was on a bluff which made the beach appear just far enough away. And the "atmosphere" was right. She said that these houses were necessarily circumscribed, to which I replied that it made little difference, as there was a good deal of room out-of-doors, and out-of-doors was where one meant to stay when on this island. She smiled neither more nor less at this remark, and we sat down again opposite each other, as before. She seemed to hasten to inform me that she resided during the winter season in Nantucket town, but as she owned this place at 'Sconset, and as her system required a change in the warm season, she came here and resided until the autumn. Her pecuniary circumstances were not such as to enable her to refuse a fitting boarder. I felt naturally elated to be left to infer that I was a fitting boarder. I wondered that my friend had never told me more of Miss Serena Starbuck. This lady went on, in her extremely slow way, to tell me what man would be the best one to hire if I wished to go out on the water; to advise me never to engage anybody to do anything without first consulting her, for she was sorry to say that there was, of late, a spirit of acquisitiveness abroad in the island during the warm season. Then, without any gradations whatever, she told me that she had for years been expecting a large sum of money from the French spoliation claims; for her grandfather had lost a ship "at that time," and when Congress acted in the matter, as undoubtedly it would act soon, the heirs of her grandfather, now reduced to three people, would be indemnified, and she should no longer be obliged to take boarders; though, when they were fitting, as last season and at present, it was not a great hardship.

I looked at the placid and hopeful face before me, and felt a pity and admiration which I could not have explained. How prim, and gentle, and remote the woman seemed to me!

Here she lived on this island year after year, or, as she would have said, season after season, and took fitting boarders, and conversed calmly with them, telling with a certain pride that she resided most of the year in the town, and taking the earliest opportunity to let them know that she was heir to the spoliation claims. Her blue eyes had not a cloud in them; they looked forward with the utmost certainty to seeing her grandfather's heirs reimbursed. Meantime she was somewhat sorry for those people—and there must necessarily be many in the world—who could not reside in Nantucket and anticipate the dividing of claims. Miss Serena—I found that was what she was universally called, or rather, "Miss S'reny"—had the appearance of being a thorough gentlewoman: faded, shallow, with remarkably few ideas, perfectly satisfied with her position as a Starbuck, a Nantucketer, and a French spoliation claimant, but a gentlewoman. Before I had been with her twenty-four hours I discovered that she had a tolerant pity for the inhabitants of the mainland. She had doubtless inherited contempt for the *Coufs*, as those inhabitants used to be called by these island residents; but in her mild nature contempt had been changed to pity. She was sorry for us Coufs, and would be lenient to our failings, for she would remember our lack of advantages. Her island was comparatively small, and could not be the birthplace of more than a certain number. Her own privileges in being a faithful native ought to make her a better woman; it was no credit to her, individually, that she had such superiority over the outside world, but the circumstance made her more responsible. She was a woman who believed that she fully knew what should be expected of one in her position, and it was her aim in life not to disappoint those expectations.

She told me that her tea-hour was invariably six, and she hoped I should find it convenient to be present at that time, since, if she took her tea any later or earlier, it was not as well for her. The Starbucks had always, she said, had their tea at six. As it was then five, I did not go out, but went to my stateroom directly. It was impossible not to call it a stateroom. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and found that I could reach nearly everything in the room. Outside I saw the waves rolling in for the flood tide. It seemed very strange that I did not feel the motion of the vessel more; and when at exactly six we sat down at the tiny table in the tiny kitchen, I was amazed that the tea-cups did not dance about. The waves were swashing on the beach, the wind blew smartly, and yet there was no rocking.

"It is a great deal better than being seasick," I said, whereupon Miss S'reny informed me that many persons were surprised that they were not seasick in this house, but she hardly understood what they meant. To her it was evidently some foolishness talked by the mainlanders, which it was not worth while to try to comprehend.

That night the moonlight came in at the window, the small panes checkering it upon my bed. I thought I should lie awake and watch it, while I listened to the wind and the ocean, and thought about the old history of the island. But I neither watched, nor listened, nor thought; I only dreamed.

M. L. P.

A Burglar Hunted Down.

The cottage of Mrs. Zoe D. Underhill, daughter of Charles A. Dana, at Shimo Point, Nantucket County, Mass., was visited by burglars on March 20 last. The cottage was not occupied, but was elegantly furnished. The watchman was ill, and away at the time, and the burglars carried off $500 worth of property. Sheriff Josiah F. Barrett and Detective John Roberts, of Nantucket, arrested Daniel O'Connor and John Hall on suspicion. They confessed and told of their confederates, who were George Holmes, Mrs. Ramsdell, and her husband, James M. Ramsdell. Holmes was convicted and sentenced to a long term in prison, and Mrs. Ramsdell was sent to prison for three years. Her husband fled to this city, and Inspector Byrnes was notified to intercept him. Detective-Sergeant Lawyer traced Ramsdell to South Brooklyn, and then to City Island, where he arrested him. The prisoner was brought to this city, and this morning, at the Essex Market Police Court, was turned over to the Nantucket officers.

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Ev. Pat, N.Y. July 21-88

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

The 'Sconset Pump and Servant Girls.

The most remarkable matter about 'Sconset this summer is the fact that it has a daily paper. The 'Sconset Pump is issued every afternoon. It is a four page sheet of ten by twelve inches in size and five cents in price. Not very much for the money you folks in town may think. But we all take it here and are at once improved and complacent in its reading. The Pump is edited and managed by Mr. Gustav Kobbe, a gentleman whose name is well known in literary and journalistic circles of New York. Mr. Kobbe started the little sheet a month ago merely as a vacation fancy. But he has had so much prosperity for the venture that he is like to make a business of it in the future. The Pump is conducted in an ingenious way that commends it to the observation of students in human nature. Its policy is the vanity of mankind. We read about ourselves in its paragraphs. We see our names in print for the first and (unless the Pump shall compliment us again) last time. We feel honored. It is a great thing to have one's doings chronicled by the press. With, say, half a dozen exceptions we have all been totally unknown in the newspapers and never have our names set up by the printer save when we are born, married or dead. Therefore we hail the Pump and think passing well of it. We set ourselves to good works that they may be reported, and we buy a great many copies next day to note how well our deeds look in type. Consequently a careful and earnest air characterizes our manner. Be it tennis or dancing, be it a ride over the moors, a baseball match, a new bonnet, the fact that our dog took a bath or we took a swim we have a certain dignified consciousness that "a chiel's amang us takin' notes an' faith he'll prent it." However the chiels in this instance are the loveliest of young women. I am not aware that Mr. Kobbe intends to conduct a school of journalism. But he is at present engaged in teaching a number of our finest young ladies the principles of it. By some element of either natural magnetism or or professional diplomacy he has surrounded himself with the most luxurious and agreeable staff of any editor in the conntry. This brings a new element of interest to the Pump. We can no longer carry on the ordinary affairs of life without concern lest they come out in tomorrow's issue, and flirtation, honest courtship and the customary relaxation of gossip are restricted of their ancient privileges by the uneasy dread that she whose society we enjoy may hasten to make copy out of the affair before the sentiment of it is cold. However, all of these things help the sale of the Pump. It is really an extraordinary success. Hitherto we have been dependent on the Boston, New York and Providence newspapers for our news. But they made no personal reference to us in their columns. It was only natural that we should support a journal that was more judicious in management. Therefore when the Pump contains our verses or our names we buy as many as fifty copies each that our distant friends may be informed that we too can get into the newspapers. In consequence whereof Mr. Kobbe increases in good humor, fame and wealth.

A question that is agitating 'Sconset society at present quite as deeply as its newspaper is that of the servant girls. We are in trouble over this much much-vexed problem and tearful lest, before the summer is out, we shall be in a greater quandary. For however much we may seek to avert such a condition there is every prospect that we shall all end the summer as cooks and housemaids for ourselves. To keep off this catastrophe we spare no means.

We pay extravagant wages, we abase ourselves, we are content with little, we neither grumble when the meat is scorched nor frown when the coffee is cold, but rather excuse all errors in cooking and lay them apologetically to the fault of Nantucket weather. We deprecate the wrath of our domestics, we allow them as many half holidays as would satiate a school boy, we decimate our wardrobes to furnish them out in tailor-made suits and Paris hats, we give them our crest headed note paper that cost us a dollar and a half a quire at Tiffany's, we furnish them with postage stamps, we yield them the liberty of our letter boxes, we lend them our books and periodicals, we await dinner until they have finished reading the newspapers, we furnish their bedrooms better than our own, we cook our own breakfasts when they have a humor for another sleep after a dance with the country lads the night before, we fix the meal hours to suit their convenience, we forbear the enjoyment of the guitar and piano when they have no desire for music, we supply them with carriages, pocket money and liberty to go to Nantucket when they have a mind for the jaunt, we change our butcher when he is out of favor with them, we refrain from certain dishes that are not to their taste and humbly consume others that go ill with our own, we not only conceal our civilian aversion to their reception of followers but absolutely encourage it and give up our parlors in the evening to their young men. Yet by no means can we satisfy our servants. If it were not appalling to experience, it would be ludicrous to think of the treatment we are forced to undergo from our hirelings in order to keep them. But if a housekeeper wishes to test her patience to its utmost stretch she can come to 'Sconset.

If it were not for the appearance of the thing and the horror of dish washing we were better off without them. Laundry work is done very neatly and at a fair charge by several young and old women in the hamlet and the very finest of bread and cake is made by Mrs. Rogers, an old lady who has a genius in all things composed of flour and whose fame rises to its loftiest height in biscuits. Besides Mrs. Rogers there are several housewife bakers, who, without arriving at this particular old lady's art in toothsome matters yet make finer bread than we can get in the city. Then there is a large family of young women in the village who while they will not go into regular service are not averse to doing a day's chores in scrubbing. So that at a shift one might get along without a servant. But we do not. We suffer them uncomplainingly. We bear all their whims and vagaries. We think of 'Sconset with pleasure in everything but them, we propitiate their favor by gifts unceasingly throughout the summer and at the end of it render thanks to heaven that after taking everything else they have left us our appetites.

HILLARY BELL.

Boston Commonwealth July 28–88

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NANTUCKET, Aug. 4, 1888. Nearly all the cottages on this island are now occupied, so that it is possible to tell who are to be the summer residents here this season. People who chance to know that the town of Nantucket has a permanent population of about 5000, while that of the village of 'Sconset, on the eastern shore of the island, numbers barely 50, will be surprised to learn that the summer cottages and their occupants at 'Sconset far outnumber those in Nantucket. In town there are some 60 cottages. On the "Bank," as the townspeople call 'Sconset, because of its location on a high bluff, there are over a hundred. You see, the town has half a dozen or more large hotels, which absorb the bulk of the summer population, which there is mostly transient. On the beach is the Nantucket, on the Cliff the Sea Cliff Inn, and in the town itself the Springfield, the Ocean, the Sherburne, the Veranda and a number of large boarding houses. There people put up for a night, a week, a fortnight, or, in rare instances, for a month. In 'Sconset the people settle themselves in cottages for the entire summer, the floating summer population finding accommodation in two hotels—the Ocean View, which is a medium sized house, and the Atlantic, which is more like a large boarding house than like a hotel. Even in these the floating element is small, many putting up at them for a month, or even longer.

'Sconset is virtually composed of cottages; Nantucket is a town with town-like streets and houses, what summer cottages there are being strung out along the Cliff or scattered on Brant point, the beach on the western side of the harbor entrance.

These cottages are nearly all modern structures. Most of the 'Sconset cottages, on the other hand, are of the quaintest conceivable pattern. The village itself is a relic of a century and a half ago. The little houses, built by fishermen and sailors, have something nautical in their appearance and even in their surroundings. On the grass plot there stands, more likely than not, the figurehead of some vessel that was wrecked on the fatal shoals which surround the island; nailed over the entrance is the quarterboard of some other ill-fated craft, and the chances are that an old salt is watering a flower bed arranged around a capstan for a centrepiece. A 'Sconset cottage looks so squatty that it reminds you of a deck-house rather than of a land abode, and you are surprised on entering not to be obliged to descend a gangway. Inside the nautical impression is deepened. The rooms are about as small as cabins. Through windows, in many cases no larger than portholes, you look out upon the sea. A ship's ladder leads to a little cubby hole under the eaves—the second story bedroom. Lockers are let into the wall; the doors look as if they had come from staterooms and cabins. If there is a strong breeze blowing, shutters, windows and crockery are rattling. In fact, it takes you some time to persuade yourself that you are not aboard ship. Such are the old cottages. To the north and south of the village are numerous cottages, modern in fact and in architecture, excepting that in some twenty put up by Edward F. Underhill, the veteran New York stenographer, he has preserved the outlines of the old 'Sconset type.

The Cottagers at 'Sconset

represent some 50 different cities and towns, counting Boston and its suburbs as one. Scarcely a cottage but has a name, which, in many instances, give expression to the quaintness or cuteness of the abode, or preserves some old Indian name associated with the history of the island.

Boston Herald Aug 5-88

'SCONSET BY THE SEA.

Nantucket and Its Summer Capital—The Development of a Yankee Fishing Village into a Seaside Resort—Sketch of Nantucket's Troubles, Disasters, and Recovery—A Jumping-off Place, and One That is Unlike Any Other.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, Mass., July 27, 1888.

A few Philadelphians are familiar with this unique watering-place, but so very few that some account of it may prove a novelty in the summer-letter season. 'Sconset (the local pronunciation) is unlike other seaside resorts. It has, in fact, but recently become a resort, and it preserves the characteristics of a time when the summer boarder was not thought of. Those peculiarities are of a sort not usually (at least by Americans) attached to the idea of pleasure places, and that consideration, together with the remoteness of the island, makes 'Sconset a place out of the commen. Fashion has not yet touched it.

"Islanders" and "The Continent."

When the traveller gets as far as Martha's Vineyard on his way to Nantucket, he is told that the further-islanders are regarded as quite out of the world by people living nearer the mainland. And when he reaches our most easterly possession he makes that conclusion for himself. The first impression of the visitor is that of a singular isolation; not a depressing one,—it is exhilarating rather,—yet a feeling of strange remoteness from all the activities to which he is accustomed. From many of the heights one can command large sections of the ocean margin, and there is almost an impression that the visitor stands on the deck of a vessel in the midst of the vasty deep. The smallness of the spot (it is some fifteen miles long, not counting narrow and barren stretches of sand, by half that distance in

width) is a factor in that feeling, and the sense of distance from the land is another. Nantucketers refer often to the rest of the United States as "the Continent," and to the inhabitants thereof as "Off-islanders." It is not a little remarkable to note what a difference in manners and customs the sixty miles separating Islanders and Off-islanders have made. There are very marked shades of dissimilarity between Nantucketers and other New Englanders. A distinct maritime flavor is noticeable in the whole conduct of affairs here, albeit Nantucket has declined from its once proud position as a nursery of sailors.

250 Years in a Paragraph.

The history of the island is rather strange. It was before 1620 thickly populated by Indians. Then the whites came, and the red man slowly gave way. This was, however, a superior variety of the aborigine. He was a sailor and fisherman; he even went considerable distances from the coast and attacked the whale; he was a very different creature from his brother of the West. A large proportion of the names of localities, etc., here are Indian names. After the aboriginal period the growth was slow but steady, until the great truth was realized that Nantucket possessed equal facilities with New Bedford for the prosecution of the whale fishery. Then Fortune's wheel turned with a bewildering whir; great schemes were matured; population largely increased; the name at least of Nantucket was familiar to every one. In 1846 there was a tremendous fire, the third of a series, which nearly destroyed the town of Nantucket, where all interests centred and which contained nearly all the people of the island. Following on that calamity came a deadly shifting of ocean currents, spoiling a harbor which had once been perfect; then came the decline of whaling owing to the discovery of petroleum. Under these manifold troubles Nantucket collapsed. Whoever could get away did so; hundreds of the younger men went to California on the outbreak of the gold fever; the population, which in 1845 had been some 15,000, had fallen in 1865 to 3,000. Thus matters unhappily went on, the remains of a once exceptionally prosperous community subsisting entirely by farming the not very productive soil, until a quite recent period, when the island took a fresh start as a summer resort.

The Evolution of 'Sconset.

While the entire subject has interest, my intention in beginning to write was only to give readers of THE EVENING TELEGRAPH an outline sketch of the village of Siasconset. The fortunes of this place were, of course, a part of the whole history of the island, and what has been said may help to an understanding of the special ground to which I now restrict attention. The Town of Nantucket (islanders speak of it generally simply as "the Town") lies on the inner side of the island, while Siasconset is on the opposite, or full ocean front. It is not as old as the Town, yet dates back some two hundred years. It was, in the first instance, a fishing village. A high bluff skirts the shore at this point, and here, two centuries ago, certain islanders were used to gather in the spring and fall cod-fishing seasons, when, as they do to this day, the fish sought the shoals in easy boat distance of the shore. Under and on the bluff the fishers built little houses for shelter and in which to cure the fish. Presently in Town there grew up a class which wanted its warm weather pleasure like the rest of us, but which was not venturesome enough to make for the Continent in search of it. There was, indeed, no movement of the kind among off-islanders at that time; even Cape May had not yet developed. Nantucketers had to make a summer resort of their own, and they found, or founded, it at Siasconset. Only across the island, it is a very different side. Town and harbor are, so to speak, landlocked: the water spaces are ample, but it is not open sea. Beyond 'Sconset there is nothing but the shore of Spain. Moreover, as a glance at the map will show, the island is not on the road to anything or anywhere; nothing comes this way unless it is driven here by storm, to this privacy the far-famed Nantucket Shoals, properly dreaded by mariners, contributing. This, however, is an "aside." The idea of the Townsmen was to get to the best place they knew of and which was practicable for them, for a change of scene; Siasconset was the point chosen, and thus another stage of the evolution of the village was slowly commenced. The fishers' huts were either rented for the summer months or bought outright, the owners in the latter case building anew and thus extending the proportions of the village on the cliff. But the houses were not large enough for the accommodation of the aristocrats from Town. They often had no more than two rooms, eight or ten feet square. A natural process of enlargement went on. Rooms were added in a home-made fashion, without much system and with a single eye to safety and comfort. Thus the fishing village was extended and improved until gradually the original element was entirely crowded out. The little village was built wholly of wood, but it was most substantially constructed. The huts were put together more like vessels than like houses. Pernicious snug they are in many of their details, but no one has ever questioned their stability. And they have been preserved from destruction in a manner that may be called really wonderful. The town has been burned almost entirely down three times, but no disaster (though it might be supposed to have been invited every hour of its existence) has ever visited 'Sconset.

The Last Invasion.

The village lived thus its quiet life of more than a hundred years, as the occasional home of the shipmasters and whaling magnates of the Town, when finally the all-embracing summer boarder (he of the Continent) heaved in view. And thereupon began yet another phase of development. The omnivorous off-islanders saw the quaint little houses and were charmed with them. More than that, they determined to come and live in them. Undeterred by the advice of friends who demonstrated that the three and four-roomed cottages were very picturesque, but might be anything but comfortable as residences by people used to continental conveniences, these enthusiasts persisted. They had found a new thing, and meant to make the most of it. They, too, in some cases enlarged the houses to suit various needs; but the ground occupied by the original village was limited, and not a great deal could be done in the way of expansion. If larger houses were to be built, they must seek wider or unoccupied grounds in the outskirts. Therefore the tone of the little colony has been rather remarkably preserved. There are a few bad instances of perverted taste in the manner in which some owners have chosen to change the appearance of properties or to build anew in the midst of the old village, and there are some modern shops which offend the eye, but as a rule there seems to be a decided affection on the part of the late-comers for the little houses, and a desire to preserve the evidences and feeling of the old time as long and as perfectly as possible. There are not more than fifty of the ancient cottages—the original Sconset—and that portion is now in the very centre of a somewhat considerable village of modern features, and not to be seen at first approach from any side. Being so few, the old houses naturally could not accommodate all who came to know of the delights of the spot, and when their availability was exhausted various attempts were made to construct cottages on the old plan. Some of these have been successes, others have fallen short. Still other lovers of the spot have been satisfied to admire the beginnings and growth of the fishing village while themselves erecting or choosing homes containing the conveniences to which they have always been accustomed.

Old Sights and Old Families.

I do not feel called upon to give any account of the summer life of 'Sconset. Although the surroundings are singular, the people conduct themselves in the general way of pleasure-seekers in the warm weather. They ride, bathe, play tennis and croquet, and sit around. There is more walking than is usual at seaside places, there being an especially fine country back from the shore available for that exercise. Moors resembling the undulating wildness of the Scotch moorlands, but covered with a profusion of the most beautiful wild flowers, slope down to the very edge of the sea in every quar-

ter. Walking is a keen delight in this tonic atmosphere, where the mercury rarely rises above 70°, and where all sights are strange and attractive to the off islander. But nothing new is to be made of the occupations of summer holiday-makers, and I prefer to confine myself to Siasconset itself, and in saying that I mean the ancient village.

No doubt the cottagers who come here year after year become so used to 'Sconset proper that it is no more to them than the newer village, but the transients have not time to become so hardened; they linger in the queer old lanes, and before the outlandishly odd gables of the little houses, with an ever-growing delight. There are three of these narrow streets, which are intersected at short spaces by other lanes often no more than the depth of a single property in length, but all dignified by names of old families on the island.

There was a period in the notable history which I have so shamelessly condensed, when the whole of Nantucket was sold by some noble patron of geographical research to ten persons for the sum of £30, and the further consideration of "two beaver hats." These ten worthies are known as "the original purchasers," and it is believed that nearly the whole of the regular population of the island (not counting summer visitors, that is to say) is and has been of their descent. Among these originals were the ancestors of the Coffins, Folgers, Macys, Gardners, and Starbucks, whose fruitful presence gives the visitor a comical bewilderment. Secretary Folger was a Nantucketer; so was Lucretia Mott, whose maiden name was Coffin; and wherever in any part of the country we encounter any of the names here given, it is safe to conclude that they are of Nantucket origin. The little streets in the little old village are named after these original worthies. Nothing short of a photograph would give a person at a distance a just notion of the streets and houses themselves. Though contemporary with much else that is ancient in New England, I have been told by people who are familiar with the entire ground that there is nothing in the whole section like 'Sconset. The several exceptional stages of its growth account partly for this oddity, and the insulated situation of the community yet further; and yet it remains a puzzle.

Oddities of Construction.

No two of the houses are entirely alike, and no one is "harmonious" according to current ideas. A house may have a dozen windows all of different shapes and sizes. The buildings are shingled on the sides as well as on the roof, and bear about them all sorts of pieces of wreckage, bits of ship-carving, figure-heads of vessels, and the name-boards of ill-fated craft, carried by the cruel storms of generations ago on to the perilous reaches of Nantucket shoals. Tenants long succeeding the first builders, and the exodus from the Town, have given most of the tiny houses fanciful names, which are attached to signboards (as irregular as the rest of the architecture or ornament) placed over doors or windows — such as "Snug Harbor," "Solid Comfort," "Felicite," "Castle Band-box," etc. Perhaps the best of all of them is the one used as the Post Office of the village. It is larger than most of the others, and was evidently a structure of much consequence in its prime. The old houses are in some instances owned by off-islanders, who have bought them from the natives for summer residences; in other cases they remain in the hands of members of the old families, who rent them furnished, season by season, themselves retiring to Town during those intervals.

Such in brief is 'Sconset, Nantucket. Not many places, in this land so full of variety, can equal it for picturesqueness and novelty, the while it offers charms and benefits sufficient to account for the vogue which it is (some people say) unhappily acquiring. Before a very great while it must, following the natural order of things, be improved out of present shape, but the thoughtful visitor who sees it as it is now will have an experience he is not likely ever to forget.

G. W. A.

Phila. Telegraph July 20/88

LATER DAYS AT NANTUCKET.

Mr. Dunn's Compliment—Miss S'reny's Ancestors—Charity and Cold Cream—Types on the Bathing-Beach—The Freedom of the Moors.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

NANTUCKET, July 11.

IF you fasten a pair of wagon-shafts to each end of a stout barrel, giving a little play to the pins wherewith you fasten the shafts, you will immediately and joyfully perceive that the barrel will act as one all-propelling wheel and will roll over and over as you pull in the position of a horse. Having gone thus far, you can place a box forward of the barrel, put fish in the box, a horse, or yourself, in the thills, and forthwith be ready to peddle fish. This is the way it used to be done in Nantucket. The turnout is not of a remarkably æsthetic appearance, but that is not necessary in a fish turnout. It is, however, effectual. It also shows, even more plainly than anything else can do, how much more interesting it is to catch the fish than it is to peddle them after they are caught. And speaking of catching fish reminds me to say that when we went after bluefish under command of Bob Dunn, there were only five of those creatures caught, and it was Mr. Dunn himself who secured every one of these. This was my first experience in this sport, and it turned out to be not experience, but observation merely, so that I had no glowing tale to tell when we came ingloriously back and were transferred from the sail-boat to the little skiff which was anchored in front of the bluff where stood Miss S'reny's house. The skiff was baled out before we were put into it, and then baled out again afterwards. I know that I ought to be enthusiastic about fishing, but the only thing in that day which roused my ardor was the way the yacht *Daydream* went flying by us, and I was obliged to be silent about that, for it was naturally not a pleasant subject to Mr. Dunn. When he had delivered us safely under the bluff, that gentleman went so far as to pay us the compliment of saying, as he took the dollars for the trip, that he hadn't never had out no women who come so near behavin' as well as men as we had come that day. Mabel and I thought, and said, as we toiled up to the house, that never in our lives had we received a compliment so all-comprehensive as that one.

"I did not suppose," said Mabel, "that I should live to behave nearly as well as a man. To think that I have done so makes up for the fact that we were beaten by the *Daydream*, that we didn't catch any fish, and that our noses are blistered. Do you think Miss S'reny ever had her nose blistered? Do you think the noses of the Starbuck women *could* blister?"

I had no chance to reply to this question, for here was Miss S'reny at the door to tell us that tea was ready, and to condole with us on the appearance of our faces. She had no interest whatever in our trip, save that part of it which concerned the *Daydream*, and only in that part for the reason that the *Daydream* was owned by a family that were connected by marriage with the Starbucks. Having told us this, as she sipped her tea, she fell into a retrospective vein concerning her family. She did not care if Charley grew restless and went outside to smoke; we were attentive enough, and she went strolling on through many by-ways of memory, all leading from the same great starting-point. She told about how Edward Starbuck, "from whom I am directly descended," she announced proudly, had come over to the island with Thomas Macy and his wife. They had come in an open boat one fall day, and gone to Maddequet, over on the west side.

"I often picture to myself that boat coming across the water on that autumn day," said Miss S'reny, setting down her teacup, while her

prominent eyes seemed to protrude still more as she fixed them on the glimpse of ocean which could be had from the open window. If she had been a queen contemplating her earliest royal progenitors, she could not have spoken with more respectful worship and admiration than was evident in face and voice when she pronounced the name of Edward Starbuck. I knew these people whom she mentioned were fine old characters, but her prostration to their names had to my fancy such a combination of the ridiculous and the pathetic that I hardly knew to which feeling I ought to yield. There sat Miss S'reny, looking out of the window and thinking of her family. Her elderly face was full of a mild sort of ecstasy. Without turning her eyes to us, she spoke again. "You know," she said, "that the poet has considered this incident worthy of his muse." Then she began to recite in a thin, sweet voice, without the slightest inflection or emphasis, Whittier's words:

"On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

"Far round the bleak and stormy cape
The venturous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last."

Miss S'reny did not omit a line of the lovely little poem, and when she came to the stanza,

"God bless the sea-beat island!
And grant for evermore
That charity and freedom dwell
As now upon her shore,"

her high, monotonous tone broke into a quaver, and one tear dropped from each blue eye. She drew a carefully folded handkerchief from her pocket and absorbed the two tears into its folds. She said that she never could think intently on this subject without becoming unduly affected.

Her visitors rose in silence and went to look at the ocean from the bluff. It was now sunset, and the red was flaring up in the west and sending its glow from sky to sea. At this moment there was not a sail in sight, the pulsing water stretched away, heaving calmly, whispering softly against the shore, and promising a "fair night for mariners at sea." Mabel had furtively dabbed her eyes with her hand as we left "The Locker." We stood a while before she turned to me and said: "It is certain that I don't care one penny for Miss S'reny's ancestors, but that voice of hers, or her dear old face, or her patience, or her hope about the claims, or something, made me almost cry just now. Not having any ancestors myself who came in an open boat to settle Nantucket, you see I don't know precisely how such possessions ought to be viewed. But what a thing it must be to be descended from one of the 'twenty original proprietors.'"

I do not know how long the young lady's soliloquy might have continued, for we were now interrupted by Miss S'reny appearing by us with a cup of cream in her hand. She said there was nothing like cream for noses like ours, and she advised us to bathe our faces as often as possible before we retired for the night. She looked pityingly at us as we immediately began to obey her. She said it was always so when women went out in boats; their skins were not made in a way to permit them to do such things with impunity; but she hoped she had charity for such as would take such trips.

"And you have cream also, which acts on the skin as charity acts on the feelings," said I, applying another coat of the soothing stuff to my smarting face. But Miss S'reny made no answer to this remark. She only smiled softly and withdrew.

Although there are comparatively few bathers here at 'Sconset, those few can make as much noise as any I have ever heard. I do not know that it has ever been explained why, the moment she steps into salt water on the shore, be the water warm or cool, the average woman begins to shriek, and rarely ceases shrieking all the time she is in the water. I have sat watching the bathers for hours, and whenever there was one who was quiet, and seemed to retain possession of her senses even though she wore a bathing-dress, I have set that person down as an extraordinary being, and I have wished I might know her future. The children cry out, of course; the aim of their existence, in or out of the water, is to cry out.

The surf here at 'Sconset is the most bewitching surf with which I have ever become acquainted, and that marvellous, all-modifying Gulf Stream has power here also to make the temperature of the water very agreeable. The shore, however, slopes, or rather shelves, so abruptly that it is not safe to bathe unless one makes use of the ropes which are provided. When I feel somewhat cynical, and in the mood to be amused by the weakness and folly of human nature, I like to come to the bluff and sit down where I can comfortably watch the bathers as they come forward all ready for their plunge. Only they don't plunge. There is a group of three women, one elderly, the other two young. They go down to the water with hands tightly clasped. Just as they reach the very edge, but before they touch the line of white, quivering foam, the central figure suddenly draws back with a sharp cry, pulling her companions with her. Her tone is penetrating enough to rise above all the roar of waves and reaches my ears: "Oh! I can't! Don't go any further! Oh!"—the last "oh" drawn out until breath fails.

The speaker crouches down and pulls on the sustaining hands, looking fearfully at the ocean and at the bathers. The two with her shout, one in each ear, that she must come along; that it is just beautiful when you really get in; that she mustn't miss it for anything. Then the hesitating one suddenly straightens up, lets go the hands, makes a quick run until she is ankle-deep in the water, while the other two follow her a little way, emitting dreadful cries as they go. When the first one feels the foam about her feet, she sinks down yelling loudly, and splashes the surrounding water with her hands. Then she rises, comes back to land—if she can be said ever to have left it—in a slightly draggled condition and shouts lustily to her two friends, who haven't even waded yet, that it is "just splendid! Glorious! Why don't you come in?" It is she who now takes the lead in urging to courage. She cries that they mustn't stop to think. Just dash right in as she has done. She gets hold of them and pulls with all her might, they resisting. This struggle takes place just where the waves are spending their last ripple. And this is only one group. At last—I can hardly follow the gradations by which the thing is done—but at last these three are out there, clinging to the rope and jumping up and down, with a shriek for every jump. What they have done is done by almost every woman who comes down to bathe. Some of these people do not get in much above their ankles during the whole process, and these come out, their waists entirely dry, and as they go up to the bathing houses they are chattering about the wonderful invigoration which is produced by a dip in the ocean. There are exceptions. There comes a tall, straight girl, who is, I am almost sure, the one who waved her cap at us from the deck of the conquering *Daydream*. She walks right down and dashes in in a way that is quite inspiring. It is a pleasure to see her, and she is not vociferating. Children in tight-fitting striped suits are disporting themselves like frogs along the safe, shoaling edges. They also are screaming incessantly. I like to watch our friend Mabel as she comes for her daily dip. At first she shrieked, but I think the din from human throats going on around her made her subdue her desire to join in it. She is silent now, but she dashes and splashes, and is as alert and graceful as a mermaid. Once she persuaded Miss S'reny to join her. Miss S'reny wore, in place of a short bathing suit, an old dress that was so long behind that it dragged several inches. It soon

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transpired that she was not amphibious. Perhaps none of the Starbuck women were or are amphibious. Miss S'reny stepped about gingerly in a few inches of water, and manifested a constant desire to hold up the skirt of her dress less she should dampen it. She did dampen it for nearly half a yard, but no higher. At last she came out, presenting an appearance of having strolled through a meadow before the dew was off the grass. She walked by me, shivering as she went. She said that bathing in salt water had never agreed with her. I refrained from suggesting that getting the bottom of one's skirt wet was not bathing.

When I am not walking or sitting by the sea, I wander out over the moors. It is surely proper to call these wide, desolated pastures moors, or downs, as one feels inclined. There the wind is as unrestrained as it is upon the Atlantic itself. There are tracks going in many directions. I like to take one of them and go on in it to see where I shall come out, for the island is not large enough for one really to be lost. Wildness and liberty are in the moors and the winds. To be alone thus gives one the sensation that I fancy is known by those seabirds that circle about me as I walk or sit. It is a sensation that makes me like to imagine that I am akin in some mysterious way to the unshackled, winged things. Yes, it is a good experience sometimes to have a sense of liberty:

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand;
Free as the waves that batter
Along the yielding land.

And so the summer days are slipping away. Already there is a hint of the autumn in the afternoon sunlight; already Miss S'reny is thinking of going to reside in Nantucket town, and I am thinking of leaving Nantucket Island.

M. L. P.

Ev. Post, N.Y. Aug 1-88

From the 'Sconset Pump, Summer of 1888

THE OLD HOUSES ON 'SCONSET BANK.

BY E. F. UNDERHILL.

NO. I.

The visitor who knew Siasconset previous to 1880, would be surprised to note the change in the appearance of many of the old cottages, and which in some cases has altered the general view of its streets. Some retain their original shapes, but others have been altered by their owners in the effort to give to them modern ornamentation, or by enlargement, and in them the distinctive individuality of the little fishermen's dwellings is wholly lost "Auld Lang Syne"—Capt. Henry Coleman,—and the little old house on the east side of Broadway, next south of Eagle Cottage, now owned by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy, seem never to have been changed. Capt. Baxter's "Saint's Rest," for years used as the post-office, Mrs. Aaron Coffin's little house—the Martin Box—with its many wings and warts, Fred Willett's Folger's odd shaped little cottage on the west side of Shell street, between the pump and the Ocean View, and Mrs. Clark's on the west side of Centre street, the second north of the pump, are but little altered from their condition 50 years ago. Mr. Davis' cottage, "Nauticon Lodge," "Sunnyside," the property of the late Capt. Charles Swain, Mrs. Cathcart's, next to the southward, Mr. Henry Paddack's, nearly opposite the foot of Main street and occupied by Mrs. Raynolds, "Snug Harbor," owned by Capt. George H. Brock, Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's, next north of the postoffice, "Eagle Cottage," on Broadway, formerly owned by Capt. William Baxter; "Heart's Ease," on Centre street, owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey, and for years the summer home of Mr. Wilson and family; "Castle Bandbox" belonging to Mrs. Coggeshall, (the last named the newest of the old cottages, built in 1814) remain in substantially the same shapes they have had, some of them for more than a century, though improved in their interiors and made more comfortable for the inmates. Mrs. Harrison Gardner's cottage, next north of "Casa Marina," has been enlarged by slightly raising the height of the attic in the main part and by necessary additions on the ground level; and Mrs. Sharp's quaint cottage next north of the pump, (views of which have been preserved in so many photographs) has also been altered some in ~~its~~ exterior, but in neither one ~~have~~ the distinctive characteristics of 'Sconset architecture been departed from.

But in many houses one can find scarce any semblance of the primitive dwellings ~~from~~ which they were begun. Some of the oldest ~~ones~~ have been removed to other lots and put up in new shapes. Others have been increased in their proportions by ~~putting~~ a story on the "warts," or by projections covered with shingles laid on in shapes fantastic enough to satisfy the longings of the most ardent admirer of incongruous house building.

The best idea of the appearance of ancient 'Sconset can be had from pictures printed from negatives taken by Josiah Freeman, the photographer of Nantucket, from twenty to twenty-five years ago, and which can be obtained at his gallery in town.

July 28-88

NO. II.

The 'Sconset cottages were not put into their completed shapes by those who began them. In the wildest day dreams of future magnificence in which their proprietors indulged, the thought never occurred to them that, in time, the structure might assume proportions so vast as to cover four or five hundred square feet of Nantucket's meagre soil, or that a super-imposed half-story addition might split the passing clouds. For the beginning of each of the ancient dwellings was but a single room—a rude boarded enclosure used for shelter at night and in stress of weather by the fishermen who came hither from the town. It was without a floor. The roofs were rough board overlapping one another. Narrow bunks served as beds. A pot, a kettle, a "skillet" and a "spider" made of iron sufficed for cooking utensils. Meals were cooked out of doors over wood fires, the pot being suspended to a sapling, supported by crotched sticks driven into the ground, and the "spider" for frying fish and meat, and the "skillet" for stews, were placed on live coals underneath. Their food was cooked as only men can cook, and as women would hate themselves ~~for~~ cooking ~~it~~. So for years it went on. Now and then the wives of the fishermen, daring the perils of navigation over the wild moors, came to the Bank for a visit of a day or two and to take pot-luck in the primitive habitations of their husbands. The experience was novel and even pleasant. In these times we know that tramping in the mountains and camping out under a tent, or even a bark or bough shanty is a pleasant episode to delicate and refined women, and that in such an experience the most dyspeptic among

them take kindly and even ravenously to fried salt pork, fish and potatoes, topped off with flap-jacks and washed down with coffee without milk.

When women came to the Bank, the premonitory symptoms of neatness and order became manifest in the dwelling. Slowly the idea made its way through ~~the~~ masculine skulls, that women were a desirable element at the scene of their labors, to lighten their cares and give to their dwellings the attribute of home life amid rude surroundings, and that, far better than a visit of a day or two, would be a stay prolonged through the fishing season.

And so it was that the rude structures came to be more comfortable. Floors were laid, fire-places of stone were erected, from which the smoke of wood fires ascended through broad chimneys, large enough in those days for a steamer of 300 tons. The old clinker-built roofs were taken off and replaced side by side and covered with shingles, to discourage the rain from trying to become too familiar with the interiors. Old windows were brought from town. It mattered not that no two were alike in size or shape. It was enough that they admitted the light and kept the ungentle zephyrs at a respectful distance. Old doors that had been retired from active service, began a new career of usefulness, and so those that had floated ashore from wrecks on Bass Rip or "the Old Man's ~~Rock~~." They were hung at the portals, often on wooden hinges and made to swing outward, never inward. First they were fastened with wooden "buttons." Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a bit of strong cod line was fastened, and through a gimlet hole in the door it was passed inside and a knot tied on the other end to prevent its slipping out. When a caller knocked—he was rarely so formal—the latch was lifted from the inside by pulling the string. An old hogshead was put at the corner of the house to catch the rain water that fell ~~on~~ the roof. At meal time man and wife, and perhaps son and daughter, sat on rudely-made three-legged stools around an equally rude table made of common boards, without table linen, and ate their plain but substantial food from pewter dishes, with iron or steel knives and two-tined forks, and pewter spoons, with good appetites. At night they turned into their bunks to sleep soundly, regardless of storm or gale. Thus in a generation, society had been established at Siasconset, the beginning of which was a simple "fishing stage."

July 27—88

NO. III.

Siasconset having attained the first stage of its existence in a hamlet, made up of little cots of one room each, the time was ripe for the next. One generation is never satisfied with that, which, to the previous generation was comfort and even luxury. Bunks for beds will not satisfy forever. There came a period when such close quarters were felt to be too close, especially by the women-folk. Everything cometh to her who waits. No fisherman, however brave and resolute in his calling, can withstand the concentrated fire of the batteries of persuasion pointed with deadly aim by wife and daughters. And it came to pass, therefore, that on one end of the single room was put an extension, with a roof reaching front and rear, sometimes to within three or four feet of the ground. These projections in the ~~Nantucket~~ vernacular, became known as "warts." The addition was divided into two little bed rooms, each extending under the wart. Some were not more than seven feet square, but big enough to place a four-post bedstead, held together by cords, on which was put a straw bed with one of feathers over. A chair, and perhaps a rough little stand, were the only other articles of furniture. Washstands were an unheard of extravagance. In the morning the members of the household went, one after the other, to the pewter wash basin or wooden bowl in the main room, or kept on a bench outside, and washed their faces and hands in rain water, using home-made soft soap, when soap was needed, and dried themselves with a flaxen towel made on the island and used in common by the household. They arranged their hair with a family comb before the only mirror, a little one, mounted in an antique frame and hung in the living room. Their raiment was not more than sufficient to fill a small chest. An extra gown for the women made of wool grown, sheared, washed, carded, spun and woven on the island, and a few articles of underclothing, for a change, sufficed. These were hung on pegs driven into auger holes. For cut nails had not been invented, and wrought nails were costly, and had to be brought from "the continent," as the islanders call the main land. The 'Sconset fisherman had time at his disposal, but not money. On rainy days he could bore auger holes and drive pegs. It was a luxury at such times to have something to do. A shelf, also supported by pegs driven into the upright timbers in the living room, held the table ware and odds and ends of tools and small articles. Fishing tackle could be seen about the interior, and now and then, if the fisherman was unusually well-to-do, a spy-glass was handy and within sight.

Time went on, and still 'Sconset families—not the same families, but their successors—were not happy. More room was demanded, and it may be that a floor was laid over the two bedrooms by which a cramped attic three or four feet high was created, with a little door opening into it from the main apartments. It was reached by cleats nailed on the partition underneath, and the 'Sconset boy or girl, and sometimes when they had reached full growth, climbed to the little cubby hole and slept in an old X cot-bed at night, and at times, during the fishing season, two or three men found rest on the floor of this miniature second story. But this was not enough. 'Sconset nature was and is very much like human nature. Queens, and Duchesses, and the wives of moneyed autocrats always want something grander than they have inherited or acquired, and the 'Sconset housewife was not satisfied with the palatial proportions of the dwelling that her lord of the waters had vouchsafed unto her. He had to accede to a further demand.

At last, on the other end of the main room there was tacked an extension, generally with a shed roof. It became what is known in Nantucket parlance as "the porch," why, no one knows, for elsewhere in the wide world where the English language is spoken, it is called a kitchen. To it was carried table, and dishes, and cooking utensils, which had slowly increased in number and variety, and their places in the dining-room were taken by a bureau, some chairs, a more elaborate table, and other articles of furniture, always useful and sometimes ornamental. If further accommodation were needed, and it generally was, the last addition was extended to front or rear, as space was available; or if not, the roof over the attic room was raised two or three feet, and made high enough for one to stand upright under the peak. Sometimes an old boathouse was utilized for an extension, or a barn in the Town taken down and bought on "the installment plan" to the Bank on Nantucket carts, and put together again as part of a house.

July 31—88

NO. IV.

The ancient cottages of the fishermen of Siasconset were not all built on the Bank. Sesachacha, a mile and a half to the northward, was also a "fishing stage" as old, perhaps older than 'Sconset. At the height of its prosperity it had more dwellings. But, for some reason there was a drift of life to the southward. Whether the fishing off 'Sconset was better, or the beach, even in those days, wider, or the site more desirable—whatever the cause—most of the fishermen who had grouped their homes around the old 'Sachacha well, took their houses down and put sides and roofs and floors aboard Nantucket box carts, put helms astarboard, steered around Sankaty Head and set them up complete, or added them to others already built on this more favored spot. Some buildings were brought from the Town, and one, at least, was hauled from Madequet, twelve miles distant to the westward, by the same method of certain but unrapid transit. To-day Sesachacha has only three or four of its old dwellings remaining. Three years since two of them were purchased by Mr. Henry F. Daly, of New York, and joined "fore and aft" by the constructive genius of Asa P. Jones, the septuagenarian architect and builder, of Siasconset, and made into a tight and comfortable little summer home. If a monument shall ever be put up to mark the site of that ancient hamlet whose greatness long since departed, Dr. Isaac Watts, were he a Nantucket poet, could have truthfully written as an inscription to be cut on its face:

"What was 'Sachacha's grievous loss,
Was 'Sconset's joyful gain."

But the houses here did not always rest easy in their places. Sometimes they seemed to have caught the peripetetic infection that broke out among the men of the island when it was found that the excitement of hunting whales could be followed with profit. Close observation of the careers of these dwellings hereabouts, has convinced me that somewhere, concealed under the roof trees, is an animating spirit of the domicile, for every well regulated house on the island seems never satisfied unless it has occupied at least two places during its existence, and now and then one has experienced the ecstacy of being twice taken to pieces and put together on other grounds. There was another important factor to which some of the little houses on the Bank owe their genesis. Within the seemingly quiet and imperturbable nature of the 'Sconset fisherman were the smouldering embers of a passion for building and at times they awakened into a conservative activity. For such an epoch he had, in a perfunctory way, for years been making preparations. If a lumber-laden vessel was wrecked on the rips or driven on the shore, such of its cargo as he could land, and often the stanchions, knees, spars, hatches and deck planks, when the craft had gone to pieces, were hauled away at his leisure and laid aside. In the fullness of time, the ghost of the structure that for years had had an abiding place in the brain of their owner, materialized in a fish house, a stable, or perhaps a dwelling, in whole or in part. The heavy timbers, some with massive bolts protruding from their sides, found use as fence posts, and many may be seen to-day along the line of Capt. Robert Pitman's fence, west of the village, on the main road to the Town. Why the 'Sconset man built, was to the angels even a mystery. The chances were largely against the structure ever being used. He knew it. But in the cycle of ages a use is found for everything, for nothing was ever made in vain. The houses cost him little except his labor, and that he put in when convenient. The average Nantucket man never does anything at any other time, so long as he lives on the island. His act was not aimless though his ideas were ill-defined. But in fact, as the sequel proved, he was building for posterity. Had he known it, he would never have laid the first sill. What had posterity ever done for him? He was unwittingly generous, and he "builded better than he knew."

Siasconset, the ideal fishing village, was at last completed. It was a patchwork village. Its houses were made of odds and ends of second-hand timbers of varying shapes and sizes, put to similar uses and sometimes were out of all proportion to the dimensions of the structure. They were covered, sided and floored with second-hand boards of oak, and pine, and cedar, and spruce, and hemlock, and whitewood. In the portals were second-hand doors, some battened, some panelled. Light was admitted through windows of odd sizes and patterns that had come out of dismantled dwellings, shops, stores, and outhouses; and when available, there were worked in pieces of wreckage contributed to the builders by fierce gales, or by encircling fogs or blinding snows and sleets, more dangerous in daylight to the mariner and his trust than the darkness of night with the heavens unclouded. It was a village unique in the arrangement, or rather the want of arrangement of its streets, and lanes, and by-ways. Its houses were even more striking. With a general sameness of style, they varied in the detail of the situation and the proportions of their apartments. To some extent these peculiarities may be traced to the strong individuality of a people born and reared on an island in mid-ocean, and whose lives had been passed in intimate association with the sea, far from the dictation of conventional taste. But the most potent influences were the paucity of material at the disposal of their builders, by reason of their isolation from the world, and their poverty of means, and withall the slow evolution of structural growth from rudimentary habitations begun on restricted space, they never thinking that other enlargements would follow. And when, in time, they came, those who projected them gave little thought to the forms of possible further additions, in which the ingenuity of their successors should find concrete expression.

But successive generations of these untutored builders had unconsciously unfolded a new, quaint, attractive and rational architecture for seaside homes, available to families of moderate means, and sought for even by those of wealth, in which to enjoy seasons of rest with the greatest comfort and the lightest care.

NO. V.

When domestic life at 'Sconset became an assured fact, further conveniences were a necessity. Rainwater was found insufficient for the needs of families. So, in 1776, when the representatives of the rebellious colonies assembled in Philadelphia were only able to *declare* their independence of King George III., the 'Sconset fishermen, in substantial form, achieved their independence of hogsheads placed under the gutters to catch the rainfall from the roofs. They passed around the hat, and from the collection taken they were able to sink a well, near 40 feet deep, and its pump has not only lifted the water from the bowels of the earth that has slaked the thirst of four generations, but it has honored the only daily newspaper ~~that is~~ printed on Nantucket, by giving it a name. But cisterns in later days were found to be a convenience, especially on wash day, the blue Monday of the housewife. Small cellars, also, in time, were dug in which to store supplies.

Though the exteriors of the little fishermen's cottages remained with scarce any change of form since the early part of the century, within them improvements were made as their owners waxed prosperous and as convenience demanded. A wooden sink was put up in the kitchen. Shelves were placed where needed. Brick chimneys replaced those of boards, and to-day, even, they attract the attention of observing visitors by reason of their ludicrous disproportion to the dwellings they surmount. Some are two feet square above an apartment perhaps not more than 12 by 14 feet. A startling inovation was made by a well-to-do fish-

erman that aroused the jealous criticism of all his neighbors. He actually caused the interior of his dwelling to be plastered! For years he was the subject of animadversion, and it did not cease until the last family was able to indulge in the same extravagance. And such plastering! Neither laths, nor lath lumber were easily procured on the island. But 'Sconset ingenuity was equal to the emergency. Bark was peeled from cedar logs, spread out flat, split in strips in portions of its length, placed on the studs and furrings, stretched apart and nailed fast; and then the mortar was pressed by the plasterer's trowel into the interstices; and when it had hardened it was firmly held in place. If space were available on the side of the jam of the fireplace, a closet was made. Others, some not larger than a cabin locker, were placed elsewhere. The rounds of a ladder in place of cleats were fastened against the perpendicular partition, and sometimes a set of rudely built steps, as steep as those in the companion-way of a small coaster, were used to climb into the attic. On the walls hung an age-stained engraving or two, or a crudely exeecuted water color picture, and a "sampler," on which were worked in worsted the letters of the alphabet, a pious maxim, and perhaps the effigy of an impossible sheep or the ark of Noah, broadside to. Curtains of white muslin were suspended on pieces of cod line by the windows. On the high mantel-piece, lay the family bible, in the reading of which the women found pious consolation, while on its covers in an emergency the men did not hesitate to sharpen their razors. And so, during the fishing seasons, home life was fully organized on the Bank. At night the family gathered around the hearthstone and watched the sparks as they were drawn up the chimney from burning wood resting on heavy andirons or from peat blazing on the grate, and the bright glow sufficed for the enjoyment of the social intercourse of the household, and even when neighbors lifted the latch and took their place in the circle for a quiet chat. It was only when they desired to read that a candle or a whale oil lamp was lighted.

The ashes from the fires were a valuable factor in the household economy, and were carefully treasured. Babbitt, and Higgins, and Colgate and Pear were unthought of soap creating possibilities within the womb of time. Commodities brought from the "Continent" cost money, and a great deal of money for a 'Sconset fisherman to pay. Nothing was purchased if something responding to the want could be made at home. On the Bank, toilet soap was unknown. A piece cut from a bar of common yellow soap had to suffice in the wooden lather box, when, on Sunday morning, armed with a razor of an uncertain quality, but an always certain dullness, the fisherman, with reckless movements shaved off a week's growth of beard and gashed his face in a half dozen places. Hard soap, at all times, was sparingly used. The home-made article answered nearly every purpose. The ashes that had been saved were put into a leach set up out-of-doors, and water was poured over them. As it percolated the mass it absorbed the potash and slowly dripped from the bottom into a tub. The refuse grease from the kitchen that had for months been accumulating, was tried out, and then an event important, as well in its social as in its economical aspects, took place on the Bank. A friendly neighbor was called in to aid the thrifty housewife. They lifted their gowns from over their quilted petticoats and pinned them around their waists and put on heavy aprons. Thus attired, they filled a try-kettle with the lye and grease, and a day was consecrated to boiling soap. With sticks they vigorously stirred up the thickening mass, and as they watched the boiling bubbles, in the loving confidence of womanly converse they discussed in subdued tone the private affairs of their neighbors until each had learned all that the other knew, and their united skill had filled a barrel with pore-penetrating and soil-searching soft soap that was to maintain cleanliness in the household for another year.

skin scoriating

Aug 7–88

NO. VI.

In time, the affairs of the fishermen at Siasconset improved under another influence. The whale fishery from the island had increased in extent, until over eighty sail of vessels were going from Nantucket to distant seas and returning after absences of two, three, and sometimes four years, laden with unctuous wealth. Officers and sailors alike would visit 'Sconset for pleasure trips, or for protracted stays. At least, two taverns were successfully maintained with entertainment for man and fodder for beast, for choice "old ~~New England~~ rum" was dispensed over their bars at three cents a drink, and the prohibition party, as a factor in local or national politics, did not exist as a disturbing element between man and his appetite. A bowling alley and billiard saloon were found to be paying investments. Young men from the town, sailors and others, stowed themselves with their sweethearts into box carts, and rode out at night for a social time and returned home, sometimes in the small hours of the morning. Between the profit of the spring and fall fishing, and the patronage from the town, old 'Sconset was near its zenith. Main street, as now located, did not exist. From near Phillip's Run (the dark waters of which have been confidently prescribed to hundreds of confiding strangers by Capt. William Baxter as a certain cure for corns), the road deflected to the northward and passed over the hill to the village near the site of George C. Macy's little white cottage, across the lots on which now stands the Atlantic House, and the residences of Mrs. Brooks and the Starbucks, then curved to the southward and ended near the house now owned by Mrs. Swain, ~~and~~ called the "Anchorage." It was later that the broad Main street was projected and opened. On either side of it, prosperous islanders began building residences for temporary occupancy, and 'Sconset became to Nantucket what Newport is to New York, and Atlantic City to Philadelphia. Following the traditions of house-building on the Bank, most of them put up their structures in sections, and in time, they assumed comparatively pretentious proportions, The average visitor from the continent wants to live in sight of the ocean. The ever-moving waves have a peculiar fascination, especially for those who have never seen waters larger than navigable streams or small lakes. But the Nantucket family was born within sight of the sea, and many of its members had been tossed upon its bosom. The surf beating on the shore had no charms for them. They preferred a situation whence they could see vehicles, from the aristocratic chaise to the democratic cart, as they passed from and to the town, and salute their occupants. So, building went on, until about 1845, when 'Sconset had reached the fullness of its growth, with some sixty odd houses, of which near 50 were the little fishermen's cottages in their final forms, and which were the nucleus of what has now

Squaw

reached nearly 200 sea-side homes. They still remain on the Bank, though some of them have been so metamorphosed that their primitive form would not be suspected.

But from other parts of the Island buildings have disappeared by the hundred. When the whale fishery ceased to be profitable, the prosperity of the Island received a blow from which it did not begin to recover for more than a generation. The islanders had put their trust in ships' bottoms. The bottoms fell out. To remain, was for thousands to tempt starvation, unless they preferred *felo de se*. The town authorities objected to either mode of exit, because disposing of the cadavers would increase the taxes of those who could afford to live. There was no alternative but to leave the island. The population diminished from over 9000 souls in 1840, to less than 3000 in 1879. Houses were deserted. Some went into decay and ruin. Others in time were taken down and their parts transported to the mainland and sold as second-hand material or set up again for occupancy. One was taken as far as Westchester County, N. Y., and put together, far from its site near the waves that wash Nantucket shores. The angel of destruction had unfolded his wings and nearly all the carpenters left the island. The few who remained in the hope that the tide of adversity might still be stayed, found their only vocation in dismantling the structures their predecessors had built. Mr. Gibbs, an active builder, for three years was thus employed in the work of destruction. At last, even that was lost to him, and for seven years he came each season to the Bank to earn a precarious subsistence by fishing. In 1858, Asa P. Jones, the only carpenter at 'Sconset, sold his tools to George W. Rogers, who went to Providence, and there for a quarter of a century followed his trade, and then came back, and at last found his home in 'Sconset with most of Jones' tools still in his possession. In the mean time, Jones did not miss them. There was nothing for a carpenter to do, and he did it all alone. For twenty-five years he did not earn a dollar at his trade. He farmed and fished, and fished and farmed; and he sheared his sheep and set his hens, and sold the wool, and the chickens, and eggs, and tried to make himself think that there was a planet cavorting through space, and that he was living on it. One day, in 1875, he was nearly paralyzed with astonishment. Mr. William J. Flagg, of New York, told him that he wanted a house built in 'Sconset, and a 'Sconset house at that. When he had recovered from the shock, Asa put his hand to his port ear and asked Mr. Flagg to say it again, and say it slow. It was repeated, and the word 'Sconset, in both cases, was pronounced with an extra big capital S.

The house was built and was occupied by Mr. Flagg and his family for several years. It was then sold to Deacon Chittenden, and he and his family, each season, wax joyful that they live within the first house to illustrate the renaissance of 'Sconset architecture. Asa's constructive skill came into demand. More 'Sconset houses were built by him, and they can be seen scattered over the territory south of the gully. Each year their number is increasing and they will exist when the last of the old fishermen's cottages shall have been so altered as to leave no vestige of old 'Sconset to remind one of its existence.

Aug 11-88

NO. VII.

That eminent and erudite British peer, Lord Dundreary, once said that the reason why a dog wagged his tail was because the dog was stronger than the tail; that if the tail were stronger than the dog, it would wag the dog. When I undertook to write for the PUMP the facts I had learned in reference to each of the old houses in the village, it seemed the proper thing to lead the reader up to the subject by a brief generalized statement of the origin of the place. But the preface has reached bewildering proportions, and longer perhaps than the tale that is to follow, and probably strong enough to wag the tale to its finis.

The statements contained in the previous articles are based largely upon information obtained from old residents, far along towards their 90th year, and who knew 'Sconset in their early childhood, and had also heard facts that had occurred far back in the 17th century rehearsed by their parents, grandparents and other old people. As such statements had been made without thought of their possessing historic significance, they were doubtless trustworthy.

My principal source of information has been Capt. Edward C. Joy, now in his 84th year. In 1814 his father removed to the Bank, when Edward was in his 9th year. It was a new experience for the lad. Favored with a marvellously retentive memory, he is able to vividly recall the condition of the village and the ownership of the old houses at that date. Some had not then reached their completed forms, and others had not been brought to the Bank from elsewhere to swell the number of the fishermen's cottages that existed when the prosperity of the village suffered with the decadence of the main industry of the island. From Capt. John Pitman, now in his 90th year, and Capt. George W. Coffin, who is 8[illegible], I have also obtained interesting data.

The conclusions printed in the previous numbers and which have been derived from the recollections of these men, find an unexpected comfirmation from a source wholly independent of human memory, which sometimes is not trustworthy in respect to the relation of years to events. An ancient picture, printed from a rudely engraved copper plate is in the possession of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Coffin, in the Town. It purports to be "A View of Siasconset, a Fishing Village on Nantucket." It came to Mrs. Coffin as an heir-loom from her great-uncle, Roland Coleman, and his statement was that it represented 'Sconset as it appeared in 1791, almost a hundred years ago. The view is to the Eastward from the hill which now marks the western limit of the settled portion of the village. In the distance is the ocean, with nearly a dozen boats containing from two to a half dozen men, and one with sails set. On the beach are groups, evidently intended to represent fishermen about to assist in landing an approaching boat. On the Bank are thirty of the fishermen's cottages, the larger number with the characteristic "warts" of the 'Sconset house, and others not so far advanced toward their final forms. Not a structure bearing the semblance of a pretentious style of dwelling is to be seen. On different parts of the picture is the inevitable one-horse Nantucket box cart, with two examples of the chaise then in vogue among the well-to-do; and there is even, what must have been an aristocratic conveyance in those days, a four-wheeled vehicle, with a covered top, swelling out in wide proportions. In a box cart in the foreground are two men standing in the front, with a woman in a quaker bonnet and gown seated in a chair behind. Two equestrians are prominent figures. One is in Quaker garb and the other is dressed in a cocked hat and a bag wig, and was identified by old people, long since gone to their final rest, as Dr. Tupper. Most of the pedestrians are shown with the Quaker attire current in that day.

With all these facts, it may be assumed that the date of the picture as stated is approximately correct, and if so, a score and a half was the limit of the dwellings on the

Bank a century ago, and they were all fishermen's houses. The accessions came later. During the war of 1812, by reason of the presence of British cruisers on the coast, it was difficult to obtain supplies from the mainland, and some of the heads of families were driven to the necessity of coming to 'Sconset to catch fish for a subsistence, and at that time, it is a historic fact that some of the existing old cottages were then built and that then, and later, others were brought from Sesachacha and elsewhere. Then the number had been increased to about fifty when 'Sconset, as a fishing village, had attained its apogee of growth.

Aug 16-88

NO. VIII.

Broadway, East Side.

The first house north of the bridge, "Svargaloka," belonging to the estate of Elijah Alley, occupies the site of an old house brought from Sesachacha early in the century, but which was subsequently removed.

On the site of Mr. H. K. White's residence there stood until 1884, a little cottage called by him the "Woodbine," and which he purchased in 1879 and there resided with his family during the summers for several seasons. It was in 1884 taken down and removed to the corner of Grand Avenue south of the gulley, and there put up and enlarged and sold to Mr. Isaac Hills. It is still called the Woodbine. It was brought from Sesachacha about 1820, and put up on the Bank, and stood there until its removal. It was a quaint little dwelling.

Mr. Henry Paddack's cottage, now occupied by Mrs. Raynolds, was owned by Abijah Swain and stood in its present position in 1814. Three years since it was enlarged by extending the bedrooms to the southward, but the alteration has not interfered with its characteristic appearance as a 'Sconset house. It is always admired both in its exterior and interior.

"Casa Marina" had its beginning in one of the most picturesque of the little fishermen's houses. Standing opposite the foot of Main street, it was the first of the old dwellings of the strict 'Sconset type to be seen. It was owned by John Russell, and stood in its present place in 1814. A few years since, it was remodeled and extended, and there is scarce anything left to remind one of its original form. Freeman and Wyer have excellent views of it taken years since, when the old board fence was in its front. It was owned for many years by "Aunt Sarah Coleman," who was particular about her household goods. Her plates and cups and saucers she marked by filing notches on their edges. A perpendicular ladder led into the little five-foot attic, and Mrs. Alley, the postmistress, in her girlhood days, many a time climbed up the ladder and slept in an old-fashioned cot bed, when visiting her aunt.

Next north is the house of Mrs. Harrison Gardner. It was owned by Charles Nichols and stood there in 1814 and was sold to Charles Mitchell before 1820. Within nine years it has been twice enlarged, and each enlargement has made it even more 'Sconsety in appearance than before. It was occupied in 1880 by Judge Northrup, of Syracuse, and his family, and his experience was told in a charming little book printed the next year called "Sconset Cottage Life," now out of print.

George C. Gardner's house is the next to the north. It is a large one, without blinds, and for two seasons has not been occupied by reason of the advanced years of Mrs. Gardner. It was built by Mr. Gardner's grandfather, Prince Gardner. In the kitchen is the fire-place which was photographed by Wyer, and from which picture so many drawings have been made and printed. The house stood there in 1814.

At that time there was to the north, where Mr. Gardner's small barn now is, another house. It belonged to Jonathan Chase. It was known as the "Headache House," because of its incurable smoky chimney.

Capt. George Wilber's house, with the name in Greek letters over the door, and occupied by the Misses Wheeler, was owned in 1814 by Stephen Hussey. The south half is over a hundred years old. It was conveyed by him to Sylvanus Ewer, the grandfather of Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Ewer, the distinguished ritualistic clergyman of New York, who died a few years since. Mr. Wilber states that the beginning of the house dates far back in the 18th century. When, some years since, he was making some alterations, he found behind a diagonal beam four copper cents of the date of 1800, 1801, 1802 and 1803 and an old Spanish coin with the pillars of Hercules, worth 6¼ cents, and which was a current coin in the early part of this century.

"Snug Harbor," owned by Capt. George H. Brock, was owned by Seth Folger in 1814, and Capt. Joy thinks that it was built by Seth's father. It had its beginning in a fisherman's shanty, though it lacks the "warts" in the front.

Mr. Riddell's house, opposite the post office, had a similar origin. But it has been extended by a second story "wart," and extensive changes have been made within and without, and the fisherman's cottage is no longer seen. It belonged in 1814 to Griffin Barney.

Next to the north is the house belonging to the late Capt. Jos Mitchell—"Mizzentop." It was modernized before 1879. Clapboards had taken the place of shingles. But inside, the joists supporting the second floor show its origin in a fisherman's house. In 1814 it was occupied by Capt. Joy's father when he was building "Castle Bandbox" on Shell street.

The "House of Lords" was a typical 'Sconset house of a larger size, and was built by Gershom Drew. It stood in its present position in 1814. It was sold by Capt. Brown Gardner to the present owner, who caused it to be enlarged, and it no longer has any resemblance to the quaint structure from which it was changed. It was purchased by Capt. Gardner after his return from California some time in the fifties for twenty-five dollars and four quintals of cod fish. In it, for years, the fishermen met at night during the season and swapped lies in reference to their experience on ship-board.

"Nonantum," in 1879, when purchased by its present owner, was a modest one-story structure with a wartless front. It was built by Barzillai Folger and was owned by him in 1814. It was always called "Barzilla's" house.

"Columbia Cottage," belonging to Mrs. Cash is more than a hundred years old. It was built by Benjamin Bunker, who died forty years ago at the age of 90.

The dilapidated little house next to the north, and now owned by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy of New York, is very old, and has probably been changed less within and without than any of the old houses on the Bank. It is now being re-shingled. In 1814 it was owned by Eben Gardner. Previously it was owned by him and Tristram Pinkham together, but Eben so prospered that he wanted a house to himself, and he proposed to Tristam to name a price at which he would buy or sell. The suggestion came so sudden that Tristram asked until Saturday to make up his mind. Saturday came and Tristram said that he thought his share was fairly worth a quintal and a half (150

pounds) of fish. At this price it was sold. It has since changed hands at prices way up in the hundreds. The house is well worth an inspection. It is not now occupied. Its interior can be seen by looking in the rear windows. It has a little attic reached by cleats nailed to the partition, and has two little bedrooms about 8x6 feet at the south end.

"Eagle Cottage" was in its present place in 1814. In 1879 Capt. William Baxter was inclined to sell it for $200 including its furniture, but on second thought he changed his mind, and four years after he sold it for $900.

The beginning of Mr. Crosby's store was a stable, and was brought from Sesachacha by Elisha Clark. Subsequently, Cromwell Barney added the second story on the south end. For two or three years before his store was built, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby used to come from town and occupy the upper portion on Sundays and keep their horse in the barn, which was a part of the building to the north. At last Mr. Crosby saw that there was trade enough in the place to warrant a store, and he enlarged the south end and 'Sconset started in its wild career as a great commercial center!

The last house to the north on Broadway, belonging to Mrs. George Richardson, was brought from Sesachacha by Reuben Joy, a cousin of Capt. Joy's father. It was used as a public house, and was kept by Rachel Paddack, the widow of Jonathan Paddack, and a Quaker woman.

On the edge of the Bank, in the rear of Crosby's store, were two quaint old houses, both of which have been enlarged by adding a second story. The one to the south, Mrs. McCleave's, was brought from Sesachacha by Nicholas Meader, between 1814 and 1820. It was a very old house. The one to the north, owned by Mr. Crosby, was also brought from Sesachacha about the same time by George Meader, the son of Nicholas. In 1879, by additions, it had assumed an incongruous form, it being an open court to the west, and with a wart to the east at the northern end.

(It is the desire of the writer to get further details of the history of any of the old houses on the Bank, and he will esteem it a favor if any old resident or others will give him information for future use.)

Aug 21/88

Broadway, West Side.

The white clapboarded house surmounted by a Nantucket "walk," belonging to Mrs. Lucretia M. Folger, situated on the corner of Main street, had its beginning in an old house belonging to Peter Chase. It was a two-storied structure, and in a photograph taken by Freeman many years ago, a portion of the old structure stands in the foreground to the left. It was black, with dilapidated shingles, and canted over to the westward. Capt. David Chase, the son of Peter, is still living in town, and is in his 93d year.

"Nauticon Lodge," now owned by Mr. Davis, is also a very old structure. Over its door are the figures 1735, but Capt. Joy thinks it is much older. It was owned by Obed Coffin, then a very old man, and then about 1815, by his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy. It is built and arranged in accordance with the strict 'Sconset type.

"Auld Lang Syne" owned by the heirs of Gorham Colman, is without doubt, the oldest house on the Bank. It was built on its present site. It was first owned by Michael Coffin, who employed several Indians to fish for him during the season, while he remained ashore to do the cooking. Michael was the great-grandfather of Capt. Joy who is now in his 83d year. The house is as it has appeared as far back as human memory can go, except that, within, it was at some time lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingles, and depressions in the roof tell of its antiquity. In its battered front door are three worn out key holes. Within are large fire places leading into a heavy chimney. The house is claimed to have been built in 1675, and before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham.

But probably older was "Rose Cottage," a little four room house that was on the site of Barnaby Lodge. It was taken down in 1881 by Capt. Charles H. Rule. It was a squatty, tumble down structure, but each year was occupied in the summer, and in the fishing seasons. In 1814 it stood in its present position and was owned by Benjamin Paddack. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change of site was easily effected, by rolling it on spars. There is a tradition it was once an Indian wigwam, but Capt. Joy discredits it.

The present post office belonging to Capt. William Baxter, views of which have been taken by the hundred, has a double history. The smaller portion is near 200 years old, and was brought from Sesachacha. It was owned by Uriah Swain, the grandfather of Mrs. Baxter. The higher portion was built about a hundred years ago, and the building was in its present position in 1814. Its exterior illustrates the completed 'Sconset house of the larger size. The interior has been little changed, except to put on lath and plaster and paper, but its rude beginning can be seen in the exposed joists overhead. In the corner of the room where the business of the post office is carried on is an ancient clock that has marked the hours for four or five generations. Mrs. Cary, the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years used the building for a public house. For years before 1873 when the post office was established, it was used for the distribution of the mail matter brought from town by Capt. Baxter, who, as he came over the hill on Main street, tooted his fish horn and the event of the day was the gathering of the people at the window to await their mail matter, and for each letter or paper received, one whole cent went into the coffers of the grasping old mariner! And yet there are those who boldly assert that he did not get rich!

The old barn in the southwest corner of the lot is probably what is left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

The white house next north of the post-office and belonging to Mrs. Eliza Mitchell, was owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who had lands to the westward, back of Capt. Robert Pitman's place on the hill. The land was covered with entangled brush and had to be plowed by means of a tackle to get the necessary power. The highest part of the house is probably the oldest, for in it are doors swung on wooden hinges. It is a very old house. In it Capt. Joseph H. Clapp, Collector of the Port of Nantucket, by grace of President Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, has for a time, the memory of

man goeth not to the contrary, abused the Republican party and quoted scripture and Dr. Watts with a vigor that has aroused the ire of his political antagonists and excited the admiration of othodox believers by reason of his pious erudition!

The little house owned by Mrs. Aaron Coffin—"the Martin Box"—is very old and probably better than any on the Bank illustrates the gradual growth of a 'Sconset fisherman's cottage of the oddest shape. It was built by Obadiah Folger and its origin was a single room extending from the chimney to the south. It is but ten feet high to the peak of the roof. The little bedrooms were then added. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Ruth Folger saw it she was so startled by its proportions, she said it was a "parfect rope walk." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward and still later an old boat house was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is flush with the street. It is one of the quaintest cottages on the Bank.

"Clifton Cottage" is another of the old houses, but it has been enlarged by putting on a half story. It was built by George Folger, about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an easy time.

"Nonquit," Capt. Charles C. Mooers, is another of the old houses enlarged by a second story which was recently extended to the front. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Felicite," owned by Capt. McCleave, a two story house with gable flush with the street, was a very old house in 1814, and then or soon after was owned by John Emmet. The second story was added about 20 years ago.

"Sans Souci," the last house on Broadway and owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher, has a singular history. Its beginning was brought from Madequet soon after 1814. Another portion was brought from Town, it having been a twine factory situated near Trader's Lane. The kitchen was a boat house, belonging to William Brown, Mrs. Belcher's grandfather, and the bricks in the chimney were in the British ship Queen, when she came ashore on the island. It was the first house on the Bank to have its height increased by a second story. In 1879 it had 13 windows, no two of which were alike.

August 23-88

NO. X.

Between Centre and Shell Streets.

Abutting Main street is a small barn belonging to Mrs. Cathcart. Capt. Joy believes it is a portion of a house which once stood on the same spot and which belonged to Obed Coffin.

Mrs. Cathcart's house to the north, a rather imposing Cottage, with high "warts," was built by James Josiah Coffin, and was owned by him in 1814.

The little yellow cottage called "Sunnyside," and belonging to the heirs of Capt. Charles P. Swain, is very old. Capt. Swain told the writer that he knew the house in 1806, and that then it was known to be very old. In 1814 it was owned by William Gardner; and his and the family of Sylvanus Gardner were the only ones who remained in 'Sconset during the winter months. Sylvanus occupied a house on the bank in 1814 and long after, which was removed somewhere along in the forties.

North of the Pump is one of the most quaint of the ancient cottages. It now belongs to Mrs. Sharp, of Germantown, Penn. It was owned in 1814 by Shubael Barnard. Next to the old post-office, more views of it have been taken by artists and photographers than of any spot in the village. They are generally taken with the old pump in the foreground. Mrs. Sharp has given it the name of "Meeresheim."

The house of Mrs. Nancy Clark, the widow of Uriah, was built by Richard Swain. His son Richard lived in it 1814. It is a very old house.

The house of Capt. Obed Bunker was built by Sylvanus Coffin, and stood in its present place in 1814.

"Hearts Ease," owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey, and for many seasons occupied by Mr. J. Ormand Wilson and family, of Washington, was owned in 1814 by Jonathan Jenkins. Subsequently, about 1820, Reuben Starbuck became possessed of it, and he added to it, and employed a mason to lath and plaster the interior. A little grandson of Sylvanus Gardner observed the operation and he ran home with the exclamation "Grandma, he is putting on the whole broadside of the house, at once." And Annie Gardner, Sylvanus' wife, said that Reuben had had a wife, a *wifee*, and now he had got a dandy, and he supposed he must plaster his house.

Asa P. Jones' house, the long, wood colored structure, with vines climbing a lattice on the east side of the kitchen, was an old house in 1814, but was small in proportion to its present size, and is much altered in appearance. It was then covered with wide boards, clinker-built, and was owned by Matthew Barney, then an old man. Frederick Mitchell bought it about 1815.

The next house to the northward, belonging to the heirs of the late Edward R. Folger, was built by Felix Slocum Folger in 1815, or soon after. It was kept as a public house by Charles Elkins, from about 1830, for many years.

"Aurora Villa," owned by Mrs. P. A. Gardner, was built by Obed Joy, between 1824 and 1830. Its beginning was brought from Sesachacha. The late Josiah Macy enlarged it and put on clapboards so that its characteristic features as a fisherman's cottage were lost, and it has been further enlarged and is now a commodious little house.

Shell Street, West Side.

The little dark, odd-shaped house to the north of the Anchorage, and belonging to Fred Willets Folger, was put up about 1820, by Obed Luce. It was very small at its beginning. It was current talk among the boys in those days that Aunt Keziah Luce, favored by the darkness of the night, would take boards from fences and elsewhere, and bring to the place to be nailed on the building the next day during its construction.

To the north of it since 1841, stood a little house that had been brought from the edge of the bank to prevent it from falling over. It belonged to old Thomas Brock.

Capt. Joy states that "Castle Bandbox" was built by his father, in 1814, out of an old shop that stood in Mooers Lane in Town. The shop was taken to 'Sconset, and was then very old.

Back of Castle Bandbox is "Clovernook," a house of comparatively recent date. In the flush times on the island, it was used as a club house by the whaling captains and others visiting the Bank, and it had for their

amusement a billiard table. On July 7, 1879, it was sold at auction to close the estate of Mrs. Jane Pitman. In the sale was included two acres of fine meadow land, and the price realized for the two pieces of property was $127. Robert B. Coffin was the fortunate purchaser. The next year he sold the house and lot without the meadow for $200, and today it is worth at least $800, an the ten acres as much more. It was built by old Capt! Benjamin Worth, who about 1828 occupied the house now owned by Asa P. Jones.

The little house north of Asa P. Jones' barn and nearly opposite "Aurora Villa," was bought by George Gibbs, of Solomon Folger, in Sesachacha, and was brought to 'Sconset after 1824. About the same time, Samuel Gibbs, his brother, bought a house in Sesachacha, of Benjamin Folger, a brother of Solomon, and brought it to 'Sconset and put it to the north of George's house. It has since been removed.

Around the Gulley.

The north part of Capt. John C. Morris' house was originally a very old barn. It was altered by him to a house and he added the south part many years ago.

The house of Capt. Valentine Aldrich, to the west, is made up of the parts of two houses, one that was taken from the edge of the Bank to prevent it going over at the time of the October gale of 1841, when it was moved to its present location. It belonged originally to Nathaniel Coffin, the grandfather of Capt. George W. Coffin, who is now in his 84th year. It was bought by Capt. Aldridge's father before 1841. The other part of the house was the most southerly house in the village at that time. It was the Eben Barnard house, and stood near the edge of the Bank, and was owned for many years by Stephen Coleman, and then was bought by Gorham Coleman. The Captain has added to the buildtng since.

The house of Frederick C. Sanford was in its present place in 1814, and was owned by Peter Myrick. Capt. Joy thinks that it was then clinker-built. It and Asa P. Jones' present house were then painted with red ochre.

On the site of James H. Gibbs' new cottage near the head of the gulley, there was in 1814, a little house which was taken down about twelve or fourteen years ago, and put together on the west side of Morey's Lane and is now owned by Billey Bowen. It was owned then by Obed Coleman and his son, and was called the hack-house, because Coleman ran a hack. There was a barn then north of the gulley near Capt. Aldridge's house.

July 28-88

New Street.

XI.

The snug house next to the store of Wallace C. Brown, the "Daisy Cot," and belonging to Capt. David Bunker, was originally a little store owned by his father-in-law, David Wood, and was situated on the wharf in Town. Mr. Wood brought it to 'Sconset and set it up near its present position. Before its enlargement a few years since, it was one of the tiniest little houses on the Bank, and it is still quite small.

Charles Paddack's house, on the north side of the street, originally stood on the Bank and belonged to Uriah Bunker. It was removed to its present position and added to by a chaise house in Town which Capt. Joy brought to 'Sconset. The parlor is six feet and one inch between the floor and ceiling, and tall men are not allowed to dance hornpipes, except they enter into bonds to pay damages in case they break the plastering.

A part of the house of Capt. George W. Coffin, on the north side of New street, originally stood on the Bank near the gulley, and belonged to Ichabod Aldrich, who sold it to Capt. Coffin for $30. It was removed at the time of the October gale in 1841, and set up in its present location and was added to.

On the site of George Frederick Coffin's house in old times stood a small house which was afterwards taken down.

William Owen's house on the south side of the street, was moved from under Mill Hill many years ago, and put up in a position further east, where it remained until a few years since he sold the land to Mr. A. W. Rice, when it was moved to its present position.

On the Hill.

The Houses of Charles Pitman, next south of the school-house, was part of the old Brant Point light house, and is now twice its original size, for the second story of the original building as it stood before its removal here was put alongside the first story, making it double its original length. It was brought to 'Sconset by Edward F. Easton at the time the present light-house was built.

A portion of George C. Macy's little white house on the top of the hill, south of Main street, was one of the houses that was moved from the Bank. It originally belonged to old Solomon Smith. Job Coleman bought it when it was still there and added on a piece for a barn. During the gale of 1841 the barn was pulled back while the rest of the house went over. The barn was moved to near where Billy Bowen's house now stands on the west side of Morey's Lane and was again used as a barn. Thence it was moved to its present site, and with additions and improvements it has become the pretty little house that it is.

Main Street.

The beginning of the house on the north side of Main street, belonging to the heirs of Matthew Starbuck, was originally a cooper shop owned by David Huntington, and was moved by Thomas F. Mitchell down on the old north wharf in Town. Thomas A. Gardner bought it and brought it to 'Sconset and put it up in its present position, and made it into a house. Its origin would hardly be suspected in the neat modern cottage that it now is.

Mr. Dunham's modest little house, next west of Mrs. Brooks, was brought from Town.

South of the Gulley.

A part of the house owned by Oliver F. Hussey, for several years occupied by Professor McDaniel, was taken from the house now belonging to Capt. Robert Pitman and then owned by Stephen Gibbs, and was used as a billiard saloon. When thus used it belonged to Samuel Bunker, and was known as the Bunker Hill house.

There was, in 1814, an old house situated west of and near the foot of Morey's Lane north of where the old barn now stands. It was on the land of Peleg Mitchell, the grandfather of Maria Mitchell, late professor of astronomy in Vassar College.

There was also, in 1814, a house a considerable distance to the westward of Tom Never's Pond on the Rotch farm. The pole that is now standing in sight of the main road to Town, and by which the fishermen get a range for reaching the fishing grounds, is set where the chimney of the original farm house was.

In those days there was a farm house on Tom Never's Head, called the Billy Ray farm, but was torn down.

Franklin Folger now deceased, stated to Capt. Joy that an old Indian meeting house stood on the north side of Levi S. Coffin's farm. Old Tashma was the preacher and he lived in a house near the foot of Bean Hill north of the road and near the location of the little house now standing, built by Albert Easton in 1880. The door stone of old Tashma's house is now in front of Capt. Joy's house on Liberty street.

other Houses

The little house east of John Pitman's lot, at the head of Broadway, was moved by Mr. Frederick Pitman from "Guinea," in town, and put up where it now stands.

The large house of Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, next south of Mr. Underhill's, and not occupied this year, is a recent accession to the place. It was built probably 75 years ago by Henry Barnard, the father-in-law of Capt. George W. Coffin, and stood on Darling street in Town. About 30 years ago it was taken down and moved to Andrew Gardner's lot a mile and a half distant, where it remained until 1881, when it was purchased by Mr. Lamberton, and again taken to pieces and brought to 'Sconset on box wagons, and put up by Edward Bennett and Asa P. Jones in its present situation.

Shingled Houses.

Capt. Joy remembers that in 1814 there were many houses in 'Sconset that were not shingled on their sides.

Fences.

There were no fences in 'Sconset up to 1830. The houses had been put up wherever there was available space with little passage ways between, some of which were only wide enough for a wheelbarrow, and others to admit of the passage of a cart, and many of them, in 1882, were dignified by naming them as streets, though some are scarce thirty feet long. Capt. Joy put up the first fence in the village around the house built by his father—Castle Bandbox. It was done by Capt. Joy under the advice of old Stephen Coleman, because the movement of the cows on his land annoyed him. It was made of boards given him by his uncle, old Benjamin Worth, then living in Asa P. Jones' house, from an old fence taken down in Plainfield. Old Sylvanus Coffin was much distressed at the innovation, because it compelled him to go perhaps 75 feet further to reach his lot.

The Beach.

In 1814, and thence forward for many years, the beach was so narrow in front of 'Sconset, that in heavy gales the surf-washed over it to the foot of the Bank, and twice within Capt. Joy's recollection it was washed away and houses had to be removed. A street to the eastward of the one now on the edge of the Bank thus disappeared. The beach was narrow to the southward and far to the westward of Tom Never's Head, and in heavy storms the ocean washed over it into Tom Never's Pond, now hundreds of feet distant. A little daughter of Billy Ray who had a farm on Tom Never's Head, with another girl, opened a sluice way for the water in the pond by digging out the sand with quahaug shells. In 1852, when the ship Shanunga, laden with cotten, ran ashore at the head, it was so near that the cargo could be landed on the top of the Bank by a wind-tackle.

The first voyage made around the island by Capt. Jonathan Briggs, the uncle of Capt. Joy, was in a small sloop of 30 or 40 tons, and he told Capt. Joy that the bread used on the cruise was baked in old Mrs. Starbuck's oven in a house on Tom Never's Head. The remains of the house Capt. Briggs showed to Capt. Joy about

Sept 1-88.

Boln Hauled Sky 1888 29

ON THE "HAULOVER."

The Youngest Summer Settlement on Nantucket.

Wauwinet, and the Cottagers Now There—Laying a Corner-Stone—An Immense Kite—Goings On at 'Sconset and in Town—Fund for a Casino at 'Sconset—Recent Arrivals.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NANTUCKET, Aug. 25, 1888. The Haulover is at the head of Nantucket harbor. It is a narrow strip of beach grass covered sand with the serf of the Atlantic ocean pounding on one side and the waters of the harbor rippling over the other. From time immemorial the Haulover has been a portage for small craft—first for the canoes of the Indians and then for the dories of the white men. Some of the whaleboats of old Nantucket whalers, boats which, under the impelling force of the brawn and muscle of sons of this island, leapt over the billows of the Pacific ocean in pursuit of huge prey, are still to be seen on the sea beach of the Haulover. For right off there is the best sharking ground around Nantucket. The facilities for bathing in the surf and harbor and for sailing have attracted people to this barren strip of sand, and there is now on the Haulover a flourishing little summer settlement named Wauwinet, after an Indian sachem, who, in times gone by held sway over that portion of the island. Cottages have been erected and there is a public house. Many of the cottages, like those in "town" and 'Sconset, have names. The list this year is as follows: The Bungalow—Mrs. Ellen S. Thomas of Wilkesbarre; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. F. Round of New York. Winklehut—Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Gray of Walpole, Mass. Beachcot—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sturdevant, and Mr. Isaac M. Thomas and family of Wilkesbarre. Starcote—Mr. Edmund Ketchum and family of New York and Rev. Edward Lathrop, D. D. Other cottagers are Mr. Bassett Jones of New York and his family and Mrs. Elizabeth Lawber.

Corner-Stone of a Chapel Laid.

There probably never was a bigger crowd on the Haulover, except perhaps in the palmy days of wrecking, than on Thursday afternoon. The Lillian, the sailboat which makes regular trips from town, and the little steamer carried a complement of passengers, and a long procession of vehicles, from the "box cart" to the "'Sconset schooner," drove over the road from 'Sconset. The teams were decorated with flags, and from a staff attached to one of the box carts fluttered the flag of an old Nantucket whaler. The vehicles were crowded with young people, who sat on straw in the bottom of the wagon and made music, some with banjos, some with razoos, and some with their voices. The cause of all this conflux of humanity at Wanwinet was the laying of the corner-stone of a chapel. The project of erecting a chapel was broached only a month ago, during one of the Sunday morning services at the Starcote. Yet by Thursday the work had progressed so far that the ceremony which attracted the crowd could take place.

Mr. W. M. F. Round, chairman of the building committee, introduced Rev. Edward Lathrop, D. D., of New York, who invoked the divine blessing. Then there was singing by a choir of the 'Sconset contingent, led by Mrs. W. J. Chittenden's voice and Mr. Dean A. Walker's cornet. Others who participated in the exercises were Rev. Daniel Round and Rev. James M. Bruce of New York. Mrs. Robert S. Gray, Wanwinet, is the secretary of the building committee, and will be glad to receive contributions to the chapel fund.

The chapel, which is to be built about halfway between ocean and harbor, will be 27x35 feet, a plain low structure, shingled from the gable to the sills and stained with creosote. It was designed by Mr. W. M. F. Round. The Wauwinet children have undertaken to raise the money to purchase oaken doors. A feature of the afternoon was the raising of a 19-foot high kite, made by Mr. Joseph Hawes and said to be the largest ever flown in the United States. It rose grandly, its ruby red forming a superb contrast with the white clouds in the background.

In the box, which was placed into a case of bricks upon which a block of marble was laid, were a history of the movement to build a chapel, a list of cottages and cottagers at Wauwinet, a map of Nantucket, various circulars relating to Wauwinet, a copy of the Inquirer and Mirror, the Nantucket Journal, and the 'Sconset Pump and Town Crier—the last two named being the little dailies issued by your correspondent.

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Benefit Concert.

The day before the laying of the cornerstone of the Wauwinet Chapel that at 'Sconset benefited by a concert. The amount taken in more than cleared the debt, and the community breathes lightly once more—for the word chapel was beginning to have a hollow sound. The concert was, however, a very lively entertainment. Mr. L. A. Conner, formerly a member of the Yale Glee Club, got together a number of young people and formed a chorus which he drilled in "Mary and Martha," "Furnicull Furnicula," "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and other Wagnerian chorusses whose leading motive was the amusement of the audience. The chorus was composed of Miss Hampton, Miss Irene Farquhar, Miss Beard, Miss Chittenden, Miss Peixotto, Miss A. Farquhar, Miss Wood, the Misses Conner; the Messrs. Wreaks and Messrs. Hampton, Conner, Burtenshaw, Chittenden, Taylor, Spooner and Barrows. Miss Wood of Boston sang with her clear, pure voice and artistic feeling Pinsuti's "Three Wishes," and Braga's "Angels' Serenade," Mr. Burtenshaw of Detroit playing a mandolin obligato to the latter. Mrs. W. J. Chittenden of Detroit, who has taken a deep interest in the affairs of the chapel ever since the project of building one was broached, sung delightfully Rubinstein's "Voices of the Woods," and with Mr. Conner Badia's duet, "Repeat Again." Mr. Warren, a professional singer of Detroit, gave "Golden Love," and Hatton's "Bid Me To Come," with a ringing voice and fine musicanly feeling; and Mr. Conner sang Schuman's "Two Grenadiers," with great spirit. Miss Atterbury and Mr. A. Chittenden played very cleverly the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," arranged as a piano duet. Very pleasant features of the concert were duets for mandolin and guitar, by Mr. Burtenshaw and Mr. Conner; solos and duets for banjo were played by Messrs. C. P. Spooner and Hawley. During the evening Mr. W. W. Ballantyne announced from the platform that the receipts had more than covered the debt; that Mrs. Clute and Miss Chipman had donated a set of shutters, and that a plain substantial pulpit had been presented by a friend of the corporation.

Fund for a Casino.

The question of paying the chapel debt being now eliminated for the balance of this season at least, a project of the greatest importance to 'Sconset has been set on foot. There is no halt here for dancing or theatricals, the young people can always secure the chapel for concerts, and once the trustees permitted even a professional minstrel show to be given in it. But this proved such a shocking desecration that since then they have drawn the line more strictly than before. As a result, when a dance is to be gotten up the only available place is the Nantucket railroad depot, which is too small for an affair of any pretension, beside being objectionably public. Early in the season it is possible to obtain the use of the Ocean View Hotel dining room, but now, when they are "running three tables there," it would be an imposition on the proprietor to ask for its use. The production of tableaux or theatricals involve the labor of erecting a stage and platform and devising a substitute for foot-lights. It speaks well for the grit and enterprise of 'Sconset's summer visitors that in spite of these drawbacks to getting up entertainments there are five dances, concerts or the like on the "Bank" to one in "town." The fact is, 'Sconset is one of those small, compact communities which is livelier than its big neighbor. The summer settlement in town is too widely distributed to be effectively handled by any one wanting to get up an entertainment. It is strung out along the cliff, sprinkled over Brant point and quartered at various hotels. All are separated by portions of the town and are simply little oases of life in a desert of desuetude. In 'Sconset the summer visitors are the population. Of the several thousand people now here, I doubt if as many as two hundred are natives. Of the summer visitors the vast majority are cottagers, and they nearly all know one another. Therefore, if an entertainment is to be gotten up it is necessary only to pass word along the line and tack up a notice on the village pump, and, presto, the community's interest is on the qui vive, and a dozen or more active young fellows are ready to boost you over any preliminary obstacles. 'Sconset is really a delightfully responsive community; throw out a suggestion and it will be caught on the fly, even if the settlement has to make a running jump for it. Therefore when Mr. William Frances Johnson, the well known New York amateur actor, hinted at some tableaux for starting a fund for a hall, where dances and theatrical or musical entertainments could be given, 'Sconset took the hint, and already the affair is well under way. It will probably come off next Thursday night in the chapel. Mr. Lewis A. Connor will see to the stage arrangements, and the responsibility for the tableaux is divided among Mrs. Charles P. Adams, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Peixotto, son of the ex-consul general to France of that name. The tableaux will be: "The Bachelor," "Moon Maiden," "Melodious Bouquet," "Lorelei," "Scene from Pickwick," Breton Peasants on Their Way to Church," "Three Fishers," "The Bachelor and Gypsies Dancing." These will be followed by a series of statuary groups: "Faith, Hope and Charity," "Niobe," "The Three Parsees," "The Rock of Faith," "The Five Senses," "Praxiteles" and "America."

Athletic Grounds.

'Sconset is a great place for annexes. The annex of the Ocean View is larger than the hotel itself, and nearly all the stores here are annexes of establishments in town. Therefore it is but natural that it should be proposed to add an annex to the purpose for which the fund to be started by the tableaux is to be raised, the annex being the purchase of grounds for the base ball and tennis clubs. The tennis tournament came to an untimely end because one day the last of the spectators to leave the field left the gate open, and in consequence, the proprietor refused to allow the club the use of the field. Such casualties, and the annoyance of having to look about for grounds each season, make the purchase of grounds desirable.

Syndicate letter G. Kobbé Aug 88

'SCONSET SKETCHES.

Aug 88

(Gustav Kobbe in the Detroit Free Press.)

Children at 'Sconset grow as brown as berries and as lively as crickets. Their greatest delight is to go with little pails and shovels onto the beach, which runs some 400 feet broad along the foot of the bluff, and dig in the sand. It is as delightful for the mothers as for the children. For the former can loll under tents and read novels or "gam" while the cool breeze fans their cheeks. The word "gam" is Nantucket for gossip. It is a relic of the old whaling days. When two Nantucket whalers met far north in the Pacific ocean, they would lay to and have a "gam," especially if one had left the island later than the others with news and letters for the rest of the fleet. These Nantucket whalers carried the mails over thousands and thousands of miles of ocean without asking a subsidy or even collecting postage.

No settlement could spring up so quickly as the new part of 'Sconset without a proportionately rapid rise in the value of real estate. One hears of investments in land here which have proven fabulously profitable for a village which was settled as long ago as 1676. Six years ago, for instance, a gentleman bought a large tract of land running northward from the village to Sankaty Head lighthouse—the easternmost point of the United States—at the rate of $6 an acre. He now can get $1,600 for a small building lot.

'Sconset must be the quaintest hamlet in the United States, for it seems as if here quaintness had reached its limit. Not only the age of the houses in the village proper, but also their curious—one is tempted to say ludicrous—architecture give the place its unique character and its charm of being very old, very queer and very picturesque. Verily, if any style of architecture is sufficiently separate and apart from all other styles to deserve a name, it is 'Sconset style. It owes its peculiarity to its origin. Every house in the village grew by installments as the number of its occupants increased. Its founders intended it to be nothing more than a "fishing stage." Cod were abundant off shore in the fall and bluefish in the spring. The fishermen concluded they might better spend the night on "the bank" than to make the long trip from and to "town" daily, so they collected suitable wreckage from along the beach—and there was plenty of it—and built rude huts of one room each. After a while the wives, who were left in town, concluded they would come over and see that their husbands didn't get into any mischief. The result was two additions to the hut, a sleeping room and a

kitchen. These extensions were called "warts," a term still used by the natives. These warts were mere cubbies with slanting roofs. Doors wrenched from the cabins of wrecks, and perhaps bunks from the same source, were utilized in "finishing" these additions. After a while the sons and daughters followed the wives and then more additions or even an attic became necessary. Then more wreckage was brought into requisition and a ship's ladder served as a means of access to the attic.

As years went by and the bracing qualities of 'Sconset air became recognized, the town folk who could afford it, built themselves cottages on the "Bank" and went there with their families during the fall fishing season, the most beautiful part of the year here. It became the Nantucket seaside resort, paradoxical as that term may seem, considering that Nantucket lies thirty miles out at sea. When the whaling vessels were in port it was the fashion for the flush sailors to drive the girls over to 'Sconset at a tearing pace with the top of the buggy let down so that not even its resistance to the air should diminish the speed. This style of driving was called "Cape Horn fashion," and to this day a well-bred native will not drive with the top of his buggy down.

No sooner had woman arrived at the settlement on the Bank than the feminine taste to adorn things began to change somewhat the appearance of the place. For ornaments wrecks were again resorted to. Small figureheads and bits of gilt and scroll work were utilized to adorn the interiors, while the quarterboards of wrecks were nailed over the door and the larger figureheads were placed like objects of statuary on the grass plots in front of the houses. Some of these figureheads still remain in their old places; others have been bought by the summer visitors. Mrs. W. J. Chittenden, of Detroit, who occupies a lovely cottage on the bluff, is the happy possessor of the head of a dapper little man, which gives a decidedly 'Sconsety character to the front of her abode, which, by the way, is named Wannacomet after an Indian Sachem. Nearly all the cottages have names, many of which are characteristic of the little boxes of houses in the old village, and of those on the grounds of Mr. E. F. Underhill, who has built some twenty cottages patterned closely after the genuine old "wart" style of architecture. Peanut Shell, Castle Bandbox, Baby House, Dove Cote, Pen Box, Fo'castle, Quarter-deck, Nauticon Lodge—Nantucket is supposed to be the old Nauticon—are some of the most characteristic names. The old Indian appellations of certain portions of the island are also utilized. Among these are Miacomet, already mentioned, Minnehaha, occupied by Mrs. Farquhar, of Detroit, Madequecham, Wanackmamack and Pochick, Spread Eagle cottage is so called because of an old ship's eagle over its door. Foreign and even dead languages are represented by Svargaloka, which is the Sanskrit for Paradise, and by Dexioma, which, painted in the original Greek lettering between two "warts," sadly puzzles the uninitiated.

The central feature of 'Sconset is the old pump, Sankaty Head, Tom Never's Head (a headland to the south) and even the Town of Nantucket itself are said to be so and so many miles "from the Pump," while a little daily paper published here is called the 'Sconset Pump. All strangers who visit the village seek out the pump as the chief object of interest, and hardly a summer visitor goes home at the end of the season without having taken a draught of its cool, sparkling water from the tin cup. The pump-box is of a faded green color—the color of the horse tub is indefinable; but the whole combination is as quaint-looking as the old cottages in the background of the scene. To judge by the browning of the cheeks and the brightening of the eyes of those who spend the summer here, and their gay and happy dispositions, the old pump seems to be the veritable fountain of eternal youth which Ponce de Leon vainly sought.

Syndicate letter Aug 8 to Robbie

'SCONSET SCENES.

Imagine a village so quaint that an old pump is the centre of life there. Such a village is 'Sconset, almost antique in its quaintness and yet paradoxically enough situated on the Easternmost bluff of a country of which newness is the predominant characteristic.

No one thinks of ever calling this hamlet by its full name, Siasconset. It is such a dear little spot that people clip the name as they would that of some wee, roguish child's. They usually are not here longer than a few hours before they discover that four syllables are entirely out of proportion to the Liliputian dimensions of the cottages which compose the village. For 'Sconset architecture is unique and wonderful. You look at the houses on either side of the grassy lanes running through the hamlet and marvel how human beings can find room to move about within. You enter and discover that there is a complete house on the cutest miniature scale—sitting and dining room, kitchen and three or four bed-rooms. If the cottage happens to stand right on the edge of the bluff and you chance to glance through one of the rear windows you will see the ocean stretching far, far to the horizon. For the waves which break over the beach at the foot of the bluff have 3000 miles of sea behind them. Nailed to the side of one of the cottages on the "Bank" is a sign-post on which are painted the words: "To Spain." This direction is strictly accurate, the Spanish coast being the nearest land to the eastward of 'Sconset.

The window through which you looked out upon the ocean is so small that it reminds you of the port-hole of a vessel, and somehow as you look about the room with an occasional glance seaward, a feeling that you are aboard ship grows upon you. There is a regular ship-ladder leading from the floor of the sitting-room to a cubby hole under the roof, the second story bedroom. Here and there you see lockers let into the wall; some of the doors of the wee bedrooms look as if they had once done service in staterooms or cabins, and, if the cottage happens to be a very old one, you may discover in one of the apartments a genuine bunk. Then too everything about the cottage is so shipshape. In fact, even before you entered the cottage, you had a vague sense of some impending nautical experience. For there on the grass-plot which you crossed stands the wooden figure of a woman with flowing hair and garments, one hand raised as if urging on to speed—the figure-head of some vessel, the sole relic of some proud ship which met its doom on one of the treacherous shoals which lie in glistening white skirmish lines off shore to a distance of fifteen miles. Then nailed above the entrance is a quarter-board bearing the name of another ill-fated craft—their number is known to have been at least five-hundred—and the chances are that some old salt was trimming the wicks of two lanterns, red and green, port and starbard—or watering flowers which grow around a capstan as a centre-piece, or trail over the spokes of a helm-wheel. Indeed, the cottage itself looked so squatty from the outside that it reminded you of a

deck-house more than of a land-abode, and you were surprised not to be obliged to descend a gangway on entering. When you have been in 'Sconset long enough to know something of its history, you discover a further nautical trait in that 'Sconset is not the first "moorings" at which some of these cottages have "tied up." Nantucket houses and cottages have queer migratory traits. Several have travelled even as far as Portchester, N. Y., some of the dwellings there being old Nantucket houses which were shipped on the installment plan to whoever bought them—this in the days when the bottom dropped out of whaling and everything on this island was going down, down, down, until Nantucket became a summer resort and the natives discovered that summer visitors were as lucrative as whales. Similarly 'Sconset has grown through the migratory propensities of Nantucket houses. Just as the tides have washed the sands from North and South toward 'Sconset, until between the sea and the bluff against whose very base it once beat there is now a beach some 400 feet in width, so the tide of popularity has brought houses from other parts of the island hither. Some two miles to the North was a fishing-stage, Sesachacha by name. One by one the fishermen's huts were transferred from there to 'Sconset until nothing remained upon the site of Sesachacha but a well, which is used to this day, more than two hundred years after it was dug. For Sesachacha ante-dates 'Sconset, and 'Sconset is known to have been started about 1676. From Madequet, 12 miles to the westward, and from "town," a distance of 7 1-2 miles, houses or parts of houses were brought to 'Sconset—for mark you, the 'Sconset cottages grew, like the village itself, by accretion.

'Sconset was originally a rude "fishing stage"—a few huts of one room each strung along the "Bank," as Nantucketers have since years immemorial called the bluff. There the fishermen, who came over from "town" to fish in the fall, spent the night, cooking their meals with the most primitive kind of utensils over an open hearth. After a while, reports of the glorious air on the "Bank" attracted the wives of the fishermen to the spot, and straightway the combination of living-room, bed-room and kitchen in one no longer sufficed. The original hut had been built from the wreckage with which the beach was strewn, and wreckage was again utilized for the extension. It was a wee affair with a slanting roof, and if there happened to have been a cabin door among the wreckage, it was swung on hinges for a bedroom door. Bye-and-bye the sons and daughters drifted over and more extensions became necessary. They were built similarly and of the same kind of materials. And well indeed have the old ship timbers held together! For to this day they are as sound as when they were rent asunder by the fury of the waves on Great Rip. Sometimes, if the town house from which the fisherman hailed happened to have an extra room, this room would be taken apart and carted over to 'Sconset. And so the village grew and grew until about the middle of the last century it attained its present dimensions. Since then the village itself has not grown. The growth has been toward the North and South and has been the result of the building of modern cottages by summer visitors.

In the centre of this quaint village stands a pump as old and odd looking as the lop-sided, queer cornered cottages around it. All distances are reckoned from the Pump. Sankaty Head lighthouse is two miles "from the Pump." "Town" (as they call Nantucket) is 7½ miles "from the Pump."

A New York journalist—i. e. your correspondent—has started a little daily paper here devoted to the doings of the summer visitors. He did not long cast about for a name for the sheet, which is as wee as a 'Sconset cottage. The venture and the name suggested themselves simultaneously. He called it the *'Sconset Pump*. Whether it be on the strength of its name or on its own merits, it is a paying venture—of course only in its wee way. Some one has written of it:

The *'Sconset Pump!* The *'Sconset Pump!*
It took the town with a skip and a jump!

The pump, not the *Pump*, is a lovable old institution. Its age is as charmingly apparent in its looks, as in those of a silvery-locked, furrow-faced, genial old gentleman. It literally overflows with kindness toward all—young and old, man and beast. For one hundred years its waters have sparkled refreshingly into tin-cups, tumblers and pails, with entire independence of the age, or social status of the pumper. Young and old, millionaire and fisherman, banker and farmer, meet at the pump on an equal footing—excepting, that members of the gentler sex are given precedence at the spout, while those of the sterner sex who happen to be present, vie with each other to be the first in having the privilege of working the handle. This exception in favor of the gentler sex existed even long before the summer visitors came to 'Sconset. For the native Nantucketers have in their natures an inborn courtesy which I think has a truer ring than the polished politeness of many of the city people who come here for the season. As a result, there exists here a cordiality of relationship between natives and summer visitors, which one rarely finds elsewhere.

The old village, as before stated, preserves nearly all its quaintness of more than a century ago; and the rapid growth of the summer settlement is due to this quaint beauty, which is in itself an unceasing joy, and to the freedom and ease of summer life at 'Sconset. The balmy air soon takes the starch out of one's disposition. A stranger is not long making acquaintances. Those already in the place will meet him half-way, and, if he be shy, more than half-way. Taking it altogether, 'Sconset is the dearest, most lovable old place I know of—and as for the old pump, it is the veritable fountain of eternal youth which so many have sought for in vain.

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Pump July 25-87

REMINISCENCES OF NANTUCKET AND 'SCONSET.

(*From a letter to a 'Sconset Summer Visitor.*)

159 Bridge St., CENTRALVILLE, Sunday.

DEAR F:—Thank you for your letter and "THE PUMP." I have read both with pleasure, including the advertisments in the latter.

I remember the Pump, Capt. Baxter, the wooden Martha, and the "whole business," perfectly well. Twenty years ago I made my first visit to 'Sconset, and I can never forget the novelty of it all. I went home that summer with C— He lives in Edgartown, and his father has a cottage at the Vineyard. We were at the cottage at the time, and becoming tired of the monotony there, we started one afternoon for "fresh fields and pastures new." We landed in Nantucket in the evening. Nantucket had not begun to be a fashionable resort at that time, and we saw the town and all the people in the simplicity that had marked them from the remainder of the world. We

stopped in Orange street, and the hotel-keeper could only accommodate us at the table in his own house, and at night he took us through his back yard, down a steep hill, into the street below, and into a house that he had just bought for ninety dollars—an old-fashioned, square-built structure that must have been owned by some well-to-do shipping merchant or sea captain.

He put us into one of the square chambers, and I remember that I disliked to go to sleep and lose consciousness of the beauty of the wall paper, the like of which I had never seen before, and I certainly haven't since. The pattern of the paper reached from floor to ceiling. Under the wide-spreading branches of most wonderfully shaped trees, were gardens full of flowers "with seats beneath the shade for talking age and whispering lovers made." I wondered then; and I wonder now, wherever such marvellous wall-paper came from.

Twenty years ago I was younger than I am now, and things took on a different look, and wall paper as novel as this was to me, held a charm that has lingered in my memory ever since.

The second day of our visit we hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable, and drove seven miles over a desert of sand to 'Sconset. Our horse proved to be a very Pegasus on the way over; sand and heat were no impediments to his progress, and until we arrived at the 'Sconset pump, we were at a loss to account for his untimely speed. While the poor beast was drinking from the water that the paper you sent me immortalizes, the mystery of his haste was solved. Only three days before our visit the horse had been sold by a denizen of 'Sconset to a Nantucket stable-keeper, and the poor creature was so delighted at the prospect of standing once more upon his native heath and drinking from his favorite spring, that joy lent wings to his feet. He had been a family pet, and his pleasure in seeing his former owners and the neighbors who gathered around the pump was something quite akin to human nature.

Our drive home was slower than the "Dead March in Saul," but we had seen 'Sconset and were happy. We had the feeling, somehow, of being in a foreign land, stranded upon an unknown shore.

I have visited this delectable island many times since, always with pleasure, but nothing will ever equal the novelty of our first trip there. JOHN PARRY PRESCOTT.

Syracuse letter Aug-88

NANTUCKET.

The permanent population of the island must continue to fall off. As the government lighthouse and buoy service becomes more perfect, wrecks, once a considerable source of profit, become yearly less frequent. Cod are still quite plenty in the fall, and many are caught and cured, but neither the cod nor the mackerel are sufficient in numbers this far south to make fishing a great industry. Bluefish have been very scarce this summer, and lobsters not more than plentiful. Nantucket, once the nursery and school of the best sailors in the world, now rarely finds any craft larger than a cat boat in her harbor, and she furnishes few if any sailors to the little fishing fleet that follow the cod and mackerel to the northern fishing banks. Hence, unless the land of the island can once more be utilized, the population will continue to fall off until it consists only of those who can, in one fashion or another, live by fishing operations or off the influx of summer visitors. There are no industrial establishments on the island, and the only work that I have found doing for the mainland is the knitting of split zephyr sacks for infants. Probably a hundred women and girls in the town of Nantucket are thus engaged, and I am told that they earn from 17 to 25 cents a day. The goods are for a Boston house, which ships the zephyr to the island for the purpose. In the summer quite a numerous body of men are engaged in building boats or driving hacks for the visitors.

But despite the diminishing opportunities for employment, few people are actually poor. Rents are low and every family has a house to itself, and frequently a garden also. Quahaugs (hard clams), soft clams and scallops abound, and are to be had for the digging or dredging. Enough cod and other fish can be caught to supply the whole population, but meat is nearly all brought from the main land. Plenty of poultry is, however, raised on the island. The ordinary fare of the people, even in the winter, when ice in the harbor sometimes prevents the steamboat from running to the mainland, is doubtless better and more varied than of inland farmers in the south and west. Fuel is dear, but though constant sea breezes, let the wind blow as it may, keep the temperature calm in summer, the close proximity of the gulf stream makes the winters milder on the island than on the mainland. Under all the circumstances it is not, therefore, remarkable that there are few paupers, the total number being thirty last year, while a measure of assistance was extended to fifty-three families outside. The fact appears to be that people can with comparative ease live on the island, but that the chances of making anything beyond a mere living are few and far between.

The island and the adjacent islets constitute a county, which in turn consists of a single town. There is a complete set of county officers from sheriff down, but the income of these officers is very moderate. The town is usually republican, but it went democratic at the state election a year ago. In local affairs partisan considerations are said to be disregarded, but I find that few democrats get elected to local offices. The whole matter of local government appears to be more like that of a family than that of a political community. One of the numerous Macys, an old-time whaler, was elected register of deeds several years ago. He was well informed about the island and particularly well suited to the place. While an incumbent of the office, however, he became totally blind. This would have ended his official career in most places, but here it gave him a new claim on the good will of his neighbors. They re-elected him to the position and he employs a bright and thoroughly competent young lady as his assistant. At the recent session of the court here, this young lady, Miss Barrett, was formally confirmed as deputy register of deeds for Nantucket county. Think of a non-voter with no "in-floo-ence" getting a deputy registership elsewhere on the mere ground that she was entirely fit for the place!

The tax collector is another ex-whaler, and I found him engaged in teaching a small boy to tie some sort of intricate sailor's knot. I found that the total assessment last year was $2,725,920, divided into $1,543,995 on real estate and

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$1,181,925 on personal property. The proportion of personal property thus assessed is astonishing. The tax rate is $1.04 on the $100, and the total tax levy, including poll tax, $30,046.88. The whole amount appropriated for running the county government was $2,500. The largest appropriation, $6,200, was for public schools, and the smallest, $1,500, for repairs of highways. The police appropriation was but $2,500. Public order is usually well maintained and the number of criminals is small. Two or three criminals at the recent session of court for participation in one burglary made the total much larger than usual. The chief of the gang broke jail, and escaped in a boat, getting himself picked up at sea. He has since been rearrested, however, much to the regret of the islanders. After he serves his term they say, he will now be sure to come back, whereas, had he remained a fugitive, they would have been rid of him forever. One thing that tends to check crime is the fact that unless a man is bold enough to risk going to sea in an open boat he has but one way of leaving the island.—*Exchange.*

N.Y Star July 12-88

Maddaquet Musings.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 6.—You can sympathize, after you have begun to taste and appreciate the luxuries and privileges of life here at Maddaquet, with the old-time Western settler who felt "crowded" and moved away when a newcomer built within half a mile of his cabin. We have here the retirement of spaciousness. No one lives within a mile of the house. No road, passageway or sidewalk passes by us. You can do what you please out of doors, and there is no one to molest or make afraid. In town you live in continual fear of your neighbors. You are ever on guard and protecting and hiding yourself from them. You cannot safely leave a window uncurtained. Not so here. We have a mile of space around us to live in. We can sing, or bellow, or beat a bass drum, or practice on a trombone at any hour, night or day, without disturbing any one. So could Adam in the Garden of Eden, at least before Eve's arrival. There is a chance here to begin to grow natural, to use a certain freedom which it is impossible to have in packed places where, if you desire to do something harmless in itself, yet in so doing you must necessarily annoy or inconvenience somebody else. In town, you have not even the bird's privilege of singing out of doors. That bird can sit in a tree and sing as long as it pleases, in tune or out of tune, and no one thinks anything about it. But you cannot climb a tree and sing. Why? Because you are afraid you'd be thought odd or foolish or undignified or idiotic. Really, at heart you want to sing as much as the bird. There is sing in you. There is music in every soul asking, begging, praying for expression. But we go on as we have gone for generations, mute as mice, mostly for fear of others, until at last we have good reasons for not lifting up our voices in public. Ages of repression make them unearthly and fearful to hear when we do raise them. Every one would sing, and sing well, too, did we feel as free to sing as we do to breathe before others. That's why the bird in its way sings so well. It had no masters to teach it save liberty and its own little joyous spirit. Liberty! Freedom! We know not as yet the real meaning of these words. You are doing something every hour not to please yourself but those execrable tyrants—public opinion or private opinions. You wear on a hot day a coat when your body longs to go not only in shirt sleeves, but undershirt sleeves. You are wearing shoes and stockings while your poor corn-laden feet are begging for the luxury of their youth—that of going barefoot and trampling about in the brook mud and feeling it squeeze up between your toes. You would like to sit, on a sultry afternoon, on your veranda in a sheet like an Arab, but you can't, because the urchins of civilization let loose from Sunday school might come and stare and hoot at you. You are, in fact, ruled by the opinion of street urchins in these matters. You fear their ridicule, and through that fear groan and sweat and fret in the tight coats and waists of civilization. Here in our part of Maddaquet we can sit in a sheet, if we desire. There are no urchins. There is no public. There is no public opinion within a mile of the house. We can safely and with entire propriety take a bath without a bathing suit and not feel, on coming out of the water a few feet from our door, as if we had fallen overboard in our clothes, as you do always feel on coming out of the misery and envelope of a bathing suit. A swim loses half its bloom in a bathing suit. You have no limb freedom in one. You are weighted, freighted, crippled by pounds of wet flannel hanging to you, as possibly it has hung to a hundred other human bodies—the Lord knows whom or afflicted with what! There is nothing improper in bathing here without suits, because there is no one to shock, unless haply you have grown to that extreme of ultra modesty that you are shocked at yourself, and are thereby obliged to protect yourself from yourself by hiding it from your own eyes.

Freedom! Did our forefathers indeed gain it when they "fit into the Revolution?" Or was it only a change of masters or mistresses—a change from the dominion of King George to that of Queen Grundy? Who is Queen Grundy? An old, withered, parchment-lined, vinegar-faced, vinegar-tempered, soured, sad, disappointed old maid—at war with the world because a man hasn't married her; or, if a man has married her (N. B.—There are as many married old maids as unmarried ones), soured because she hasn't found in him the man she wanted; a poor creature, without half your sense, who is unhappy unless she has some one to talk about, and equally unhappy when she does have some one to talk about—whose only recreation lies in finding out all she can of her neighbors' affairs, and next in tattling them to others—who would be in misery did she not see defects in others to talk about—a meddlesome, prying being, who sees evil in everything and sees every straw as blown by the winds pointing to a scandal—a poor unfortunate and more to be pitied than blamed poor creature of no particular sex—as likely to wear pants as petticoats and have the form of a man as a woman—that is Queen Grundy, who to-day rules you, governs you, makes the law for you, starts public opinion and public prejudice for you.

The Nantucket Tick.

The Nantucket tick is a rural insect. It lives in the grass, in the wildwood, anywhere. It catches on you while you are walking, and clings to your clothes. It seems possessed with a chronic tendency to make all passers-by a means of transit for itself. It gets aboard of you as you board a car or steamboat. It says, Whither thou goest I will go, too; and it goes. It does not stop traveling when it boards you; it keeps on crawling, it rummages, it investigates, it explores; it goes through your clothing from the sole of your foot to the top of your head. It lands on your head or the top of your hat. It may be an inside or an outside passenger. It crawls inside your

clothes; it penetrates to the very bowels of the land; it seeks out the outside of your overshirt and the inside of your undershirt; it sticks, it clings, it crawls, it tickles; it is not easily to be shaken off. I find often after "comin' thro' the rye" a mile or more four, six, eight, ten of these creatures on me, and all but in me. In this way you will unawares bring them home with you and into the house. There then will they stay.

After you have picked them all off you, outside and in, you will still find one left. He is hidden away in the crevice of your undershirt. He lies in ambush. He keeps quiet. He waits till night. He goes to bed with you. Or rather you go to bed with him—if it is a him. When you would slumber he commences to crawl. You then try to soothe yourself with a fancy that it is only your imagination. It is not your imagination. It is him—the tick. You stand his crawl and cutaneous irritation as long as you can and try to think of other things and get above this paltry insignificance. But you can't. Then you get a light and a fresh undershirt or nightgown, or if you have no one to call on you get these things yourself.

Now this is the "tick" at his very worst. You will not find him at all on either the still water or ocean beaches. You will not find him in the immediate vicinity of inhabited houses or in neighborhoods where people permanently live. Then there is the mosquito. On the fourteen or fifteen miles of the surf side of the island it comes nearer the bounds of the baldest kind of truth known to say there are no mosquitoes. In Nantucket town I never had any personal interruption from the mosquito. About the swamps in other parts of the island, there are at times mosquitoes and ticks. But the tick is not as bad as the rattlesnake or the book agent—the "jigger" of the tropics or the tramp of the temperate zone; and from these Nantucket is quite exempt.

Home Journal Aug 1-88

SEA AND SHORE.

NANTUCKET, JULY 28, 1888.

Gentle reader—I like those old forms of address, as I do the old-fashioned courtesies which distinguished our manners a generation or two ago, and which still survive in places in town and country somewhat removed from Paul Pry's vulgar "interviewing" eye—gentle reader, then, did you ever return to a spot where some days of one of your past summers had gone happily by, or to one endeared to you by associations of childhood, and try to revive the feeling, the keen zest and sense of enjoyment which made that little segment of your life seem to you then so blissful? Have you ever quite succeeded in doing so? I think I can answer for you, No. There is always something wanting, though the place and the people are much the same. Circumstances are changed with you; you have passed out of that period in your existence, once and for all, and no effort of the memory or the imagination can put you back into just the same conditions, or restore to the picture the fresh, lovely tints of its first impression, the light that *once* "was on the land and sea." With a second visit to Nantucket in mind after a lapse of four years, I was curious to know how far I should share this common experience. Taking passage on the magnificent steamer Pilgrim, of the Fall River Line, I found the appointment and service just the same, perfect as ever, and Rice, the steward, at his old post on the stairway as I entered, as splendid as of yore, looking in his uniform and laced hat every inch a commodore, as he is a gentleman. Stepping upon the "little isle" after a four hours' sail from New Bedford, which you reach from Fall River by train in time for the early morning boat, I was surprised and pleased to find, on going about the quaint, beautiful streets of the town, how much the peculiar charm of Nantucket still asserted itself. Seeing it as I do now, through the eyes of a companion who is viewing it for the first time, and with my own old enthusiasm, I have less difficulty in realizing that earlier "day of my delight." There is a fascination in the very thought of one's isolation here, away in the deep, fifty miles from the main land, which to me is irresistible, all these old stories of island life which open such deep fountains of joy in the boyish heart come vividly back to me.

It is like being in a little world apart, with only remote connection with that other great world lying yonder, with all its burden of care, and toil, and sin, as distant, you sometimes think, as though it were in another star. In the town itself four years seem to have made little or no change. Scarcely one new structure has risen, and the eye is still gladdened with the sight of the square-built, roomy mansions, with their suggestions of solid comfort and old-fashioned hospitality. But great improvements have taken place on the Sherburne Bluffs, or the "cliffs," as they are better known, lying directly north of the town, and about a mile distant from its centre. Here, on perhaps the most picturesque and delightful part of the island, overlooking the harbor and its approaches, and the Vineyard Sound, with its vast expanse beyond, has grown up a colony of cottagers who, fortunate in their selection of a home, come down year after year with their families, remaining often till October, and making a large and very agreeable addition to the summer population. On our way to the "cliffs," and in fact just after reaching the higher ground, we found the new Sea Cliff Inn, opened only last season, a beautiful structure in the modern style, with a commanding site, and an outlook almost as wide as that of the residences beyond. With capacity for comfortably housing from fifty to seventy-five people, the house is overflowing, at present actually accommodating one hundred and fifty guests. We were shown into some of the public rooms by the polite proprietress, Mrs. Pettie. The parlor is very tastefully furnished, in antique fashion, with an open fireplace, a large bow window, with low-cushioned seats looking landward, and French windows opening to the floor, giving access to a broad piazza and an uninterrupted view of the sea. The dining-room is spacious, airy and well-lighted, decorated with cabinets containing bits of old china, four of them, cunningly wrought in the shape of the bow end of a boat and set up, each in a corner of the apartment. A unique feature in the decoration is a wheel taken from the wreck of a vessel and now doing duty as a hat rack.

There are now more visitors to the island than for years past, so early in the season, all the hotels, the Nantucket, the Springfield, the Ocean House, etc., being full and turning people away for want of accommodations. No wonder Nantucket should be growing in popularity, in view of the vitalizing restorative quality of its air, so grateful to the invalid, and to the overworked student or man of business, and with so many means of rational enjoyment constantly within easy reach. If little change is visible in the town, I was amazed and somewhat grieved at the innovations already made and in progress at Siasconset, "little 'Sconset," as most of the natives and those who pass their summers there affectionately call it. Until recently perhaps the quaintest of all fishing villages on the New England coast, I found it yielding rapidly to the imperious demands of fashion, though fashionable, in the conventional sense of the term, it probably and happily never will be. Originally only a collection of huts built by the Nantucket fishermen for their convenience and shelter during the cod fishing season in the autumn and early winter, little additions, locally known as "warts" were made from time to time for the use of their wives and families, who finally made their homes there, Siasconset, like Rome, not having been built

in a day. All this was done, good reader, more than a hundred years ago, many of the houses dating from an early period in the eighteenth century. But the little place, like Bottom, is being "translated." Along the bluffs which overlook on one side the ocean, on the other the noble downs stretching for miles away inland, more than a score of cottages of a newer pattern, illustrating the various and fantastic "orders" of architecture in vogue at our seaside resorts, have been erected. Fast "the old order changeth, giving place to new," and you who would see 'Sconset in those characteristic features, which to the "seeing eye," constitute its charm, must not delay your coming. Some of these have already disappeared. Many of the old cottages have been altered almost beyond recognition, and most of the ancient figureheads transplanted from some gallant barks that had struck upon this treacherous shore, and which, when last here I found standing guard at the cottage doors or still looking defiance to the elements from the house tops, have been ignominiously carted away. One of them, the bust of the old admiral, a trifle weather-beaten, but still glorious in his blue coat and yellow vest, the proprietor had the good taste to preserve.

With the map of Nantucket before you, almost the first thing, perhaps, to attract your attention will be the broad estuary extending from the harbor, a distance of about nine miles, in a northeasterly direction, to Wauwinet, where it widens out into a sea-like expanse, known as Head of the Harbor. Here, on a narrow strip of sand, separating this landlocked sea from the ocean without, lies the Wauwinet Hotel, consisting of a cosey little main building, called the "bungalow," and two or three adjacent cottages. It is reached by an easy and delightful sail from the town by steamer or sailboat, is much resorted to by transient tourists and excursionists, and this year has more than its usual complement of permanent guests. It must eventually grow in importance and in public favor as a summer resort. The still waters of the harbor on one side, and the ocean, with a less dangerous beach than that of Siasconset, on the other, afford unlimited facilities for bathing, boating, fishing and sailing, and within walking distance of the house is a fresh-water pond, where perch are taken in abundance. But now, with this little out of the much that might be written, and with many regrets, as we turn our face homewards, our au revoirs must be said and the tale of our pleasant lotos dream on this enchanted isle be ended.

Stopping for a day only—all that my time allowed—at Martha's Vineyard, we took the train to Katama, about ten miles down the shore now well known as the site of Mattakeset Lodge. We rode through a finely diversified country dotted here and there with farm-houses and with the waters of Vineyard Sound in sight all the way. The spot is one singularly favored by nature for a summer resort. Within a few rods of the house, Katama Bay, a lovely sheet of water, is spread out, affording abundant opportunity for boating, sailing and bathing in safety, while little more than half a mile away, due east, lies the Atlantic. I have seen the ocean in most of its aspects on our coasts from Portsmouth, N. H., in the north, to some of the lower beaches of New Jersey, but nowhere does it to my thinking present such a spectacle of immensity and awful beauty as here at Katama. Mattakeset Lodge, with its even summer temperature, makes a delightful home for families with children, miles away, as it is from "the madding crowd" at Cottage City, and Mr. W. D. Carpenter, its manager for many years, is adding to his popularity each season by his constant and courteous attentions to his guests and by a cuisine which, in not alone its abundance and variety, but in the admirable manner of its preparation and service, may safely challenge comparison with some of the best seashore resorts.

H. C. M.

Mid Travel Gazette June 1888

'SCONSET-BY-THE-SEA.

Along the low-lying southeastern shore of Nantucket, and at a point where the flat little island asserts itself into something of a bluff against the waves, is the unique, tiny village of Siasconset. 'Sconset, as through ancient custom the Indian name has been abbreviated by the islanders and adopted by visitors, was discovered to the outside world some ten years ago. But for over two hundred years before its merits were known to the mainland, 'Sconset was a favorite summer resort for Nantucketers. The midway spot between Tom Never's Head and Pochick Light was originally used by the natives for a fishing stage during the cod season. With proverbial thrift the fishermen did not go to the expense of building new huts on the bank, but brought from the mother town barns and out-houses which afforded some rude shelter from the frequent fogs and occasional storms of 'Sconset. The reefs that form an almost continuous breakwater around the southern shore of the island aided this primitive method of architecture by numerous contributions of wreckage. Ships' lockers, berths and cabins were washed ashore from wrecks on the fatal Old Man's Back and Bass Rip, and these relics of catastrophe came in very handily to form additional apartments alongside the primal tenement. By gradual accession of such flotsam and jetsam the original barn carted over from Nantucket became as comfortable within as it was remarkable without. Doorways were cut in its walls, and such of the wreckage as would make a small bedroom or cupboard was neatly joined over the aperture. Eventually the slowly completed cottage was furnished with articles that could be spared from the home in Nantucket, and the fishermen's families began to accompany them to 'Sconset during the fishing season. The patchwork cottages were shingled and made as cosy as posible. Railings were put around them, the figure-heads and name-boards of wrecked vessels that floated ashore after storms were nailed on the walls as ornaments, and the curious hamlet was laid out in an attempt at streets that was not less curious.

The village exists to-day as it was some two hundred years ago. Its summer population is a compound of a different class of people, its roofs are grayer with age, its shingles on many a cottage are half hidden by lichen and moss and ivy. But the queer little composite and variously shaped houses are unchanged, the gaudily painted and grostesque figure-heads of vessels gone to the bottom a century since are still affixed over the portals, and in almost all the cottages there are square backed chairs, antique tables, ancient sets of china and venerable clocks brought to Nantucket from different parts of the world by the captains of whaling vessels many a year ago.

However immutable 'Sconset may be in its most individual characteristics, it has altered socially. Within the last decade the charms and benefits it possessed were realized by some visitors to Nantucket. They rented the queer cottages on the bank, brought more modern and serviceable furniture from the mainland, and spent the summer so agreeably and healthfully that the ensuing season found them returning to 'Sconset accompanied by their friends. In a few years all the cottages had city tenants, many fine houses were built on the bluff, two hotels were built, and every foot of land on the shore line up to Pochick Light was bought. In the matter of curious architecture and quaint streets 'Sconset is very much the same as the ancient fishing stage of the Nantucketers. But the tenants of its cottages in the summer time nowadays are from Beacon Street and Murray Hill and Gramercy Park. It is remarkable to notice how easily fashionable people can adapt themselves to such limited luxuries as are afforded by a 'Sconset cottage, with the servants sleeping beside trunks in a cock-loft, with a parlor so small that half a dozen people are squeezed into uncomfortable proximity when together in it, with the bed rooms so narrow and the mirror necessarily so scanty in size that an elaborate and well considered toilet is an impossibility.

The cottagers enjoy and profit by a summer at 'Sconset so much that almost invariably they come back to the same contracted quarters year by year until they become nigh as native to the island as the Macys, the Folgers, the Starbucks, or even that extraordinary old gentleman, Captain Baxter, who is as distinguished a fraction of Nantucket as its ancient prestige in whaling.

But this can be explained by the fact, that of all places in the world 'Sconset holds in least reverence the Lares and Penates. Domesticity is unknown even to the invalids. Only during stormy weather, at meals or by night, are the cottagers at home. Each family has a tent on the beach, a primitive arrangement of gray or striped canvas stretched over poles in the sand, that affords shade from the sun, and under which the livelong day is spent. Hammocks are slung under the tents, rugs are stretched, steamer chairs are set, and here the ladies assemble soon after an eight o'clock breakfast, bringing embroidery work with them, or literature, to while away the time until luncheon. Among its unique features 'Sconset has no more remarkable characteristic than beach tents.

The cottagers live in them almost as completely as nomads, with all of the Indian's langour, with more than the Gipsy's ease. Every whit of business or pleasure during the summer is transacted under the awnings on the sands. The ladies finish fancy work beneath this shade, read, write letters, watch the bathers, receive and return calls. One tent shelters three or four learned professors discussing some question in science or literature; the next a lover lying at the feet of his mistress; the third an assembly of ladies engaged in a sprightly conversation over the memories of last winter or the anticipations of next one; the fourth, a husband and wife reading the magazines while the children dig ramparts and forts in the sand beside them. Very frequently the servants serve luncheon in the tents, after which the cottagers often enjoy a siesta in the hammocks, lulled to sleep by the continual whisper of the waves. So important a part of 'Sconset life is its fluttering canvases on the sands, that occasionally the entire business precedent to matrimony is completed beneath them. The formal introduction, the admiration of the slender hand, the witchery of the soft eye, the first flirtation, the bewilderment of a sigh broken by a laugh; the continual meetings day by day, the arrangement for almost as frequent meetings in the city when the summer is over; the falling in love, the proposal whispered to the rumble of the waves; the acceptance, the dreams of future happiness; the terrible inevitable of asking papa, the asking him, his inquiry into the statements of prospects; the paternal blessing and consent, the ineffable joy of being engaged to and constantly in the society of a fairy creature with the whitest of teeth, the brownest of complexions, the bluest of eyes, the goldenest of tresses—all of these preliminary matters are most agreeably arranged under the tents at 'Sconset. The whole affair, as there are plenty of parsons there, might be completed on the spot, were it not for the impossibility of the desired bridesmaids and the requisite wedding march. Many a man has wandered carelessly into one of these tents and come out as good as married. More fatal to bachelorhood is this trembling shadow on the sands than ever was the deepest gloaming of the vale of Tempe.

About noontide every day the tents, however, are almost entirely deserted for the water. 'Sconset is preeminently a bathing place. From children two or three years old, to gentlemen and ladies who, many years before, attained their grand climacteric, the cottagers take a daily dip in the surf. It is a very extraordinary thing to see feeble old fellows tumbling about with great agility in the waves, surrounded by their grandchildren. But this confidence in the beach is well grounded. 'Sconset owes its safety for bathers to a variety of peculiar circumstances. The island is thirty miles out in the ocean, it is long and narrow, it directly interrupts the course of the tides to and from Vineyard Sound. Hence the tide at 'Sconset has a rise and fall of only two feet, the ocean in its swift passage towards the Sound and Buzzard's Bay merely pausing to salute Nantucket with a continual roar of surf. The sands at 'Sconset are as smooth as a table and run into deep water within ten feet of the edge. There is no undertow except immediately after a storm, and when this danger exists the bathers are prudent enough to sit on the beach and let the huge waves dash the foam over them harmlessly. As any swimmer, or one used to surf bathing can understand, these characteristics of the beach render it a remarkably safe enjoyment for women and children. The invariably swift movement of the tides parallel with the shores, the constantly high surf and the quick descent of the beach all are features that prevent bathers from stumbling unawares into sand holes, and at the same time afford the finest and safest swimming to those skilled in the water.

When the wind blows from three quarters of the compass over 'Sconset it is the salty, invigorating breeze of the Atlantic; otherwise it comes laden with the softer perfume of pine trees growing in a puny forest in the centre of the island, and of wild flowers on the moorland. The air is at once astonishingly invigorating for appetite, and remarkably lazy for sleep. The cottagers go to bed at eight o'clock, except some of the more dissipated ones who preserve their city habits long enough to stay awake until nine. Through the day they eat almost continually, and with ever increasing zest for the famous Nantucket poultry and vegetables. 'Sconset is thus a very excellent place for the recuperation of the nerves. Its cottages are largely tenanted by artists, literary men, college professors and others, whose work is principally of the nervous mental order. The society on the bank is of the most select kind. 'Sconset is at present what Bar Harbor used to be. Although the two hotels do a large business, it is preeminently a cottage resort. Some people are bored by its continual quietness and sleepiness. But to the majority of its visitors these qualities are those that most recommend it to favor. The health to be gained is astonishing. The thermometer averaged 72 degrees last summer at 'Sconset when it was up to 99 in New York. Blankets are comfortable, malaria is an impossibility, mosquitos are blown away by the breeze. So, between one thing and another, there are few places that possess more attractions for the city visitor than quaint and sleepy little 'Sconset-by-the-Sea.

HILLARY BELL.

Nantucket Journal Aug 18, 88

SALE OF WHITE'S HAMLET.—Last week, Mr. E. F. Underhill purchased from Mr. H. K. White his property in Siasconset, known as "The Hamlet." It consists of thirteen well arranged and commodious cottages built in the winter of 1882-3 and the land on which they are situated, and appertaining thereto. The furniture is included in the transfer. Improvements are to be made by increasing the width of the street to fifty-feet and by adding to the attraction of the interiors of the dwellings for summer residents. With Mr. Underhill experience and success in building and letting seaside cottages, we have no doubt that his investment will prove to be remunerative. With the new purchase he will have over thirty houses for occupancy next season.

With his customary energy and push Mr. Underhill has already issued circulars announcing his purchase and his plans and intentions for the future. In addition to those mentioned he proposes to erect on the beach in front of each of his properties—the "Hamlet" and the "Heights"—twenty bath houses surmounted by a neat pavilion, and will have life-ropes leading from the shore to buoys anchored back of the surf. Mr. Underhill is not only a believer in Siasconset, but an enthusiast. The skepticism of others has never caused him to falter in his plans and he has contributed more than any one man to the growth of Siasconset, by his operations enhancing not only his own but adjacent property. He now enjoys the distinction of being the largest holder of real estate in Siasconset, and the pluck and preseverance he has shown in acquiring the same will undoubtedly enable him to handle it with profit to himself and prove a general benefit to the village and, indirectly, to the whole island.

N.Y. Journal Aug 9-88

Porte V. Ransom, son and law assistant of the Surrogate, has gone on a fishing trip with a Long Island Club.

Chief Clerk William B. Leary will join Porte next week in order to take lessons in fishing, as he never caught a fish bigger than a minnow in his life.

Captain McIntire, calendar clerk for a score of years and a veteran of the Eighth Regiment, had charge of the commissary department at Peekskill. It is needless to say that the captain induced all the boys to sign the pledge.

Stenographer Edward Underhill, of the Surrogate's Court, owns a dozen cottages at 'Sconset, on the island of Nantucket. He may be seen there daily, visiting his tenants, arrayed in all the glory of white flannel and monarch of all he 'rveys.

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Pamph Dept 1-88

LIST OF COTTAGERS AT SIASCONSET.

[This list is the result of a careful canvass. Should omissions or inaccuracies be noticed, we will be much obliged if our attention is called to them.]

Auburndale, Mass.

CLOVERNOOK—Mrs E H Walker, D A Walker, Miss H E Walker; Helen B Walker, Wells College; Misses Hattie and Isabel Harding, George C Harding, Pittsfield, Mass; Miss May Harding, Long Meadow, Mass; Misses Lncy and Pauline Humphrey, New York; F W Walker, Kansas City.

Boston and its Suburbs.

MISS BAKER'S COTTAGE—Misses A S Folsom and E M Folsom, Boston. In this cottage are also Minot Davis. Mary G Davis and Margaret P Davis of Ashville, North Carolina.

CASA MARINA—Mr and Mrs W A Wood, Miss Frances Wood, and Miss Adams, of Worcester.

MACY COTTAGE—Mr and Mrs E A Kendall, Misses Annie H Kendall, Edith G. Kendall, and Winifred Kendall, Robert E Kendall, Richard P Kendall and Ruth Kendall.

SVARGALOKA—Mrs. S. E. B. Channing, Miss Eva Channing, M. W. Burdick, Nantucket.

NUTSHELL—Mr and Mrs Philip H Folger, James W Folger and John C Folger.

LILY STREET—Henry R Tucker and wife.

E A LAWRENCE'S COTTAGE—E A Lawrence and wife, Bertha Lawrence, Mrs C H Davis.

CASTLE BANDBOX—Mrs M D Turlay, Miss Isabel Turlay.

MR SANFORD'S COTTAGE- Mrs J G Nickerson, Miss C M Nickerson.

EASTON COTTAGE—Mr and Mrs F A Wellington, Mr Alfred E Wellington, Mr H B Wellington and Alice Wellington.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPREAD EAGLE—Mrs J C Atterbury, Katherine L Atterbury, J Clinton Atterbury, J Francis Atterbury and Ethel Atterbury.

Mrs C P Robinson, Miss Rita Robinson and Winans Robinson.

DOVE COTE—Ethel Atterbury and Richard Connor.

Bryn Mawr. Pa.

OTIS COTTAGE—Mrs Julia S Baldwin, Misses Florence Baldwin, Helen Baldwin, and the Misses Booth of Cortland, N Y.

Buffalo.

MADEQUECHAM—Mr Mrs F A Stevens; Mr and Mrs M L Hinman, Miss Blanche Hinman, Mrs H G Brooks, Miss Marion Patterson, Dunkirk, N Y; Mrs Alfred Solano and Miss Jessie Patterson, Los Angeles, Cal.

Columbus, Ohio

MIACOMET—Mrs Morehead and Mrs Carter, and Mrs Bartley of Washington, D C.

WHITE'S HAMLET—Miss Helen Brown and Miss Flora Brown; Mr and Mrs H D Turney, Mrs W W Medary and Mr F F Hoffman, of Columbus, Ohio.

Colorado Springs.

THE WOODBINE—Mr and Mrs A D Davis, Miss Frances L Davis, Edward P, Mary C and Levi P Davis.

Concord, N. H.

BLUFF COTTAGE—Mrs A P Carpenter, Miss Helen Carpenter and Miss Julia Streeter; Mr and Mrs B Thomas, Philadelphia; Mr A H Carpenter, New York.

Cranford, N. J.

AT MRS A W RICE'S COTTAGE—The Misses Emily and Bertha Bigelow, Messrs A B and Edward A Bigelow.

Detroit

Mr and Mrs H K White, Josephine White and George White, Henry Kirke White and Rev. J S R Trask.

INSELRUHE—Mrs E Wendell, Winnefred Wendell. Arthur Wendell.

MINNEHAHA—Mrs Farquhar, the Misses Irene, Adelaide and D F Farquhar.

WANNACOMET—Mr and Mrs W J Chittenden; Misses Mary F, Margaret and Irene Chittenden; Messrs F L and A W Chittenden and W J Chittenden, jr, Mr James Burtenshaw.

VILLA JEROME—Mr and Mrs George Jerome and Mr Cullen Brown.

Mrs A W Rice.

Dunkirk, N. Y.

WHITE'S HAMLET—Mrs S J Gifford, son and nurse.

Fredonia, N. Y.

Dr and Mrs A S Couch, Eleanor S Couch, Meridith C Couch and Miss M C Barrett.

Flushing, N Y

PEANUT-SHELL—Charles E Taintor and wife, Davies E Taintor, Ludie S Taintor, William C Roberts.

Haverford College, Pa.

THE SNUGGERY—Prof Allen C. Thomas, Mrs. Allen C. Thomas, Edward Thomas, Miriam Thomas. Also Miss Sarah Marble, Woonscoket, R. I.

Hudson, Wis

SENATOR SPOONER'S COTTAGE—Senator John C Spooner and wife, Charles P Spooner and Willet M Spooner.

Ithaca

Professor B G Wilder of Cornell University, and Mrs Wilder, Bertha Wilder. The dog Rover, his sixth season at 'Sconset.

Kansas City

Miss J M Hallett and Mrs S M Baker.

Lowell

KANSAS DUGOUT—Mrs R D Everett, Agnes Everett.

Madison, Wis

SENATOR SPOONER'S COTTAGE—The Misses Sue Main and Annie Main.

Mechanicsville, N J

WANACKMAMACK—Mrs Rebecca Folger and Miss M J Tripp.

Muncy, Pa

THE PENN BOX—Miss E S Ecroyd and Miss S L Haines; also Mrs E L Scull and the Messrs Scull of Overbrook, Pa.

Medford.

BLOOMINGDALE—Mr and Mrs L L Dame, the Misses Gertrude and Isabelle Dame; Ruth and Olive Dame; Mrs N B T Arnold.

Nantucket.

ACADIA—Mr and Mrs C B Swain; Miss Lizzie Oxx, Providence; Miss Annie McLean, New York.

New Albany, Ind

HUETTLEIN—Mr and Mrs C H Conner, Miss Julia A Conner, Miss Kathie Conner, Mr Lewis A Conner, C Horace Conner, W Boudinot Conner and Richard L J Conner.

New York

MOORLANDS—Mrs William Rice, Miss E M Rice, Miss F R White, and Mr A H Rice.

MOORSIDE COTTAGE—Mrs E O Flagg, Bessie Flagg, Sally Flagg.

CAPT. PADDACK'S COTTAGE—Mrs S P Raynolds and Ray Barnum, Lieut Malvern H Barnum.

LARCHMONT VILLA—Mrs S J Clute and Miss Chipman.

THE FORECASTLE—Mrs P H Tillinghast, Edythe Tillinghast.

THE MOORINGS—Mrs Furniss, Miss Grace Furniss and Mr W P Furniss.

POCHICK STREET—Mr and Mrs Hillary Bell.

THE MASCOT—Mrs B F Peixotto, the Misses Mabel, Maude, Beatrice and Adelaide Peixoto, and the Messrs. George, Irving and Frank Peixotto.

SAINT'S REST—Mrs H W Riddell.

THE BARNACLE—Knight Neftel and wife, and Austin Knight Neftel; Miss Fannie Train, Sheffield, Mass.

SLEEPY HOLLOW—W W Palmer and wife, Miss Lulu M Dilley, Gertie Palmer, Willie Palmer.

Mrs C S Kingsland, Josephine Kingsland, Maria S Morgan, M A Morgan.

FELICITE COTTAGE—Mrs S D Harvey, Miss J J C Harvey, Miss M S Harvey, Julia Burrow.

POCHICK COTTAGE—Mr and Mrs E F Underhill, Miss Camille O'Connell.

Mrs. Bissell, M D, visiting Dr James M Taylor and wife.

ANCHORAGE—Mrs C A Hubert, Mrs J H Tyndal.

ALABAMA LODGE—Mrs S Talmadge Mather, Mrs M M Muldaur, Mrs A W Muldaur, the Miss Grace Mather, G B Muldaur and Carlton S Mather.

BARNABY LODGE—Mrs E A Tripp, Miss Loulse L Tripp and Miss E Hastings.

DEXIOMA COTTAGE—The Misses Anna and Rosalind Wheeler.

COTTAGE HOME—Misses J E Gavit, Gavit, Miss F Hartley, Miss E W Aldrich.

THE BOHEMIAN—Mr and Mrs H W Browne, Mr and rs G C Browne, Miss Florence W Browne, Miss Julia E Browne, Mrs M A Rhines.

Paterson, N J

CLIFTON COTTAGE—Mrs C M Van Blarcom, Miss G J Van Blarcom and Mr G G Van Blarcom.

Philadelphia

BRIGHTSIDE—V F Lake and wife, Eugene Lake, Myra Lake, Mabelle Lake and Victor Lake. Mariette Fraubes.

HOUSE OF LORDS—Mrs A H Nelson, Mrs H A Beckwith, Miss M E Beckwith.

MARTIN BOX—Mrs Samuel N vins, Esther Nevins, Anna B Nevins and Frances Nevins, The cat Nanki Pooh.

DR ALLEN'S COTTAGE - Dr Harrison Allen and wife, Miss Atkinson of Germantown, Harrison Allen and Dorothy Allen.

COOMASSIE—Mrs W E Barrows, George S Barrows, Richard Lee Barrows, and Robert Clark Barrows.

Poughkeepsie, N Y

RUDDER GRANGE—Col O T Beard and wife, Miss M D Beard, Anson M and William M Beard.

DR TAYLOR'S COTTAGE—Rev James M Taylor, DD, President of Vassar College and wife, Hunt Taylor.

CONTENT COTTAGE—Mr and Mrs H A Cargill, Mrs J H Stearns, Robert, Edward and Willis Stearns, Mrs Panola Chitta Hampton, Miss May Hampton, Elise Hampton and Netta R Haines, Mr Harry Hampton.

Providence, R I

SANS SOUCI—J H Belcher and wife.

INGLENEUK—Dr E G Robinson, President of Brown University Mrs E G Robinson, Miss Robinson.

Rochester, N Y

SUNNISANDS—W W Webb and wife, Mabel Webb and William Webb.

St Louis, Mo

HARRISON GARDNER'S COTTAGE—G M Maverick and wife, Rowena Maverick, George Maverick, Lucy Madison and Augusta Lewis.

Moses Rumsey and wife, Mrs M R Cave, Elmer Rumsey, Marion Rumsey Queenie Rumsey, Lee Rumsey.

San Antonio

THALASSA—Mrs James B Burbank, Alice Burbank Marion Burbank and Sarah White.

Short Hills N J

BABY HOUSE—Gustav Kobbe and wife, G M W Kobbe and Beatrice Kobbe.

Summit N J

POCHICK STREET—Mrs J M Herron, Minnie E Herron, Ashley Herron, Sadie, Rhoda and Lawrence Herron.

Washington D C

MOYACOMET—Mrs Bartley, Mrs Morehead and Mrs Carter of Columbus, Ohio.

BLINK BONNIE—William Ballantine and wife, Miss M E Ballantyne, William Ballantyne jr.

HEARTEASE—J O Wilson and wife, Mary Wilson, Clara Wilson, Anne Wilson, Elinor Wilson.

Worcester Mass

NONANTUM—Mrs, L H Baldwin, Katherine T Baldwin, Edith E Baldwin, Grace P Baldwin, Rose D Baldwin, C C Baldwin of the Worcester Spy and wife.

THE MANOR John Stanton Baldwin, of the Worcester Spy, and wife, Robert S Baldwin, Mary E Baldwin, Alice H Baldwin, Henry B Baldwin, Emily C Baldwin and John Denison Baldwin.

Good-bye.

Boston Herald Sept 2-88

NANTUCKET

ITS GROWING POPULARITY AS A

SUMMER AND SANITARY RESORT.

THE island was better known by the past generation as one of the great centres of the whaling interest. It boasted of its one hundred ships and a large fleet of coasters and lighters; of its coopers and boat-builders; of its candle and oil factories, shops, and of a population of 10,000. But time and change has dismantled the ships, called home the last whale-boat, and silenced the murmur of an industry that gave wealth and comfort to thousands.

Nantucket is located twenty miles from the mainland, and is surrounded by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Conveyance to the island is had by an excellent line of steamers, built expressly for the route, from New Bedford, Woods Holl, and Martha's Vineyard, and as they are a part of the Old Colony System of travel, there is no delay between cars and boats, and no care of baggage. It is but a few years since Nantucket became a popular sanitary and summer resort; but in these few years it has made rapid progress, and for several important reasons it bids fair to occupy a high place in the catalogue of popular seaside summer homes.

First.—Whichever way the wind blows it comes from the ocean; hence a residence on the island for a few weeks or months imparts all the sanitary advantages of an ocean voyage, without the discomforts and sickness of the same.

Secondly.— The atmosphere around the island is pure and bracing, and imparts to invalids, especially those who have become prostrated by overwork of either mind or body, renewed vigor and life. It is anti-malarious. No case of malaria has been known to originate upon the island, and no person affected by malarious poison has failed to derive benefit after a residence of a few weeks and proper care as to diet, rest, etc., even in pulmonary complaints, when in their incipient stages. Dr. Harold Williams, of Boston, and other eminent physicians, have spoken in favor of the clear tonic air of Nantucket. Dr. W. H. Workman, who has spent some time upon the island, is so well convinced of the virtues of the climate of Nantucket, that he is now constructing upon the cliff a large cottage especially adapted to the wants of invalids. This cottage is most beautifully located upon high ground, from which its residents can have an uninterrupted view of Nantucket Sound and the hundreds of vessels that pass east and west every day.

In regard to the sanitary and recreative qualities of the climate of Nantucket, an eminent physician says: "The experiences of large numbers of visitors have shown it to be highly beneficial in diseases of the throat, lungs, etc., and in cases of malaria, asthma, nervous prostration, dyspepsia, general debility, and scrofulous affections. Patients who have travelled extensively in this and foreign countries without especial benefit, have found at Nantucket the relief they sought. I am of opinion that no place on our Eastern seaboard possesses so great natural advantages as a health resort as does Nantucket."

The temperature is more even, summer and winter, than upon the mainland. Snow seldo lasts more than a day or two in winter, and in summer the atmosphere is tempered by the ocea breezes. As an illustration of this feature of the climate, the reader will notice a comparison the temperature of New York and Nantucket, for the month of July, 1887: —

Temperature at U. S. Signal Station, New York, July, 1887.			
DATE.	MAXIMUM.	MINIMUM.	MEAN.
1	89.6	63.3	78.3
2	89.1	69.1	77.3
3	86.4	69.3	77.3
4	86.0	70.1	75.0
5	74.4	68.7	72.3
6	80.1	68.3	72.7
7	89.1	71.4	78.3
8	92.9	73.1	82.0
9	83.0	71.3	75.0
10	82.6	68.3	73.3
11	82.4	66.6	74.3
12	89.1	67.5	78.0
13	92.1	70.9	83.0
14	89.0	75.0	81.0
15	81.3	68.4	74.7
16	94.0	67.5	79.3
17	91.4	73.7	78.7
18	88.9	70.0	79.3
19	78.2	66.8	70.7
20	79.7	65.8	71.7
21	73.1	67.4	71.3
22	81.7	71.3	76.0
23	83.2	71.7	73.7
24	77.8	71.0	75.3
25	84.0	73.3	77.0
26	90.1	72.1	78.3
27	86.9	71.7	77.7
28	84.9	72.3	78.3
29	87.3	72.8	78.0
30	86.4	73.9	80.0
31	89.5	75.4	79.0

Temperature at U. S. Signal Station, Nantucket, July, 1887.			
DATE.	MAXIMUM.	MINIMUM.	MEAN.
1	76.2	62.7	68.3
2	73.5	63.0	68.7
3	73.9	63.6	68.7
4	77.0	65.0	70.3
5	78.9	64.9	72.7
6	75.7	66.6	70.7
7	74.0	67.0	69.7
8	77.9	64.0	69.7
9	77.9	62.5	68.0
10	74.9	64.9	69.3
11	73.0	63.8	66.7
12	69.0	62.1	65.3
13	85.9	66.6	75.0
14	75.2	69.8	73.0
15	78.0	66.1	70.7
16	74.2	61.6	69.3
17	77.7	65.1	72.7
18	75.0	61.8	67.7
19	71.6	63.1	67.3
20	68.7	58.9	63.7
21	71.5	58.1	75.3
22	71.2	62.6	69.0
23	77.6	66.9	73.0
24	79.6	68.2	73.9
25	80.8	67.0	72.3
26	75.0	65.2	71.7
27	75.0	66.0	69.3
28	77.4	62.9	70.0
29	79.3	67.9	74.0
30	82.4	70.8	76.9
31	81.7	68.9	75.7

Before passing from consideration of the sanitary advantages of summer life upon the island, we should state that the strong tonic air quickens the appetite and induces healthful sleep.

By some it is supposed that the island climate is especially modified by the nearness of the Gulf Stream. Whether this conclusion is correct or not, it will be of interest to show the relations of this stream to the island from March to September. Attention is called to the map printed herewith. By this map it will be seen that the Gulf Stream flows nearer to Nantucket in the month of March than to any other point of land east of Florida, except the extreme point of Hatteras.

Thirdly.— The town of Nantucket is beautifully located on the west side of a harbor that is almost land-locked. Its principal streets are paved, and its sidewalks generally of concrete or brick. It is supplied with excellent water from Wannacomet Pond, and is lighted with gas. Many changes have been made within a few years, but there is much left of the quaint old town to keep alive the curiosity of visitors.

Boston Herald Sept 2-88

On the southeast point of the island, the little fishing hamlet of Siasconset (called 'Sconset), from a small fishermen's hamlet, has become a large and growing village. It has two hotels and about one hundred new cottages, some of them quite elaborate and costly; and every year new ones are added. This village is now the eastern terminus of the Nantucket Railroad. Wauminet, at the head of the harbor, seven miles from the main village, is also becoming more popular every year, and the demand for cottages and hotel accommodations last year was ahead of the supply. Other beautiful locations for summer homes on the shores of the inner harbor cannot fail to attract the attention of the multitudes who, in increasing numbers every season, are seeking to enjoy the health and life-giving atmosphere of the island.

The hotels and boarding-houses are increasing in number to meet the growing demand, and constant improvements are making to meet the wants of the class of summer residents that come from all parts of the United States. One new hotel, the Cliff House, was added in 1887,

NANTUCKET FROM THE CHURCH TOWER.

and every room was engaged long before the season opened. Another hotel of the first-class is in contemplation for 1888.

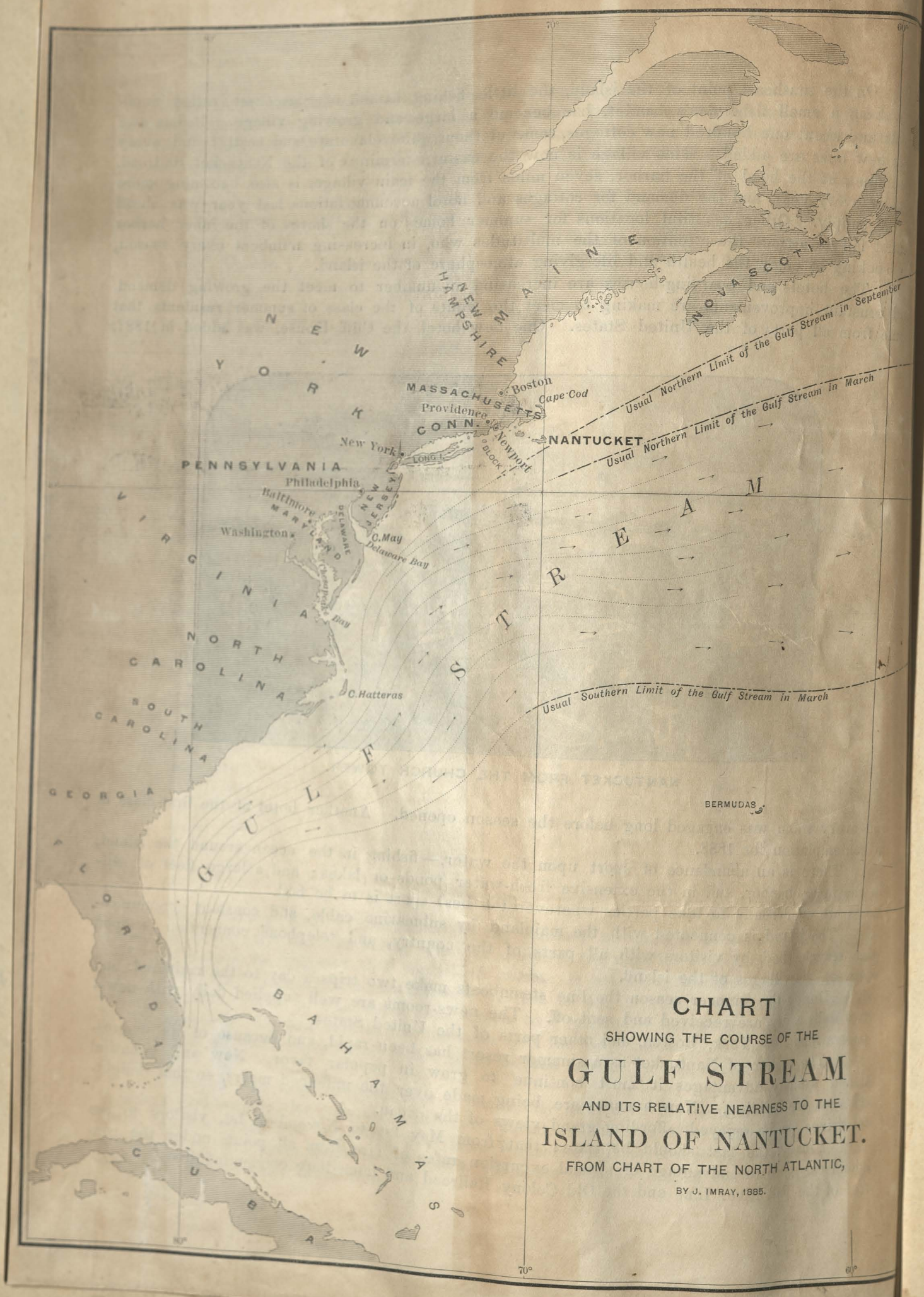
There is an abundance of sport upon the water,— fishing in the ocean around the island, in the inner harbor, and in the extensive fresh-water ponds or lakes; and a large fleet of sail-boats are ever ready to take parties wherever the best sport is to be had.

The island is connected with the mainland by submarine cable, and constant communication may be had by visitors with all parts of the country, and telephone connection is open between the villages of the island.

During the summer season the line steamboats make two trips a day to the mainland, and two mails a day are received and sent off. The news-rooms are well supplied daily with newspapers from New York, Boston, and other parts of the United States.

The growth of Nantucket as a summer resort has been rapid, and because of its unquestioned sanitary advantages it must continue to grow in popular favor. New and beautiful cottages are building. New avenues are being made over the unfenced moors, so that delightful drives can be enjoyed, affording grand views of the ocean.

Finally, the fact should be stated that from May 1st to November 1st, visitors to the island can have the advantage of special excursion rates of fare from all points under the control of the Fall River Line and the Old Colony Railroad and immediate connecting lines.



CHART

SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE

GULF STREAM

AND ITS RELATIVE NEARNESS TO THE

ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

FROM CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC,

BY J. IMRAY, 1885.

Boston Herald Sept 2-88

39

OLD NANTUCKET.

Alarming Gayety in the Staid Old Town.

Real Theatre Scenes Just Like Any Large City, and in a Chapel, Too—Tableaux Vivants in Aid of the Athenæum—Notes of the Close of the Season.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NANTUCKET, Aug. 31, 1888. The knowing ones say this is the last week of the season here. If they are right, then a Nantucket season resembles a race, in that all the latent strength and speed is developed on the home-stretch, for this has been the gayest week of the summer. Amusements in great variety have crowded one upon the other, while the hotels are still running to their full capacity. It has been a high pressure, triple-expansion week, and perhaps the knowing ones are right when they say that the boiler will burst next Monday.

A friend of mine told me last week, as we drove past one of the hotels in town, that he had visited the island 20 years ago, and that nothing written now about the Nantucket of old gave one an idea of the quaintness of the spot. The keeper of the hotel on Orange street could accommodate my friend's party in the house only for meals. At night he took them down a steep hill to the street below into a large, square built house he had just purchased for $90. The pattern of the wall paper in the room in which my friend slept, reached from floor to ceiling, and consisted of wonderfully shaped trees, with wide-spreading branches, "with seats beneath the shade for talking age and whispering lovers made." Contrast this Nantucket hotel life of 20 years ago with that at the hotels on the island now. They accommodate thousands every season; and as this resort grows in popularity the hotels increase in size. One of them has three annexes, each about as large as the original hostlery.

Tableaux Vivants.

The young people both in town and in Sconset have this week been putting all their energies into tableaux vivants. The town series came off Wednesday night at Athenæum Hall and were for the benefit of the Athenæum library. This Athenæum is a constant reminder to the summer visitors of the culture of this community, a culture of which there have been such exponents as the late Chief Justice and Secretary of the Treasury Folger, Walter Folger, the astronomer, William Mitchell and Maria Mitchell, both distinguished astronomers, Phœbe Hanaford, Lucretia Mott and Owen C. Spooner, for whom the islanders claim the distinction of having discovered sunset longitude. In the great fire of July 13, 1846, the building was destroyed with its numerous valuable old documents relating to the early settlement of the island, and a number of curiosities, especially weapons and domestic utensils from the Polyponesian islands, collected by Nantucket whalers during their voyage and presented by them to the museum. The Athenæum was among the first buildings to be re-erected after the fire.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

THE BALLAD OF BRANT'S POINT

I.

It was a valiant Light-house Board
That swore with fiendish glee
No Barnes nor dwellings shou'd make light
Of its authori-tee.

II.

So, when on Brant's bewitching Point
Some dwellings did appear,
The Board did like a beacon blaze,
And cried, with many a jeer,—

III.

"Ye dwellers on the Point of Brant,
We prayerfully surmise
That you can read your title clear
To mansions in the skies;

IV.

"But if that title's not more clear
Than those upon the Point,
Your future in the By-and-By
Will sure be out of joint!"

V.

Then up the bold Brant-Pointers spoke,
And plainly did remark,
"We rather guess that 'Light-house Board,'
Is synonym for 'shark;'

VI.

"Our land we've fairly, squarely bought,
All in the reg'lar way;
A freeman's house his castle is,
So here we're bound to stay.

VII.

"Avast! avast! O, Light-house Board,
Nor vex us any more;
Scare not the bluefish from the Point
With horrid dogs of war!"

VIII.

"We'll not avast," the Board replied,
"We will not get us hence;
From this day forth this Point shall be
A cause of much offense."

IX.

Then much of fence the Board did build,
While fervent flamed its ire,
'Twas fashioned of repellant posts,
And of vindictive wire!

X.

The Pointers cussed a mighty cuss,
And frowned a fearful frown,
And then they charged upon the fence
And straightway tore it down.

XI.

O then to see the Light-house Board
In all its frills and starch!
'Twas madder than the maddest hare
That e'er tore round in March!

XII.

It foamed, it raved, it stamped, it howled,
It uttered savage whoops,
And then it sent a mandate forth
For *troops!* for TROOPS!! for TROOPS!!!

XIII.

Troops answer to the clarion call;
For glory's crown they pant;
They gallant march at double-quick
And take the point of Brant!

XIV.

They take the Point, they raise the fence
Which had been laid so low,
And now they guard it day and night
Against an overthrow!

XV.

From morn to eve, from eve to morn
They never sleep a speck,
They're faithful as that broiling boy
That trod the burning deck.

XVI.

With two-edged swords, with bombs, with guns,
With vigilance intense,
Those troops—there is a brace of them—
Guard well the Light Board's fence!

[MORAL.]

XVII.

O pilgrim to Nantucket's shores,
To one suggestion hark:—
When you have done the island's sights
Including Billy Clark,

XVIII.

Have sailed and rode, and fished and strolled,
Quite to your heart's content,
Have purchased bric-a-brac and things
To your extremest cent,

XIX.

Then, when all other pleasures fail,
And when your spirit droops,
Just get your guide to point you out
The Light Board's gallant troops!

RICHARD SCUDDER.

HOW TO TELL ONE'S AGE.—The following is from the Chicago Mail: Just hand this table to a lady and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained. and add together the figure at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret:

1	2	4	8	16	32
2	3	5	9	17	33
3	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
13	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

New Bedford Mercury Sept 5-88

A POPULAR RESORT.

One of the Most Successful Seasons Known in Nantucket.

[From an occasional correspondent.]

The season which is now closed has been a success. Since June 1st by the regular steamers, excursions and yachts over 15,000 persons have visited the island. During the month of August every hotel was crowded. The weather has been clear and comfortable, fogs have been few, fishing excellent, and tourists coming expectant have enjoyed their visit and left the island satisfied. A few will remain during September, and some even to Thanksgiving.

The patronage received from prominent persons has contributed much to Nantucket's success. Charles O'Connor until his death lived in a $40,000 mansion on the Cliff. This property is now owned by Judge Breckenridge of St. Louis. A. B. Lamberton, proprietor of the Rochester Democrat, and General Barnum, who conducted the recent procession in New York in honor of Mr. Blaine, annually occupy their cottages at 'Sconset. Charles H. Webb, who was associated in 1849 in California with Bret Harte and Mark Twain, and whose delightful contributions appear in the Tribune and Harper's over the name "John Paul," spends every summer at Nantucket, and any day may be seen in his sail boat, called the "Black Lady," skimming about the harbor. "Pansy" and Mrs. Austen have both written stories in which the scene is located in Nantucket. Robert Collyer and Burdett have spent several seasons here. H. A. Willard, proprietor of Willard's Hotel, Washington, has invested considerable in Nantucket real estate which returns him a good income. Thurlow Weed Barnes owns a fine cottage on Brant Point. Rev. R. R. Shippen, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, has just bought a cottage on Orange street. Prof. Joseph Allen of Harvard University spends the entire summer at his Cliff cottage. Prof. Henry Mitchell of the U. S. coast survey, W. H. Starbuck of New York and R. Gardner Chase of Boston, prominent brokers, are all natives of Nantucket. Dr. Workman of Worcester, whose wife is the daughter of the late Gov. Bullock, has recently built at the Cliff the finest summer residence on the island.

The three men to whom Nantucket owes most are Rev. Daniel Round, E. F. Underhill and A. T. Mowry. Forty years ago Mr. Round was pastor of the Baptist church, and in 1878, after 30 years' absence, he returned to the island, and since that time has been industrious in establishing Nantucket as a seaside resort. It is largely due to his perseverance that a cable joins Nantucket to the Vineyard. He is now engaged in developing Wauwinet, that part of the island where the head of the harbor almost joins the ocean.

E. F. Underhill is official stenographer of the New York surrogate court. Through him 'Sconset has become famous. He has built 20 cottages, bought a dozen more, and thus invested over $20,000 in real estate along the "Bank." He is a man of unusual energy and a favorite everywhere. All the sports and amusements so constant at 'Sconset during past summers have been organized by Underhill. He is the leader of all business and social enterprise. Being a journalist of a high order, he has so skilfully advertised 'Sconset that it has eclipsed the other localities of Nantucket. But for him the railroad company would never have extended its track beyond Surfside.

A. T. Mowry has been a dry goods merchant at Nantucket for several years, and recently has established a successful real estate agency. In all the circulars advertising Nantucket Mr. Mowry solicits correspondence, and as a result he has hundreds of letters asking for information about the island, which he answers at his own expense and without compensation. Many of his correspondents have visited Nantucket and bought summer residences.

During the past ten years real estate in some localities, particularly near the water, has risen in value beyond all anticipation. In 1878 the only dwelling on Brant Point was connected with the lighthouse, and over most of the point land could be bought for $5 per acre. At the cliff, O'Connor's house, then being built, seemed out of town, and land in the vicinity was not worth claiming. On the south side of 'Sconset Underhill had begun his operations, which have since proved so successful, but land about his "Patch Work" village was considered of little value, and between 'Sconset and Sankoty there was no demand for real estate. In one decade all this has changed. At the end of Brant Point has been erected a hotel costing $30,000. Numerous cottages have been built in the vicinity, and land is valued from $200 to $1000 per acre. O'Connor's house is no longer out of town. The intervening land is now occupied by buildings, and several, notably Dr. Workman, have built beyond. Near the O'Connor house a lot of half an acre recently sold for $1800. At 'Sconset the change is more surprising. The "Patch Work" village has ceased to be a suburb. All the land about it is covered with cottages. On the north side the village has rapidly extended far toward Sankoty, and at the end of another decade it certainly seems likely that there

will be a continuous line of residences to the lighthouse. In 1878 the property holders of 'Sconset were assessed for $57,000, of which non-residents owned $6700. In 1888 they were assessed for $174,000, of which non-residents represent $80,000.

Two improvements could be made at Nantucket which would render the experiences of visitors more agreeable. Better facilities for reaching 'Sconset should be provided. The accommodations furnished by the railroad are not sufficient. This summer many people have been carried by its trains but frequent mishaps have prevented many more from going. The two locomotives were worn out when brought to the island and were not improved by being left out of doors all last winter. The track is so poor that several times trains have been derailed. Increasing travel to 'Sconset will force the railroad company to furnish cheap and safe transportation or rumors of another road will be verified. Another source of annoyance is the excessive price charged for extras. The rates at the hotels do not vary from those of other seaside resorts, but there are no cheap boarding places. The lowest price charged is $10 per week. But to see the sights exorbitant prices are paid. Boats and carriages the last season reached city prices. This will result in greater competition and those who depend entirely on the summer's visitors for their year's living will finally be supplanted by strangers who will furnish a better article at a cheaper price.

W.

For four years after the extension of the track to 'Sconset there was scarce ever a mishap to cause irregularity in the running of the trains. During the present season there have been several inconvenient delays, but the managers of the road claim that they were caused by the inattention of an employe whom they had taken into their service without a full investigation in respect of his competency. If so, they are in fault to that extent. Whether the fact be as they claim I do not know. But when another man was put in his place the traffic went on as smoothly as could be expected over a rough road. I have seen nothing to lead me to believe that the managers of the road are indifferent to the interests of its present stockholders (for the company has been reorganized) or the convenience of the public, and I do believe that they have looked after the interests of both assiduously with whatever means they possessed or could obtain. They have shown a persistence of purpose from the beginning, and as the traffic this year has shown a favorable result it will give the company confidence to improve the road bed and rolling stock and I believe that in two or three years Nantucket will have a first class narrow guage road.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

Siasconsett, Mass., Sept. 8, 1888.

Boston Commonwealth Aug 25-88

Inter Ocean Mercury Sept 11-88

The Nantucket Railroad.

To the Editor:—Your correspondent, "W." in his letter printed on the 5th, stated that had it not been for me the Nantucket railroad would never have been extended to Siasconset. In this he is in error. The extension was determined on in the fall of 1883, at a time when I had built but five houses, and certainly the company could not then have regarded my enterprise as a factor worth considering in deciding its course of action. Its officers never asked my advice on the subject nor did I ever tender it.

I think, too, that "W." in his criticism of the road unwittingly does the management injustice. The misfortune of the enterprise was that it had its origin as a tender to a land speculation for the south shore of the island, and its primary object was to make a market for the building lots belonging to the land company. But the speculation failed by reason of the bad judgment of its projectors in improving the property. Had that enterprise succeeded, the railroad company would have had abundant means to have extended its track to Siasconset with the best of iron and to have equipped the road with first class rolling stock. But the failure of the land enterprise made the complete failure of the road inevitable unless it could secure new traffic by continuing the line to Siasconset, and this it did, in 1884, with such material as it could command. Then began the flood tide of 'Sconset's prosperity. But, however, 'Sconset gained, the stockholders had lost all they had put in the enterprise. They are not the ones who complain about the road, nor are they the summer residents, for they know full well that if the road were to be discontinued a large number of (near 200) houses in the village would be without occupants.

Boyd Putnam and Bathing at 'Sconset.

There is one young lady here who is at once a delight to the opposite sex and a grief to her own. She is tall, slender, rather good looking and with the same loose shambling motion of the limbs that made Ada Rehan individual when she first appeared on the stage of Daly's. The resemblance is carried further by the habit of our young cottager in utterly defying conventionality. Like Miss Rehan she is a law unto herself. But whereas Miss Rehan was original only in her art, and in private life has always been extremely decorous our fair visitor, having no art, displays her individuality both in home life and in society. She wears an Amelie Rives sort of a bathing suit and for an hour prior and subsequent to the bath hour disports herself much in the manner of a frisky chorus girl. It is rumored by the ladies that she carries this theatric similitude to a still greater degree by discarding the garments ordinarily worn by women. Whether this be so or not she comes out in draperies of India silk and such clinging materials which enhance the lithe and shapely lines of her form very highly. In addition to these traits of costume she invariably talks very loudly and in a selection of language that is not much in vogue among city trained maidens. For these among other reasons she is not exactly popular with the ladies. But the gentlemen hold her in high esteem. On more than one occasion when the moon was high and everything was fitted for a tender rhapsody it is an indisputable fact that a great number of our more dignified but not less sentimental young women have had to endure the agony of desertion and waste the moonlight with their parents while this particular and exasperating charmer held court to a crowd on the cliff.

When you come to examine into the case, however, it does not seem so cruel as the deserted ones consider it. The melancholy fact is that we have no more men than are generally to be found at watering places. Boys we possess in large and varied quantities. But a beard and bachelorhood are so rare in combination that if one came uniting both qualities in himself he would be a Bunthorne before the week was out. It is true that recently we had a brief vision of Mr. Boyd Putnam without wholly losing our senses. But Mr. Putnam came to disaster by the unkindness of fate. Having unwisely neglected to bring a bathing costume fit for so rare an inclosure he was

thrown on the mercies of the hotel keeper. This worthy but inconsiderate man arrayed Mr. Putnam in a pinkish grey horror, the bare contemplation of which, not to speak of the insertion of himself in it was depressing enough to the beautiful being. But the morning after his arrival was hot. There was a lonely spot on the beach. Mr. Putnam considered the situation and embraced it. All would have been well had not a friend of the young actor, who wandered by perverse fortune that way, discovered Mr. Putnam rising from the breakers like a later, lovelier, but unbecomingly attired Aphrodite. It was in vain that the bather realized how harmonious the blue of the ocean was to his blondness. He was not a proficient swimmer, and there was no possibility of standing in the breakers. Boyd Putnam emerged on the sands with what dignity was to be assumed in the circumstances. But not even the glory of his white flannels could dim the memory of being seen in that pink bathing enormity. Mr. Putnam shook the sands of 'Sconset off his shoes and quitted it forever.

Since which we have had nobody who could construe the moonbeams properly or lend tenderness to sentiment. The men are all either married or chewing gum. For this cause baseball and little girls prosper exceedingly, while the marriageable maidens are forced to smile on youths who will be eligible when they, themselves, are *passe*.

In a case of this kind certain old gentlemen whose wives have no further cause for jealousy are in great demand. What the bald headed old fellow is to comic opera the aquatic old fellow is to a watering place. Without him 'Sconset would be bereft of its chiefest pleasure. He has several highly desirable qualities. He is sturdy of frame, eminently respectable, benevolent in services, cheerful of humor, he swims tolerably well, he delights in assisting the ladies, he retains the normal warmth of his blood in the water for an extraordinary length of time, and above all, he is cautious to a degree in taking care of those who consign themselves to his charge. The particular old gentleman who holds this office during the present summer is huge in size, stentorian in voice, powerful in muscle, amiable in temper and absolutely impervious to the chill of the water. He has so fine an esteem for the sex that all women are alike to him. He ducks the young and old, the homely and beautiful, the plump and lean, the coquettish and prudish with impartiality. When he arrives on the beach every morning there is a long string of womanhood awaiting him. Until that array of bath-expectant females is satisfied the old gentleman bobs up and down in the waves with a lovely burden in his arms, a perfect Mormon in his embraces.

We could in no way do without him. Since the sands have piled around the wreck the tides have begun to run so swiftly up and down the beach that 'Sconset has become one of the most perilous bathing places in the country. A sand bar washed up against the sunken ship has formed a channel through which the waters rush with a force almost incredible in the ocean. The barrels and safety ropes at the upper and lower beaches have been washed away although they were secured by heavy anchors. This year there is no safety for bathers who venture out knee deep. The beach shelves suddenly, the undertow is strong and the tides speed along the shore with a force that a fishermen's dory finds it hard to stem. It is impossible for even the strongest of our swimmers to swim against the tide, it is almost equally difficult to swim across it. So that once out fifty or a hundred yards from the shore it is an exceedingly arduous task to get back again. This unusual rush of the tide has shifted Pochick Rip until it is almost in front of the bathing place. Pochick is scarcely so tumultuous as the whirlpool at Niagara but it is very nearly as dangerous. When the tide is running south it is only by keeping close to shore that the swimmer escapes being carried to the Rip, and once in its seething waters no human power could rescue him. Happily there has been no drowning accident as yet. But young fellows who are proud of their natant skill come so near disaster every day that it is like playing with death. As matters look now I am afraid that 'Sconset as a bathing place has seen its best days.

HILLARY BELL.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

'Sconset's Wonderful Railroad.

'SCONSET, Sept. 6, 1888.

Journalists from all parts of the country have written for several years glowing columns about the 'Sconset air and the 'Sconset Pump and the queer small style of 'Sconset architecture. But any one who has lingered longer in the quaint watering place than these gentlemen finds that his interest becomes dull in everything except the 'Sconset Railroad. To the cottager this is paramount. The goings and comings of the cars, the incidents attendant on their passage, the personality of their conductor, engineer and fireman, the different things characteristic of and happening to the locomotive are matters much more important to us than the elections at home or the change of a dynasty abroad.

The Nantucket islanders for a century back have enjoyed a reputation for being a hardy and daring people, given to long and arduous voyages and careless of danger. For this reason they look with considerable approval on the modern vehicle which connects their town with the thriving hamlet on the bluff. The distance from 'Sconset to the parent town is some ten miles. Retired whale fishers who used to take four or five year trips think nothing of making so short a voyage. But to the unprejudiced mind it is somewhat extraordinary that a locomotive should require an entire afternoon in making the trip from town.

An interesting trip it is, too. If, as is frequently the case, the engine comes to accident in any of its parts the passengers have an excellent chance to study the mechanism of locomotives by an hour's observation of the three train hands engaged in mending a chain with bits of rope or screwing in a new bolt where an old one has dropped out. This mishap adjusted, the cars have not proceeded further than a hundred yards before sparks from the fire-box set the long beach grass aflame. Upon which the conductor arms his forces with brooms and proceeds to beat out the burning grass. Sometimes when the winds are high and the grass dry the flames spread quickly and necessitate an hour or so for their extinction. During the huckleberry season it is, they say, no uncommon thing for the engineer or conductor to stop the train, and after gathering a quart or two of berries, go on their way rejoicing. However, these matters are not so remarkable as the boiler. Whether it leaks or whether it is because of the dearness of coal, is a question. But there is no question about the fact that the locomotive, nine times out of ten, has not enough steam on to push it through to its destination. The road bed is over the sands and abounds in heights and hollows. When the train starts it is confidently believed that the engineer has calculated to an economical nicety just how much power he will need to get up the elevation and how much can be saved going down hill. But very frequently the good, careful man makes an error and finds himself half way up an aclivity entirely unable to surmount it. In which case he runs the cars down hill again and puts on another shovelful of coal. The passengers are resigned. They have to be. Besides they are used to it. Now and then one of them will go through the baggage car to the cab and presently return with the information that when the fireman has gained two pounds more pressure a start will be attempted. Bulletins of this kind are issued

every ten minutes, and if after an hour the required steam cannot be gotten up, the more enterprising and impatient among the passengers get off the cars and gather an armful of faggots to increase the engine fire. Everybody takes the matter good-naturedly. The railroad is used not so much as a convenience as an experience. No one would think of coming to Nantucket island without getting acquainted with Captain Baxter, Billy Clark, the town crier, Sankaty and the amazing little railroad. Only the natives accept their road seriously. I believe they have gone so far as to have a president and treasurer of the thing. But they have no dividends.

The railroad, funny though it be, is at present carrying enough passengers to justify a little extravagance in its coal. People are going home in hundreds. 'Sconset is not so gay by half as it was a few weeks ago. But it is more comfortable. The hotel has lost the majority of its guests and ten or twenty of the cottages have been closed. This seems a mistake to those that are left. The weather this week has been perfect and the bathing was never so good as it is now. A great majority of the cottagers intend to stay this year until it is high time for anybody who is anybody to be in the city. We have heard glowing accounts of the 'Sconset October weather and there are fine stories told of the cod-fishing and shooting, which we are desirous to investigate. The choky, staggering, slow-paced and in every way wonderful little railroad will stop running at the end of this month. But there are five or six hundred city people here who will linger in Sconset until the opera season opens.

HILLARY BELL.

Boston Herald Sept 9-88

NANTUCKET WAYS.

The natives of Nantucket, inevitably from their isolation, have not a few peculiarities, more marked, I think, than those of any of the inhabitants along this northern shore, writes a New York Herald correspondent. They pronounce "r," especially final, after the southern manner, like ah, calling here, there, wharf, door, as heah, wheah, whahf, dooah. They are nautical in thought, habit, antecedents, and consequently in expression. Meeting in the street, they ask: "Where are you bound?" or, "Which way are you heading?" The answer is: "I'm off on a cruise." A much dressed woman is "out in full rig"; a tipsy man is said to be "carrying too much sail"; a man who dies "slips his cable"; one living too fast is advised to "take in his canvas," or declared to be "running on breakers." Their final "g" is never sounded. They are talkin', walkin, juppin', buyin', eatin', etc. The shape of their ordinary carts and wagons is odd. Persons of both sexes stand in them and hold to a rope along the side, jolting up and down without apparent discomfiture. The old custom of ringing bells at 7 A. M., 12 M. and 9 P. M. still prevails; the first as the hour for going to business, the second for dinner, and the third for shutting shop and going home. The bank opens at 9 A. M. and closes at 1 P. M. Blowing horns is also a favorite habit. The approach of any boat, regular or otherwise, is so announced from a tower, and the town criers precede their news by tooting, thus heralding what they have to sell. The meat auctions, regularly held at the foot of Main street, are proclaimed both by bell and horn. The natives are, as a rule, intelligent, severely honest (the hackmen, as an example, never attempt to overcharge a stranger, their price being invariably but 25 cents for a passenger and his baggage from the wharf to any part of the town), accommodating, cordial, temperate, abstemious and perfectly independent—all American virtues.

'SCONSET ITEMS.—George W. Rogers has nearly completed a seven room 'Sconset cottage for Mr. E. F. Underhill, and has laid the sills for another of eight rooms. Both will be finished this fall.

Arrangements have been made for the purchase of four acres of land of George F. Folger for a Base Ball ground for the 'Sconset nine. It is to be enclosed and will be one of the best grounds in the county.

Nantucket Journal Sept 20-88

CRAZY RAILROADS.—There are some rather crazy little railroads in New England, and two of the craziest have been described by the Railway Review. One is the Martha's Vineyard Road and the other is the Nantucket road, both built on islands and with the expectation of developing watering places. The Martha's Vineyard Road is nine miles long, of three-feet gauge, and was laid with 30-pound iron rail. The most of the road is close to the beach, and the sea claims a large portion of it every winter, so that the rails that are left are more or less eaten by the rust from the salt spray. The rolling stock consists of one 10-ton 10x14 Mogul locomotive and three cars. The car wheels have been run so long that a double flange has been worn in the tread, and as the train moves a continuous shriek fills the air. Expresses rush over the road at the perilous rate of twelve miles an hour. The road is laid on the unworked surface, and the cars are coupled by two link chains, the vertical hook coupling not being approved of by the management. It is run only four months in the year, with a total operating force of ten men. The Nantucket Railroad is 11 1-2 miles long, also of three-feet gauge, and laid with 35-pound iron rails. The rolling stock consists of two locomotives and six cars. The line is laid on the surface, without much ballast, and is full of "hogbacks." Sometimes the locomotive gets out of steam on them, but a little matter like that troubles no one. This road attains a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and as some of its joints are reported to be opened two inches, with half an inch difference in the elevation of the rail ends, that speed must be as satisfying as a higher one.

N. Y. Star Sept 9-88

Madaquet Musings.

MADAQUET, Nantucket, Aug. 16.—There is no time here at Madaquet. We have a clock, but its injunctions are entirely disregarded. It has come to be all the same to us whether it be 10 o'clock, 12 o'clock or 2 o'clock. We are not tied to a clock, nor led by a clock, dominated by a clock, as are people who live in a state called "civilization." As a result, time passes faster, because it is not measured by hours. We measure time here by feelings—feelings physical and mental. If we are hungry at 10 o'clock in the morning, we pile some freshly dug clams in the kettle, build a fire under them, and eat a 12 o'clock dinner. We refuse to go hungry till 12 o'clock because the clock says we must. The time to eat is when one is hungry. That's what the cows

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and the birds do. When nature wants a supply of anything she calls out. When she calls, that's the time to obey. In the civilized world you get hungry and ravenous and faint for food sometimes two hours before 12 or or 1 o'clock. Then you go hungry and faint, or else you go to a saloon and take a drink, or you prop up on tobacco; or, if you are a conscientious temperance man, you touch none of these things, but still you do suffer. Here, after eating, be it what time of day it may, and we feel sleepy, we sleep. We have the same privilege as the cows in the pasture. So, though we take a sunrise breakfast at 5 o'clock, still the day as thus ordered is not a long one. Your days in town or city, where you are bossed by clocks and watches and mechanical appliances for telling you when to do things whether you feel like doing them or not, are sometimes long and tedious. Why? Because you are tired. Time is always tedious when you are tired and your body wants sleep. Time is always tedious when your stomach is calling for food. In town, also, you are trying to have a good time very often when your body ought to be in bed. Here, we've become so natural through our successful rebellion against clocks that we have at last got to know enough to rest our bodies and feed them whenever they call out for rest or food, be the same three or five times a day.

This sounds reckless and shiftless, doesn't it? It's all very well so to idle away the time, you say, but not at all the thing for business. Business must have clocks and regular hours, and "regular habits." So it must. But are you really gaining through all your regular habits? You go to your work or your business with a body a little weak and exhausted, and, of course, with a mind not quite so sharp and clear as it would be with the body in prime order. Is your business as well done? Do you get that day a bright, clear idea which you can turn into cash? Is your business only a repetition of the effort of the day before—an irksome tread in some old round? Don't you, as ruled by clocks and times and other people's times and hours, go on thus day after day, and as so you go on the little pain, the little weariness, at first scarcely marked, grows and grows and forces itself on you, and becomes more and more wearisome and harder to be borne as your will alone forces your poor, ill-used, protesting body on and on to its work—work you could not cease from, even had you time and leisure so to do, so fixed has the habit of years become, until at last you are forced to take to your bed. You are sick. The doctor is called. Your complaint is labeled and given a name. Drugs are poured into you. You get a little better. You call yourself well. You go on again in the same old round. A year, two years, more or less, you are sick again. The same old trouble—rheumatism, dyspepsia, the kidneys, etc.—you get worse and worse, weaker and weaker, or you hop off suddenly—pneumonia, heart disease. Everybody wonders. Bless you, you had been sick years and years before—sick from regular habits, regular hours, regular times for doing things when neither body nor mind was in a fit condition for doing. When you should have been cultivating what we cultivate among the sand beaches and beach grass of Madaquet—not laziness, but the mood of mind which loves to make effort of any kind—the mind which, when body and mind being in their best condition, can effect more as to results, and practical results, in two hours than you can in two days.

Madaquet Musings.

MADAQUET, Nantucket, Sept. 8.

We can dress here in four pieces, to wit: Shirt, pants, shoes and hat. On state occasions, socks. In town you are commonly obliged to put on eleven pieces, to wit: Socks, shoes, drawers, pants, shirt, undershirt, cravat, collar, vest, coat and hat. A vast amount of time and force is used up by myriads of civilized beings in putting on these eleven pieces. In hot weather. A vast amount of strength is used up by simply wearing them. Starch is misery on a sultry day. Your linen shirt is a strait jacket; your lightly buttoned vest and four-button cutaway are two more strait jackets over that. You put on four thicknesses of cloth to conform to the demands of Broadway, when nature calls out but for one, and a thin and very loose one at that. When you have anything to do, or you get to your office, you shuck your coat and sit in your shirt sleeves, or put on a thin one. You are unconsciously a slave to this idiocy of custom. To heighten this idiocy, you put on the most clothing and the tightest fits and the most starch in the city, where it is hottest. When you go to the country, where it is a little cooler and there is more air to breathe and purer air to breathe, and consequently more strength to be got out of such air to help you endure your load of tight-fitting cloth, you put on less clothing and looser clothing. This is inconsistent. You should wear your cumbersome starch and tight-fitting vestments where you have the most strength to wear them.

Your vest is a useless incumbrance. It is only the rudiment of the old-fashioned "waist coat." That was a coat. It reached to the hips 140 years ago. People then wore in substance two coats—a back coat and a front coat, now the waistcoat. The waistcoat has been gradually growing shorter. In a sack suit it is of no earthly use save to increase your load in hot weather and make you hotter. It is simply another short coat, which you wear because your tailor says you must. It's like wearing one hat inside the other. You can't even wear it out. You know you wear out seven pairs of pants to one waistcoat. You know that now your closet is full of vests left over from wornout suits that you don't know what to do with. You can't make them over into pantaloons. You can't set them for eel traps. Alone, they won't answer for scarecrows. So millions of yards of cloth are wasted yearly in the making of vests. Pull down your vest. Pull it off and leave it off.

It is a great luxury to arise in the morning as we do at Madaquet and dress by three or four motions in as many pieces, to stick your feet into a pair of slippers and be shod without the tediousness of lacing up or buttoning up your city boots. And four pieces can be made as becoming and graceful—aye, and more so—than eleven pieces. And four garments can be changed oftener and cleansed oftener. I believe that dress should be neat, becoming and as graceful as possible for every station or calling; and because a man lives at Madaquet, where there is no public or public opinion to look after him, is no reason why he should live in rags or go with uncombed hair. But the trouble is, and you may see it proven every day in the city in thousands and thousands of cases, people haven't time nor means to wear their eleven pieces properly, and for that reason dingy linen is far more common than that of snowy whiteness, and a clean collar and cuffs are not proof that they are tucked to a clean shirt, and the necktie in two cases out of three is a base and often unclean subterfuge and imitation of something intended for an ornament, slung on, stuck on, fired on any way, only because custom says it must be put on, and put on only to be endured. Dress reform for woman only? Man needs it quite as much as she does.

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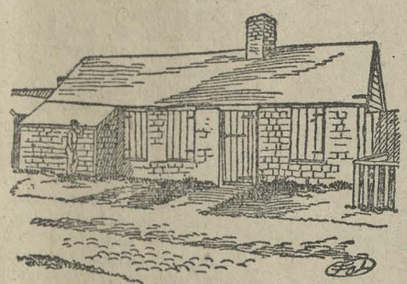
NATIVE FOLK AT 'SCONSET.

THEY LIVE ON SUMMER BOARDERS AND OTHER "OFF ISLANDERS."

It Isn't Much of a Place, in Spite of Its Two Hundred Years—The Town Pump—Some Queer Features of Broadway—The Oldest House—Naval Architecture Everywhere—Captain Coffin's Old Home.

SIASCONSET, Sept 18.—Ever since the whaling industry ceased to be a profitable calling for the islanders, Nantucket folk have lived largely on the summer visitors. Time was when the Mitchells and Folgers and Macys, the Coffins and Starbucks held "off islanders," as they still call people from the mainland, in lofty contempt. This contempt has by no means disappeared. But since kerosene filled many of the uses of sperm oil, and the whaling ships, instead of making fortunes for their owners, are now lying rotting at the wharves, the islander has somewhat mitigated his scorn for outsiders. For many a year he has earned a handsome income out of them. He has rented cottages to them, supplied them with garden truck and groceries, and taken them out sailing at prices that enabled him to live very comfortably until they returned again next summer. The new era of prosperity for Nantucket had scarcely dawned before an active rival came to dispute its profits. The tiny hamlet of Siasconset, or "'Sconset," as it is generally termed, developed such remarkable fascination for the visitors to the island that for the past three years it has had the lion's share of those who come here in the summer for health or recreation. So Nantucket is naturally indignant at 'Sconset, and levies taxes on the little village heavy enough to crush a less successful tributary out of existence.

But however sudden its prosperity, 'Sconset is no mushroom place. It was settled as long ago as 1676. On its main street is still standing a cottage that was built before any house in Nantucket Town. This cottage is very appropriately named "Auld Lang Syne." It is a low, square-built, one-story structure, with no attempt at ornament further than a rudely painted inscription beside the door, to the effect that it is a "Bakery." The old lady who lives in it all the year round drives a profitable trade in home-made bread, cookies and pies, and has her business considerably increased by the curious visits of the mainland folk to inspect the oldest relic of 'Sconset.

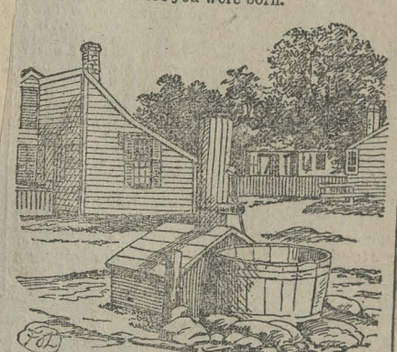


"AULD LANG SYNE."

Though this is the most venerable, it is the least picturesque cottage in the village. The very manner of their completion gave the houses of 'Sconset an individuality of character that no modern architect could easily imitate. Originally they were nearly square huts, containing one room to shelter the fishermen at night during the codfishing season. But now and then a "wart" would be put on. This consisted of a small barn or outhouse, which was clapped alongside the primal tenement and a door cut through for egress. The bedrooms and closets and kitchens grow out from the sides of the main building like so many little square bay windows. These additions are known in 'Sconset as "warts," and the 'Sconset cottage proper has as many of them as a hop-toad. In a great number of cases the warts are formed out of wreckage that was washed ashore fifty or a hundred years ago from the fatal Sand Rips that skirt the eastern shore of the island. Indeed, the whole hamlet looks as if it had been cast up by the sea.

FIGUREHEAD OF THE SHIP "MARTHA."

There is no part of it that does not tell of the sailor and fisherman. The cottages are grotesquely decorated with the figure-heads and rudder wheels of whaling ships gone out of service half a century before, and beside the front door are the whitewashed remains of racks for drying codfish. Inside, the cottages are scarcely less quaint. The sitting-rooms bear a startling resemblance to ships' cabins, the bedrooms are merely enlarged berths, the closets are simply lockers. The furniture is of a queer, old-fashioned pattern, in claw-legged tables, hard and uncompromising settees and short-legged, long-backed chairs. The dressers are filled with antique china and knick-knacks brought from over the seas in whaling voyages, and the walls are hung with charts and rude attempts at marine painting by some mute, inglorious Turner of the island. The nautical air of the place is carried still further by the phraseology of the natives. Of the sixty people who live at 'Sconset throughout the year all the men were sailors and all the women the wives, daughters or mothers of sailors. Consequently Cap'n Bunsbys are frequent, and any intimacy with the islanders is a gradual education in seafaring terms. Your vegetable man who now ploughs his farm for corn once ploughed the sea for whales, and the grizzled old milkman with earrings will "gam," as he calls it, for an hour with you before he empties his can about the adventures he went through in the Pacific Ocean before you were born.



'SCONSET TOWN PUMP.

The principal street in 'Sconset has been modernly named Broadway. It has a pavement of grass. Perhaps this is one of the chief charms of the place. No one except him who has trod the stony city pavement for ten months can appreciate the delight of strolling over these grassy paths which spring elastically under the tread and are green everywhere in 'Sconset. To add to the amusement of their being called streets, many of them are only six feet wide and forty feet long. They all lead to or are close beside the pump.

The 'Sconset pump is one of the historic and most famous features of the village. It has supplied the coolest and clearest of water for a hundred years and more. Further than this, its box is the favorite advertising medium in 'Sconset. If you have lost anything, if you have found anything, if you wish to sell or buy anything, if you intend to give a concert at the chapel or a hop at the depot, all you have to do is to tack a notice on the pump and the thing is done. The 'Sconset pump may not look very impressive in the picture, but it is held in such affection by those who have once drunk of its waters that the writers who come here easily fall into poetry over it, and there is never an artist—amateur or otherwise—but sets to painting its portrait the moment he sees it.

The air of 'Sconset is sleepy. People of good intellects no sooner come here than they turn dull and drowsy and stupid. An eminent professor of one of our colleges arrived at 'Sconset two months ago and hired a cottage for the purpose of writing an elaborate work on the "Entrails of Cats." But after forty days of incessant application he has got no further than the title-page. Hence the place is a favorite resort for nervous brain-workers who need rest. A great many men and women who have a reputation in art and literature come here regularly every summer and remain in a torpid, somnolent condition until they return home. It is no unusual matter for people to sleep twelve hours every night at 'Sconset and spend the other twelve in eating.

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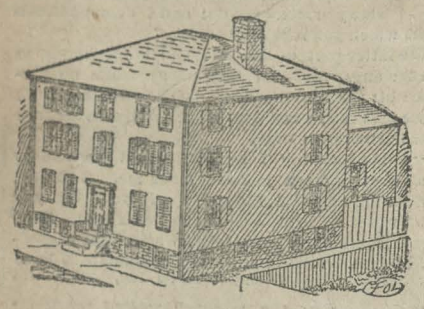
The beach at 'Sconset is not all that could be wished. There was a wreck on the Pochick Rip last May and the sands have gathered about the sunken vessel to such an extent that the tides rush along the shore in a narrow channel towards Vineyard Sound with almost inconceivable rapidity. This makes bathing dangerous for both swimmers and those who enjoy a surf bath. There is a powerful undertow and half the time the waves are heavy with kelp. Sharks occasionally loiter over from the Rip, and the other day a vast monster was observed anxiously by the entire village swimming lazily within fifty yards of the shore. We had apprehensions of the sea serpent, but it happily turned out to be a 10-foot long turtle drifted out of the Gulf Stream. So between one thing and another the attraction of 'Sconset is not its bathing.



CAPT. COFFIN'S HOUSE.

Some two thousand visitors come to 'Sconset every summer. The Ocean View Hotel is filled to overflowing and cottages are in active demand. The value of real estate his risen enormously. Seven years ago a speculative Nantucketer bought the entire tract of land from the village to Sankoty at the rate of $6 an acre. He now finds purchasers easily for building lots at $500 each. Another later but not less enterprising man from New York bought half a dozen acres for a song and built twenty cottages at a cost of $600 or $700 apiece. He charges $200 a season and cannot supply the tenants who wish to occupy them.

There has been a great deal of money made out of the summer visitors to 'Sconset within the past few years. These ancient mariner grocers and farmers are outrageous in their charges for everything and believe that the cottager ought to be glad to get eggs and vegetables at any price from valetudinarian captains of whaling vessels. So the visitors to 'Sconset have to pay something over a hundred thousand dollars every season for a couple of months. And this is the reason that Nantucket is in a state of natural indignation at the tip end of its nose.

Old Nantucket, a little further down the island, is better known than 'Sconset. Its chief industry is also summer boarders. Since the whaling business stopped paying the inhabitants have turned their attention to the summer-resort industry, until now from twenty to fifty thousand people visit the town every summer. It was in this old town that Capt. Roland Folger Coffin, the yachting writer for THE WORLD, who died a few weeks ago, was born. His people had lived there ever since the place was discovered. His residence, a picture of which is given here, is a fair type of the better class of Nantucket houses. It used to have a little "crow-nest" or lookout on the roof, where the Captain would climb, as a boy, and telescope in hand, look out for incoming whalers. Capt. Coffin's co-workers on THE WORLD, editors, reporters, writers, artists and all, have ordered a memorial monument, which will be erected over his grave in the old cemetery to-day. Some thirty gentlemen of THE WORLD staff, who knew the genial Captain, will make the journey to Nantucket to-day to be present at the ceremonies and to testify in some little way their appreciation and love for their friend. Such a thing has perhaps never been done in the history of New York journalism.

Just outside the town is an old mill which is one of the features of Nantucket. Everybody visits it, and thrifty John Sylvia, who owns it, turns a pretty penny in this way. He used to let visitors in free, but when they got to trooping there at the rate of 200 a day he conceived the idea of charging a nickel apiece admission. And so the mill grinds more out of boarders than out of grist. The old mill was built in 1746, the oak timber used in its construction grew at a short distance from its site, across Dead Horse Valley, south of the mill. It is believed to have been built by Eliakim Swain, an enterprising man who died the 6th of the fifth month, 1750. He owned half of the mill at that time and John Way the other half. John Way, sr., died in 1760, and it is probable that Timothy Swain bought out from the "Way family" their part of the mill, as it was called "Timothy Swain's Mill," and was tended many years by Timothy Swain, jr., who died in 1813.

THE OLD MILL.

Madaquet Musings.

MADAQUET, Sept. 17.—You can live here at Madaquet a great deal, not in the anticipation (which often means anxiety) of something good to happen to-morrow, but in the present moment, We get up here often before sunrise, which means 5:30 in the morning. Our leisurely prepared breakfast is over by 6. And what then? A long morning, say you, till noon. What shall we do to kill time? We do not kill time here, we keep it alive. Our breakfast is not really over by 6. Breakfast does not mean merely the swallowing of so many mouthfuls of pancakes and coffee. Breakfast means also side dishes of talk, idea, suggestion. Breakfast means an adjournment to our chairs without the house in the grass and another talk which lasts, maybe, till 8 o'clock. You dispatch your breakfast in fifteen minutes. You swallow along with it all the anxieties of the coming day. You, being tied to time and a clock, have just so many minutes in which to rush to your car or train. You would regard it almost a sin to put your hands in your pockets and loaf round your house or sit in the sun and watch ants and spiders and bugs and birds, or else watch nothing and think nothing, plan nothing and fret nothing, but fix your eyes on the blue waters of the little bay near us, or on the glimpses of the farther waters without, as seen between the gaps in the sandhills, and look at the misty horizon and silent passing sails, dwarfed to mere white specks by the distance, and lose your outside, busy, worldly self, not in contemplation (for we don't try to contemplate), but in a sort of waking dream. It's much the same sort of sensation, but a healthier one, and not attended by any reaction or headache, as when you get, say three mint juleps or brandy smashes on board, and sit with your heels cocked up on the hotel veranda smoking your cigar, and then and there for a time, and so long as the liquor works, rest your unquiet mind and watch the world go by, and see things to interest you in flies or bugs or spiders or ragged street urchins—anything in fact. That's because your mental power is for the time heightened by the force you've put into yourself through the smash or julep—for a force it is and a food it is, and in saying that I am not saying it is a healthy food or a healthy force to tie to or stick to, as every man who uses it knows better than any temperance orator can tell him, who knows possibly nothing about it all; hasn't head enough anyway to stand two horns of rum, and is as intemperate in his rage against whisky and whisky sellers as is any tramp who gets drunk on half a tomato-canful of stale beer. There are several kinds of mind drunkenness, and there are such things as chronic sprees of fanaticism, one-sidedness and ill temper, which last for life-times and consign at last such lives to mental drunkards' graves; sometimes to the great relief of the outwardly afflicted and mourning-clad widow, who finds it difficult to tell which husband was the worst to endure, Bang's whisky-mad or Whang's cold-water-mad, and who always growled like a bear because of a dyspepsia coming of ill temper.

We get here the same force in a more healthy way from the elements about us. We give ourselves up to the sunshine and the breeze and everything else natural about us. We are able to do this because for the time we've given up all anxiety as to the future. If a man is sure of a week's living ahead, where is the profit of troubling himself about the week after? Don't you know that if you'll let yourself alone and live in and enjoy the present, there are laws and forces in nature that will bring things out about right for the week after, and that if you spoil your present by worrying, you make things just so much the worse for you? We are here like unto the lilies and the daises which have whitened the hills all about us. We toil not

much when we feel like it, and we make our work play. We spin nothing but yarns. We take no thought for the morrow. To-morrow, if we let it alone, may bring something a great deal better than anything we might worry for and work for. Didn't it do so the other day? Did we one Tuesday evening dream that by Wednesday morning we'd have two dozen bottles of lager in the house? Hadn't a little beer been an unspoken longing in the family for several days? Didn't two of the "boys" harness up and come out from Nantucket in the dead of night, and, acting on benevolent impulse and a wild desire to go somewhere at 1 o'clock in the morning, bring us a box of bottled beer as a peace offering for routing us out of bed at that unearthly hour?

Who, indeed, can tell what a day may bring forth and be assured the less you feel about the future the more pleasant and smiling you make your own life of the eternal now; the more pleasant and smiling will be the gifts which the eternal now bring you? There is a life and a happiness which is possible for every mind and to which, as every mind must grow, shall more and more increase and eternally increase. It is a life and a happiness coming out of the diamond dewdrop sparkling in the morning sun—in the pleasure you gather in seeing the swallow darting hither and thither or poised airily against the breeze or allowing itself to be blown like a feather by it. It is a quiet happiness which makes every wild bird's song more and more welcome to your ear, which calls out more and more the thought and feeling of mercy and kindness toward the whole animal and feathered creation—which makes you careful and considerate even of the plants and flowers that you pluck or mutilate, not even them wantonly, for they also are parts of the great whole, parts also of organized life, with sap and lungs and veins and arteries and possibly sensation akin to our own. And the more we grow into and entertain these thoughts, the closer do we establish our relationship and friendliness with all Nature, and the more closely is this established the more shall we feel kindliness and gratitude coming to us from all things about us.

This is not sentiment as that word is commonly interpreted. It is literal, plain, practical fact. We get from all the world about us exactly what we give it. You shoot a bird and leave it to crawl off and suffer; you inflict pain on whatever lives and feels, and at some time and in some way you must pay back for such pain. This is a law, mysterious, unexplainable, inevitable. You cannot escape it. Give pleasure, kindness, safety, protection, care to anything, to everything, so far as you can, and by the working of that same law will you be paid back in happiness, serenity, content, rest of spirit, peace of mind, and power of mind also for doing everything. This is the road we are all trying to find, but by so many mistaken paths—the road to that "peace of mind which passes all understanding." Don't sneer, my dear young friend, Toddy-noddy. You are college bred. You move in society. You have a heavy purse. You know all things. You are twenty-two, and have seen about all there is in this vast universe to see. You call this "cant." You have, in the search for happiness, taken four cocktails this morning. You have found happiness and peace of mind; but it won't last. This afternoon your head will ache, your eyes will be heavy, your stomach in revolt, your brain dead, your now lively and exuberant fancy a burned-out skyrocket. We have tried your roads, but it does not pay. The other, the more peaceful one that we are living out at Madaquet, is the true one.

THE HORSEMAN.

The Chicago Horseman Newspaper Company Publishers.

D. J. CAMPAU, PRES'T AND TREAS.

Entered at the Post-office in Chicago as second-class matter.

CHICAGO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11.

BY THE SEA.

BY AMBER.

When I die bury me in 'Sconset. Let my first hundred years in the spirit be spent on a sunny sand-bank watching the surf come in. What is care but a memory, as I lie here on a golden bluff and watch the breakers on Pochick-Rip rocks? What is trouble but a dream as I bury my face in crimson moss and sniff the sea winds? Over there lies Spain, and here in my soul are its castles. I build them hourly, and joy and contentment are the tenants thereof. A distant echo rings in my ears of the clatter of trucks over stony pavements; of the shout of profane teamsters and the crack of their cruel whips; but so far I have seen nothing on this enchanted island but a peaceful donkey and his dozing driver. The donkey drew a two-wheeled cart along the sandy roads, and the driver was peddling eggs at forty cents a dozen. I also cherish a faint and troubled recollection of cable-cars, and bridges that balk the march of progress; of perfumes that float up from a certain river's tide and make the weary sons and daughters of Chicago long to die; but here on this moorland by the sea if we want to go anywhere we step forth on a carpet of yellow and crimson and gold, and are driven in a chariot of the winds. We are never tired, nor balked, nor beaten back by offensive sights or smells. Standing on Sankaty's headland we are monarch of all we behold. Behind me are miles of purple moor swept by ragged shreds of fog, and musical, here and there, with the bells of grazing herds; while before me and around me stretches the boundless, unfathomable, mysterious sea. Yesterday we saw a school of whales rush by. They dove under the billows, humped their shining length above the waves, and spouted exultantly, until the horizon looked like a realm of misty fountains. An old salt who stood beside us in a yellow oil-skin costume, remarked: "By gosh, them critters ain't passed along here afore this season; guess they come especial on your account!"

Yes sir, they did. The whales of the deep, yea, the leviathans and the storied sea-serpents, with all monsters that inhabit the depths of the sea may well bestir themselves and come to the surface when Chicago represents herself and demands an audience. Chicago is a great city, my aged and briny friend, and eminently worthy of a special presentation of whales along 'Sconset's storm-swept coast.

Perhaps you would like to know the geographical location of this wonderful strip of land. Listen: The village of Siasconset is situated on the northeast corner of Nantuchel Island, on a sandy bluff. It is full fifty miles from the main land, and sufficiently near the gulf stream to render the temperature of its waters agreeable, even now, for bathing. Hot weather gives this lovely place the go-by. All night, the year round, one sleeps under not only blankets, but wadded comforts. The old village is as quaint as a picture. There are about fifty little shingled houses, some of them surmounted by narrow balconies, along which distracted wives are wont to watch their fisher husbands and sons beat home from sea when storms rush down from the north and 'rouse the ocean's fury. These houses are built after the pattern of ships' cabins, and are hardly large enough to swing the storied cat. Many of the odd little tenements are adorned with figure-heads and busts washed up by wrecks. The cottage in which I live, temporarily, has a faded blue goddess of liberty on its gable, and the gate is fashioned from part of a ship's bowspait. To get here, one takes the boat at Wood's Hole, a three-hours' jaunt by rail from Boston, and the sail over is accomplished in about three hours. The climate is wonderful for nervous disorders, and under its magical effects the shattered victim of insomnia and all mental diseases soon recovers more than pristine health and vigor. Having found a spot so heavenly in all its pervading peace and restfulness, so quaint and picturesque, and so abounding in everything that restores the charm to a life beaten down with care and over-work, I feel like proclaiming its location from the mountain-tops, that suffering mankind may profit thereby.

The bathing here is not really safe without the protection of guy ropes. The beach slopes sharply, and the undertow is very strong. I brought an architectural wonder with me in the shape of a bathing suit, but the first time I put it on the young person wept so violently that I hardly dared repeat the performance. She said that I looked "disgraceful," and that she would go "right straight home if I dared let anybody see me." After I had calmed her down, however, I ventured out, away up the beach where nobody but a distracted sea-gull was nigh to see me, and enjoyed a dip from which I emerged minus a score or so of years. I was not a day over sixteen as I and my leglets (made after the true dress reform pattern) sported up the beach. Owing to the continued unwillingness of the young person to allow me to appear further down the sands in my bewildering costume, I have purchased a clothes line, and attaching it to the young person's waist as she sits blindfolded upon the sand, that she may not be moved to tears by my appearance, I daily gambol with the wild sea waves far up on an uninhabited tract of the island. We have rented a cottage for a couple of weeks and are living a little chapter of our own out of

Miss Phelps "Burglar in Paradise." At night we barricade our doors with kitchen tables, flat irons, fire boxes, etc., and sleep with a dull hatchet and a bent poker within easy reach. As my hat pins have given out, and none can be procured on the island, I am comparatively defenseless, but the hatchet, if thrown from a great distance, might stun a man long enough for me to jump out of the window and run. We have great times buying provisions to stock our larder. Last night we thought we would have chicken for Sunday's dinner. We sighted one lying with skyward-pointing claws on the butcher's model block of pine. "How much is it?" we asked, our minds reveling meanwhile at prospect of to-morrow's feast. "Forty cents a pound, mum," answered the aged miscreant who peddled fish, flesh and fowl to 'Sconset's unhappy visitors. Imagine paying as much for one miserable four-pound chicken as would purchase a side of mutton or a quarter of beef at home! Eggs are thirty-six cents a dozen, and other things correspondingly high. To lay in a winter's supply of fuel here would swallow up the income of a capitalist. As it is, the young person and myself have fallen into the way of gathering kindling during our daily walks, which we bring home secreted under our shawls and split with the dull hatchet in the depths of the cellar. By this means we may be enabled to save enough to see our native land again while in the flesh. The eagle eye of the editor is upon me, and reminds me, "a la Bluebeard," that "time's up," so farewell for to-day.

Furnished 'Sconset Cottages.

SEASON OF 1889.

I send with this a copy of my circular for the current season. Six of the houses shown on the diagrams have been altered by the addition of a room. Two new house are now in the process of construction.

I have recently purchased of Mr. H. K. White his thirteen commodious houses, situated at the north of old 'Sconset, and for the season of 1889 shall have at least thirty cottages to let. Each will be completely furnished for housekeeping. They vary in their sizes, and contain from six to ten rooms, with rents from $115 to $250.

The objection that has been made to Mr. White's houses of their close proximity to one another will be obviated by moving back those on each side of the street, a distance of fifteen feet. This change will leave a street fifty feet in width. I shall also cause the interiors to be fitted up with the taste shown in my houses in the south part of the village, built in the style of the ancient fishermen's cottages to give them an attractive and home-like appearance.

Twenty bath houses surmounted by a neat pavilion will be erected on the beach in front of each of the properties mentioned, and life ropes will be kept in place during the season.

Families who contemplate passing the next season on "the Bank" may apply to me for further information, or if they will send me their addresses, I will, when I issue my circular in the spring, forward copies by mail.

I have now two houses open for inspection.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1888.

Scranton Republican Oct 11

Autumn Pleasure Days at Siasconset.

I am this morning reminded, as I sit in our snug little cottage by the sea, of Amerigo Rounder's assertion that vacation days were over. I think it is all of six weeks since then; and also of another friend's warning words, that we should come back with icicles on our backs. But I am of the opinion that we have wisely chosen our vacation days, and that 'Sconset would be my choice of places for rest and solid comfort, nine times out of every ten.

Here we are, sixty miles from the main land, and every breeze that is wafted us, comes from old ocean. What need to cross the waters, endure seasickness and discomforts, when a spot like this may be found, where all the benefits of the sea voyage may be enjoyed—the perils left out!

Indeed you may choose you a cottage so small that the bed rooms would remind you more of the cabin or state room than anything else. Then if you choose, as we have, so near the ocean that you may hear the song of its waves continually, you have then only to wait for a good wind to rattle the windows, and darkness to enfold you as you lie in your little bed, and it will not require much of a stretch of imagination, (say three hundred yards) to make you feel that you are afloat, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." These quaint, queer little houses make house-keeping play. There is no room in them for care.

The sun has been making considerable disturbance here trying to get over the line; grey clouds and mists have hung over us much of the time during the last few days. For loss of fine weather we have found recompense in watching the Atlantic as she sends her billows rolling into shore, great, grand and beautiful waves, from ten to fourteen feet high. The white caps that form a hundred yards or more out, and follow each other in quick succession—the wind blowing the spray from their white crests backwards, resemble the fluffy mane on the curved neck of a steed, and are, I think, quite appropriately named the "race of the sea horses." There is ever something new here, and just as Siasconset's city visitors had all left, and we were preparing for a lonely time, there appeared in full view a school of mackerel, covering nearly an acre. This is the first indication of the near fishing season, and soon those cottages that have been occupied with city visitors will once more shelter their owners, the fishermen and their wives and children, who come to catch cod fish. That disparagingly spoken of fish is a rare delicacy when taken fresh from the waters, and I doubt if even Miss Parloa can rival them in preparing anything more appetizing. There are several artists here for the purpose of study, and should they get any approach to the reality of the scene, the ocean dotted here and there thickly with the fishers' dories, wives and daughters with their bright kerchiefs on heads or shoulders, with skirts innocent of any superfluous draperies, waiting on the beach for the incoming boat, I am sure a rich reward would be theirs. Certain I am I shall take with me pictures in mind that shall yield me pleasure for many a day, and the frame shall be made of the sea mosses and pebbles I have gathered.

The shells are worthy of mention. Some that our party have gathered are so tiny that we can barely see with the naked eye that they are shells, but under the microscope they are as beautiful and perfectly marked as any large shell. So the minute and infinitesimal and the grand and stupendous, alike call forth our wonder and admiration.

Nantucket Island, its likeness to the Scotch moorlands and to parts of Britany; its wild flowers and heather, golden rod, and purple gerardia, have made it the subject of many delightful poems, written by those who love their island home, and would not exchange its plain and quiet ways for any of the glitter and excitement of city life.

S. E. H.

October 5, 1888.

AT SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island, 20 finely furnished seaside cottages; rent $135 to $250 for the season; splendid ocean views; no hot days, malaria, or mosquitoes; surf bathing. Address for descriptive circulars, with views of houses. UNDERHILL, 132 Nassau st.

1889

AT SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island—Furnished cottages, $120 to $275 for season; surf bathing; no malaria or mosquitoes. Address Underhill, 22 Spruce st.

AT SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island—Fifteen furnished cottages; $155 to $250 the season; ocean views; surf bathing; no hot days, malaria or mosquitoes; descriptive circulars. Underhill, 132 Nassau st.

Furnished seaside cottages to let at Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass. $135 to $250 for the season. No hot days, malaria, or mosquitoes. Address UNDERHILL, 22 Spruce Street, N. Y.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION, malaria; sufferers find relief at Siasconset, Nantucket Island; 7 furnished cottages, rent $175 to $250 the season; cool air; surf bathing; no mosquitoes; circulars furnished. Underhill, 132 Nassau st.

Scribner

FURNISHED SEASIDE COTTAGES to let at Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass. $135 to $250 for the season. No hot days, malaria or mosquitoes. Address, UNDERHILL, 22 Spruce St. N. Y.

Century

1889

49

The Patchwork Village, 'Sconset

By

The Sea.

SIASCONSET.

The village of Siasconset is situated on the southeast corner of Nantucket Island, on a bluff 30 feet in height and 400 feet from the ocean. It is 50 miles from the mainland, and sufficiently near the Gulf Stream to feel its influence in raising the temperature of the waters that wash the southern and eastern shores of the Island. To this fact is due the popularity of the beach for the enjoyment of surf bathing. Hot days are scarce ever known. The mercury seldom rises above the point of summer heat. It has never exceeded 88 degrees, even when influenced by reflected heat, and when not thus exposed, does not rise beyond 76 degrees more than a half dozen days during the season. Even then the cool sea breezes make visitors unconscious of what elsehere might be an oppressive heat. As nightfall approaches the air becomes delightfully cool, and a pair of blankets is always an acceptable covering.

The old village is made up of quaint little cottages, shingled on the sides as well as the roofs, many of them built over a hundred, and some begun near two hundred years ago, for the habitations of sea-faring men engaged in fishing during the spring and fall, and whose ideas of house-building seem to have been largely gained from their experience on ship-board. The snug parlors remind one of ship cabins; the small bedrooms are little more than staterooms, while the closets are cabin lockers but slightly enlarged. For twenty years past their owners have rented them to families of visitors during the summer. The odd shapes of the structures and the old-fashioned furniture with which they are provided, make them objects of curiosity to tourists, artists and visitors.

To the east and south of the village are dangerous shoals, known as Bass and Pochick Rips and the Old Man's Back, on which the sea is ever breaking in picturesque streaks of whitened foam shown on the dark surface of the surrounding waters. During the season, heavy gales give to the visitors opportunities to see the ocean in its most tumultuous fury dashing upon the beach, along which are the wrecks of vessels which have been stranded in the storms of former years. A mile to the north is the light-house on Sankaty Head, on which, after nightfall, a brilliant light flashes upon the view at minute intervals and makes an attractive and appropriate feature in the marine view. Tom Never's Head to the west, is a bold bluff, at the foot of which is a beautiful pond; and Sesachaca Pond, to the north of Sankaty Head, is another and larger sheet of fresh water, which at all times furnishes an abundance of perch fishing.

Pleasant jaunts are made with teams over a gently undulating country, presenting the peculiar characteristics of the Scottish moors. At Nantucket, eleven miles by rail, and at Wauwinet, at the head of the inner harbor, five miles distant by team, sailing, rowing and still-water bathing can be enjoyed by those who are fond of those sports.

The resident visitors at Siasconset are of an intelligent, cultivated and refined class, who come for rest, recreation and retirement. As there are no large hotels, there is an absence of fashionable display, and with it real ease and comfort.

The attention of those favorably impressed by this description of Siasconset as a place for a sojourn during the summer, is invited to a series of cottages in the village, constructed and furnished for the occupancy of visitors. An accurate view and a ground plan of each are presented in the diagrams on succeeding pages. Most of them conform in appearance to the ancient fishermen's cottages, found nowhere else on the coast, whose forgotten builders made their houses strong and compact for comfort and convenience, with no thought that the structures they reared would ever be wanted for the residences of families from distant parts during the warm season. In them the only variations from the simplicity of 'Sconset architecture are that the apartments are more commodious, and a few accessories have been added to improve the outward appearance of the dwellings, without giving to them the ornate look of modern-built cottages at fashionable seaside resorts. The others are of modern style, with larger apartments to meet demands to which the others would not respond.

Nearly all of the cottages are situated on lots 50 to 55 feet front by 60 feet deep, with a full area of 3,000 to 3,300 square feet of ground. Each has a cellar, and a cistern abundantly supplied with rain-water, and is completely furnished for housekeeping, even to the extent of providing crockery, cutlery, and bed and table linen, and also works of art and ornament to give to the interiors a home-like appearance. The bedsteads are of modern style and are furnished with springs and with mattresses of the best curled hair. Driven wells, situated on the property, furnish an abundance of pure soft water for kitchen and table use.

The houses are in readiness for occupancy on the 1st of June, or earlier if desired, and tenants may continue in possession until October. All are of recent construction, and the farthest distant from the beach is reached by a walk of not more than three minutes. Bath-houses conveniently located, and life ropes for the safety of bathers, are furnished at the cost of their maintenance.

The purity of the air and the character of the soil assure absolute freedom from malaria. Mosquitoes are seldom seen. Persons suffering from hay fever find exemption from the ailment during their stay. Asthmatic patients also experience great relief, and the climate is excellent for those who suffer from insomnia or nervous prostration.

Each season, physicians, who are resident visitors, give attention to invalids needing advice or treatment, and others of both the prominent schools of medicine reside in Nantucket and can be quickly reached if their services are required.

Two mails a day are received at and forwarded from the post-office in the village, and telegraphic communication is had with the mainland through the cable laid by the United States Government.

In a chapel, for the construction of which visitors of different denominations contributed, religious services are regularly held during the season. In Nantucket are churches maintained by societies of Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics and Friends.

Groceries, provisions, and meats of the best quality; fish fresh caught, often in the sight of visitors; and poultry, eggs, milk and vegetables, produced on farms adjacent to the village, are delivered daily at the dwellings of visitors, at reasonable prices. The cost of living for a family of an average number, exclusive of the wages of domestics, is from $3 to $5 weekly for each person of the household, the sum varying with the tastes and habits of families. Those who prefer to be free from the cares of maintaining a kitchen, will find the tables of the Ocean View House available for meals, within two or three minutes' walk of their cottages.

Servants can rarely be obtained on the Island, and should be brought by visitors.

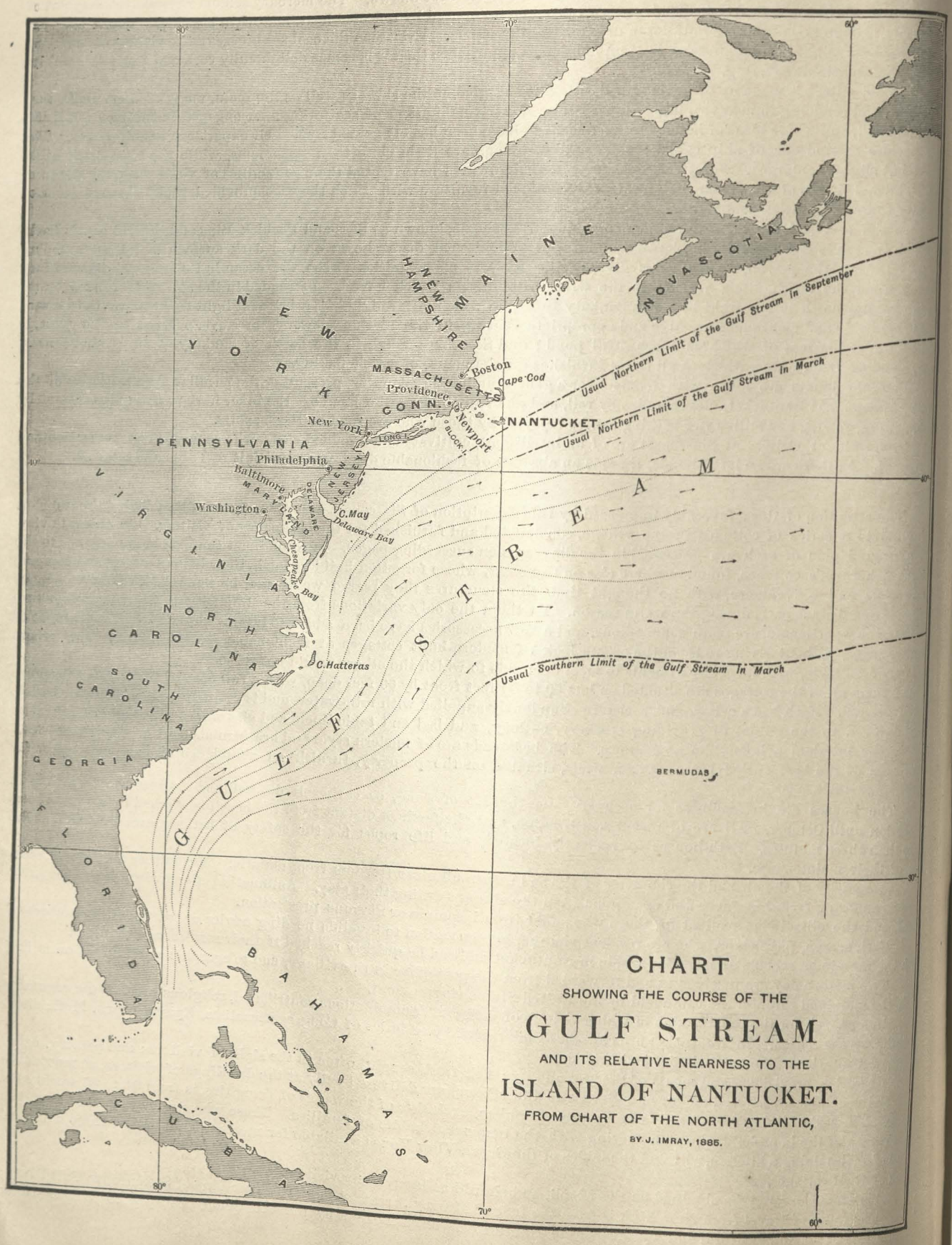
The route of travel from New York is from the foot of Murray Street by the Fall River Line of Steamers to Fall River; thence by rail to New Bedford, and by steamer to Nantucket. From Boston by the Old Colony railroad to Wood's Hole;

thence by steamer to the Island. Beginning late in June, passengers are carried from Nantucket by rail to Siasconset. But before the running of trains, carriages can be procured at reasonable rates on the arrival of the steamers at Nantucket to convey passengers to their destination.

The accompanying maps show the situation of Nantucket with reference to the New England Coast and the Gulf Stream, of Siasconset on the island, and the location of the different cottages in respect to the beach. The ground plans of the houses show the number and sizes of the rooms. Address for further information:

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL,

No. 22 Spruce Street, New York.



CHART

SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE

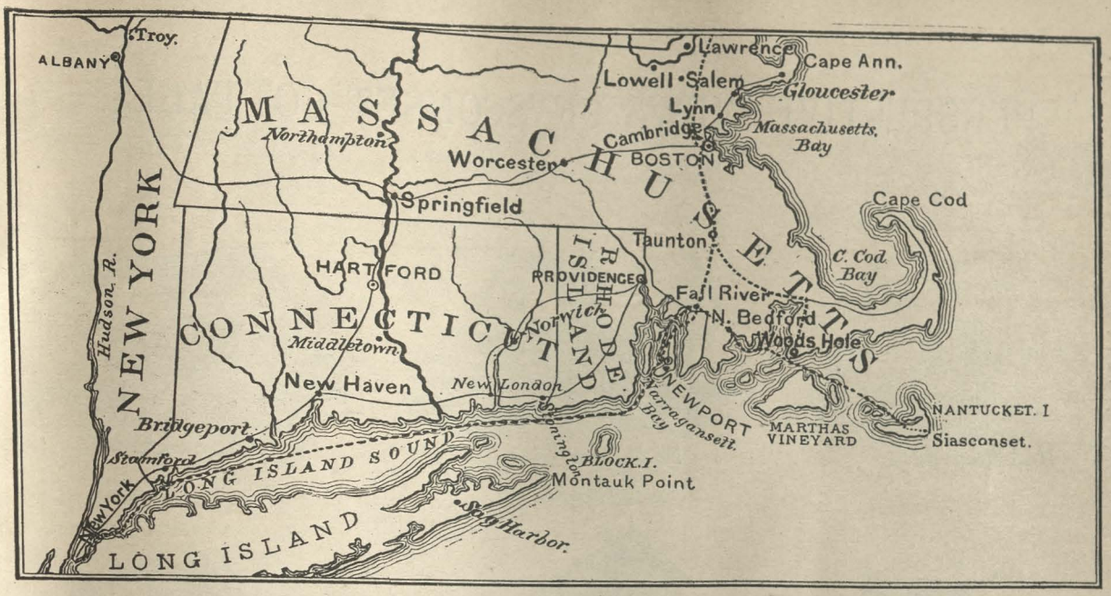
GULF STREAM

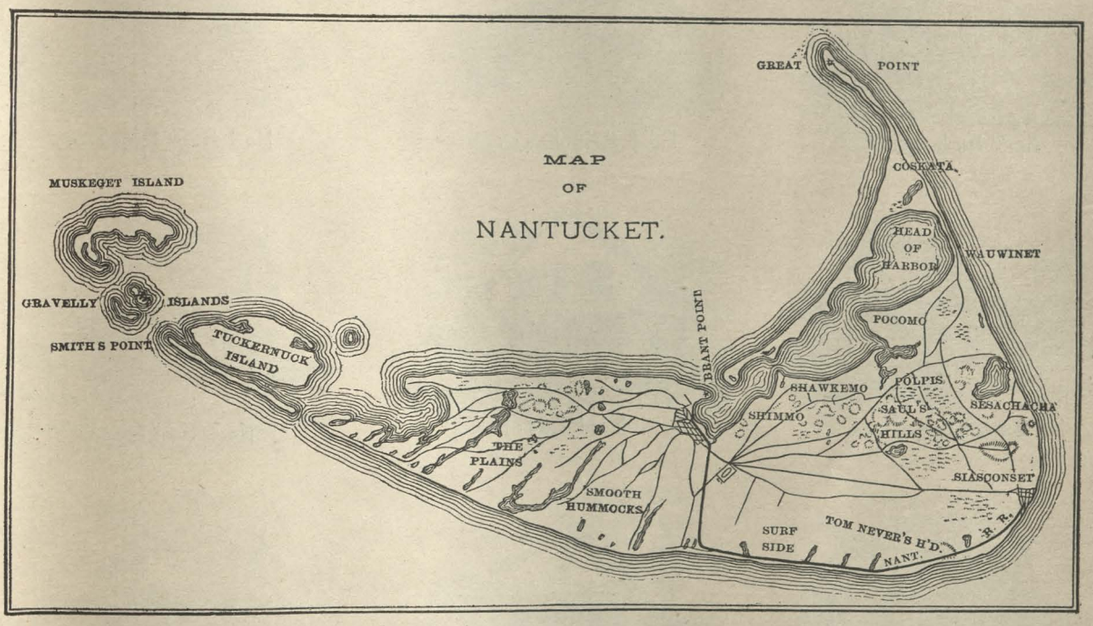
AND ITS RELATIVE NEARNESS TO THE

ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

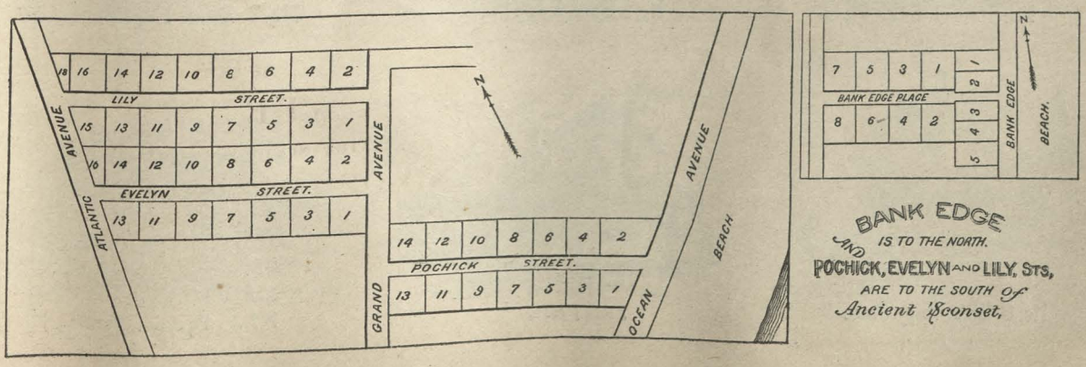
FROM CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC,

BY J. IMRAY, 1885.





PROPERTY OF E. F. UNDERHILL, AT SIASCONSET.



PERSPECTIVE VIEWS OF 'SCONSET COTTAGES.

No. 1 Bank Edge.

No. 2 Bank Edge.

No. 3 Bank Edge.

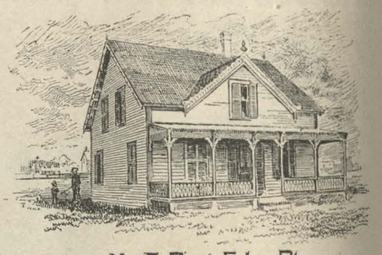
No. 4 Bank Edge.

No. 5 Bank Edge.

No. 1 Bank Edge Place.

No. 2 Bank Edge Place.

No. 4 Bank Edge Place.



No. 3 Bank Edge Place.

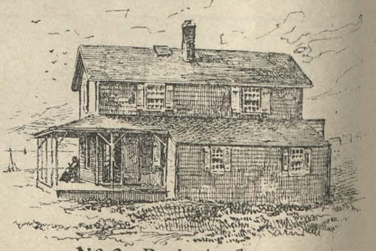
No. 5 Bank Edge Place.

No. 6 Bank Edge Place.

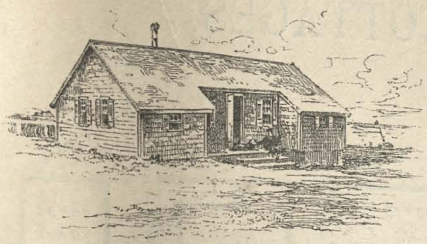
No. 7 Bank Edge Place.

No. 8 Bank Edge Place.

Store House



No. 2 Pochick Street.



No.4 Pochick Street.

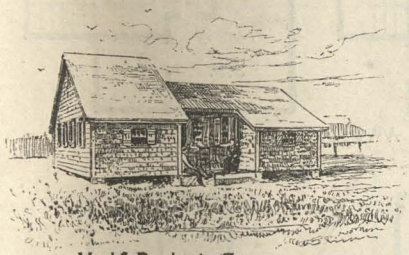
No.5 Pochick Street.

No.8 Pochick Street.

No.10 Pochick Street.

No.11 Pochick Street.

No.13 Pochick Street.



No.14 Pochick Street.

No.1 Evelyn Street.

No.3 Evelyn Street.

No.8 Evelyn Street.

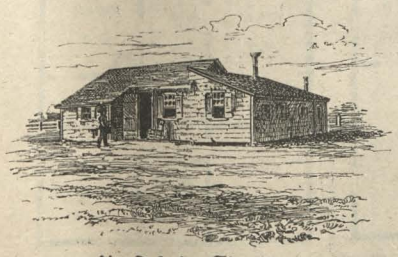
No.11 Evelyn Street.

No.12 Evelyn Street.

No.13 Evelyn Street.

No.2 Lily Street.

No.3 Lily Street.

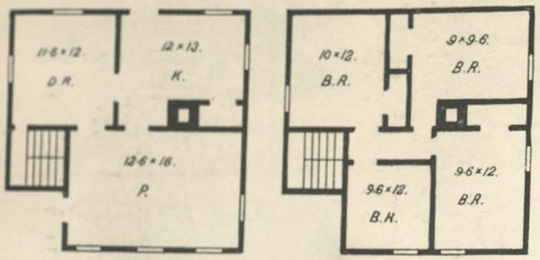


No.8 Lily Street.

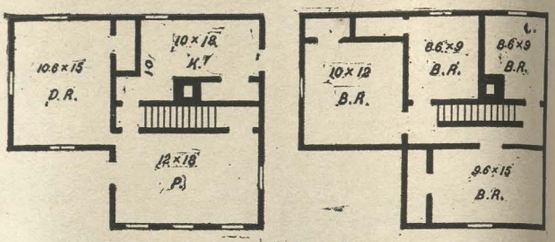
No.9 Lily Street.

No.14 Lily Street.

GROUND PLANS OF 'SCONSET COTTAGES.



No 1. BANK EDGE



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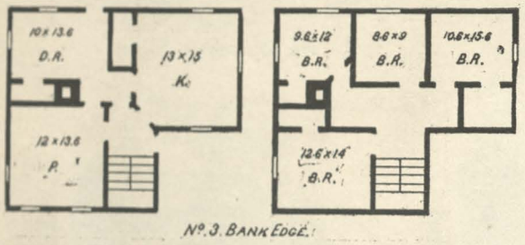

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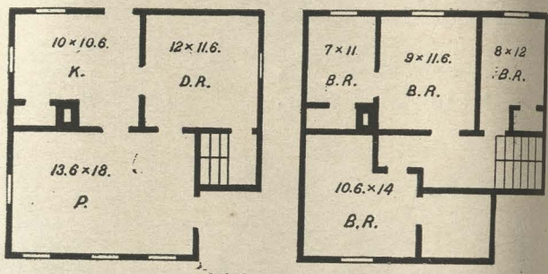

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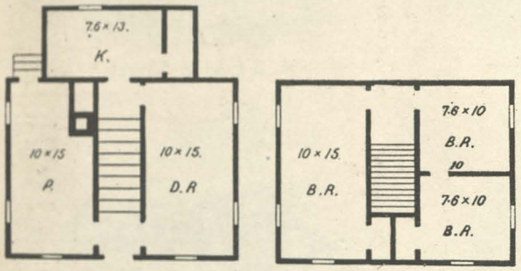

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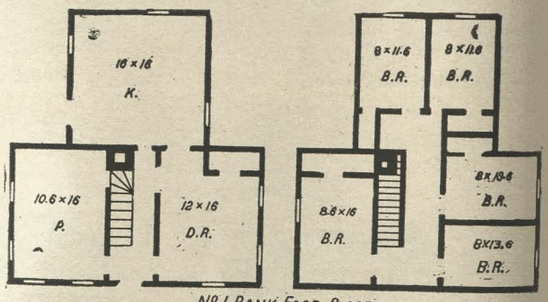

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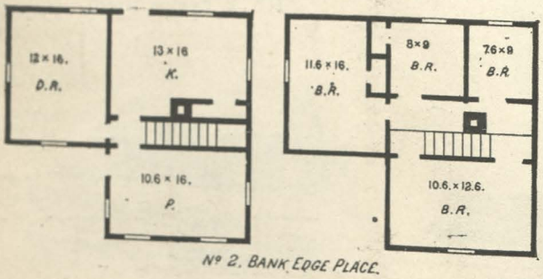

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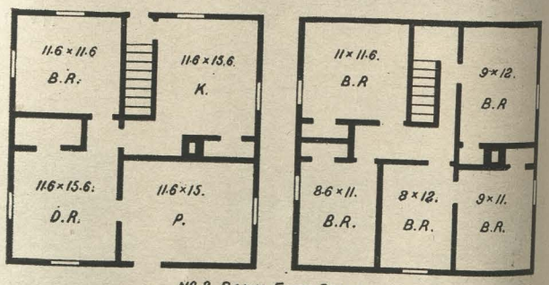

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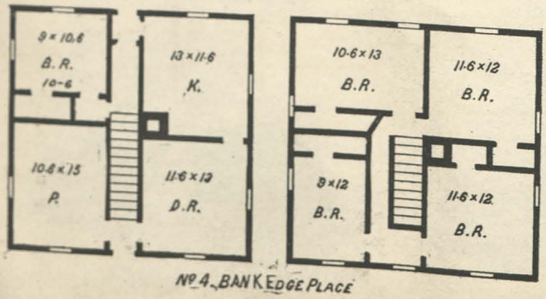

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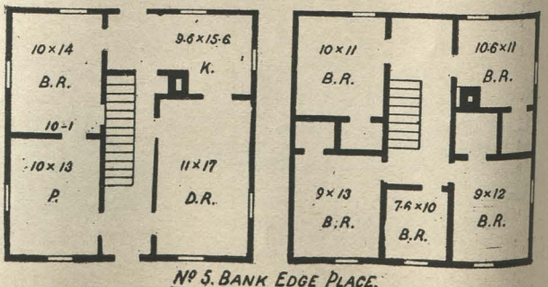

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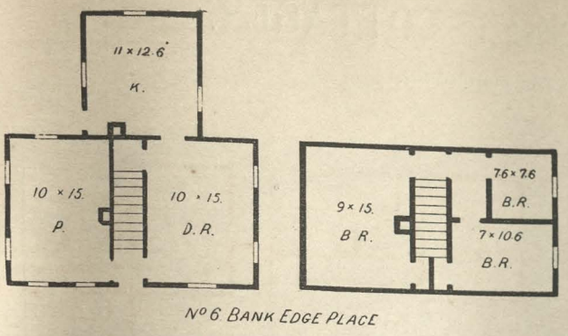
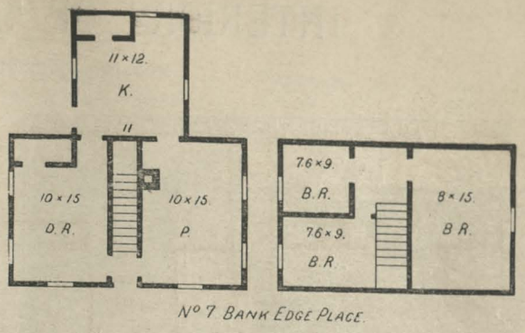
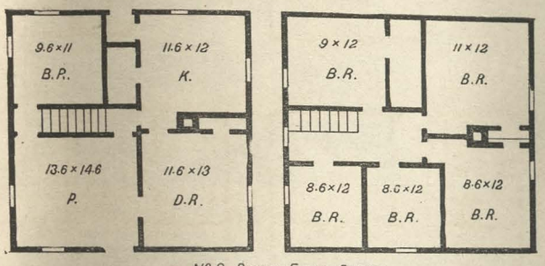


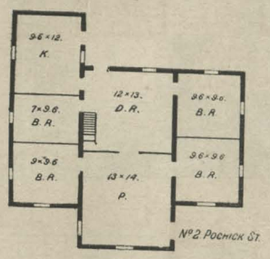
No 6. Bank Edge Place



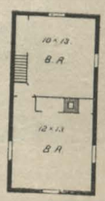
No 7 Bank Edge Place

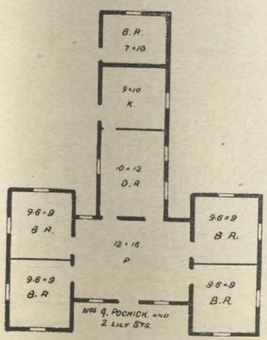


No 8. Bank Edge Place

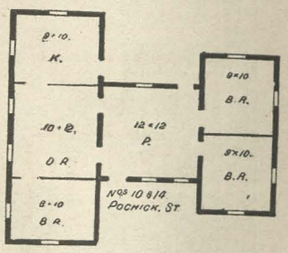


No 2 Pochick St.

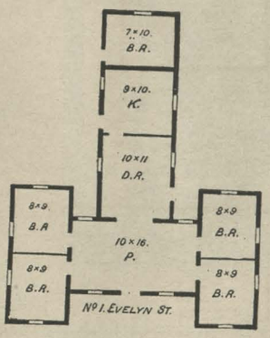




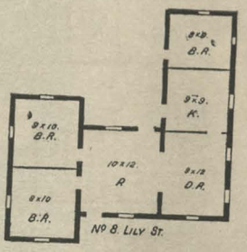
Nos 4, Pochick and 2 Lily Sts.



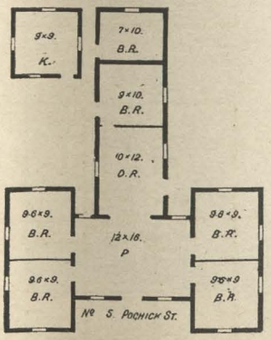
Nos 10 & 14 Pochick St.



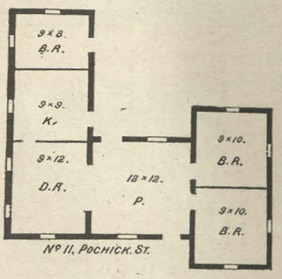
No 1. Evelyn St.



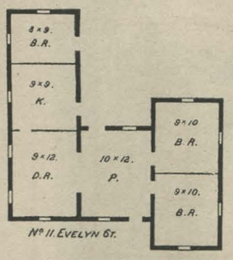
No 8. Lily St.



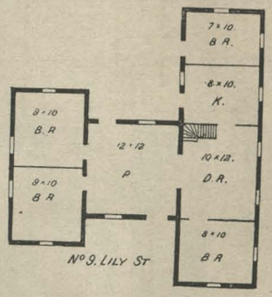
No 5. Pochick St.



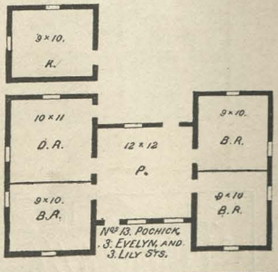
No 11. Pochick St.



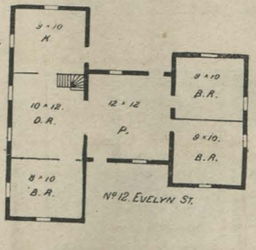
No 11. Evelyn St.



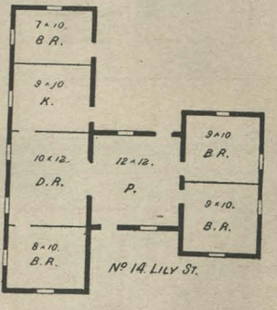
No 9. Lily St.



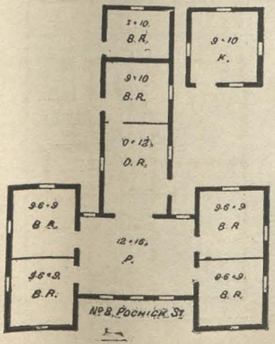
No 13. Pochick, 3. Evelyn, and 3. Lily Sts.



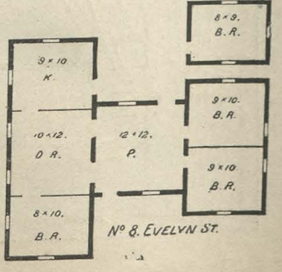
No 12. Evelyn St.



No 14. Lily St.



No 8. Pochick St.

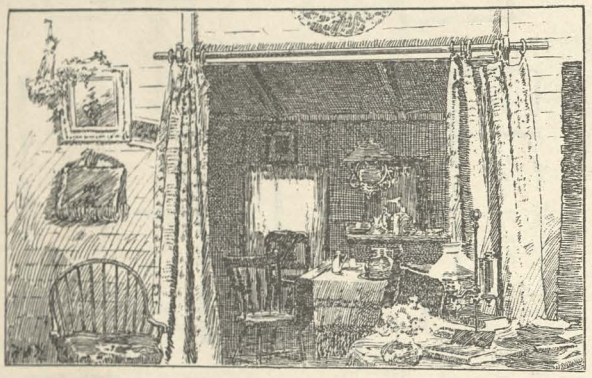


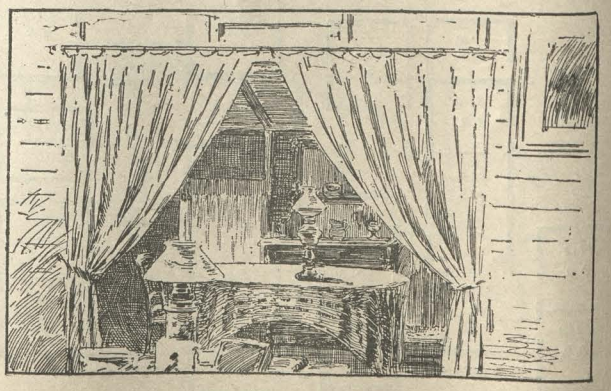
No 8. Evelyn St.

A sixth bedroom in 4, 5 and 8 Pochick and 2 Lily Streets is a small attic room. Two in 13 Pochick, 3 Evelyn and 3 Lily Streets, are attic rooms. 10 and 14 Pochick, 8 and 12 Evelyn and 9 Lily Streets, have each a 10 x 12 bedroom over the dining-room.

INTERIORS OF 'SCONSET COTTAGES.

MODELED AFTER THOSE OF THE FISHERMEN.





RENTS FOR THE SEASON OF 1889.

(Houses marked off are taken.)

Houses.	Bedrooms.	Rent.
No. 1 Bank Edge,	4	$250 00
" 2 " "	4	250 00
" 3 " "	4	250 00
" 4 " "	4	250 00
" 5 " "	3	200 00
" 1 Bank Edge Place,	5	225 00
" 2 " " "	4	200 00
" 3 " " "	6	235 00
" 4 " " "	5	225 00
" 5 " " "	6	235 00
" 6 " " "	3	175 00
" 7 " " "	3	175 00
" 8 " " "	6	235 00
" 2 Pochick Street,	6	275 00
" 4 " "	6	190 00
" 5 " "	6	200 00

Houses.	Bedrooms.	Rent.
No. 8 Pochick Street,	6	$200 00
" 10 " "	4	155 00
" 11 " "	3	140 00
" 13 " "	5	155 00
" 14 " "	4	155 00
" 1 Evelyn "	5	155 00
" 3 " "	5	140 00
" 8 " "	5	150 00
" 11 " "	3	115 00
" 12 " "	4	135 00
" 13 " "	2	115 00
" 2 Lily "	6	170 00
" 3 " "	5	140 00
" 8 " "	3	120 00
" 9 " "	5	150 00
" 14 " "	4	135 00

TERMS.

The rent is payable, one-half on the signing of the lease, the residue on or before July 15th. A house cannot be sublet without the permission of the owner, and the lease terminates when it is vacated by the tenant.

A reduction of 5 per cent. in the amount of the rent will be made to tenants who furnish their own bed-clothing, bed, toilet and table linen, plate and cutlery. Applicants should state their wishes in this regard, that the correct amount may be specified in the leases.

COMPARATIVE THERMOMETRICAL RECORD.
MAXIMUM.

	JULY, 1887.				AUGUST, 1887.				
Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N.Y.	Signal Station, Equitable B'ld'g, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.	Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N.Y.	Signal Station, Equitable B'ld'g, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.
1	95	90	76	74	1	92	88	83	76
2	95	89	73	72	2	85	85	74	70
3	95	86	74	74	3	84	84	71	69
4	92	86	77	74	4	82	80	70	66
5	80	74	79	73	5	84	79	74	68
6	82	80	76	72	6	86	86	78	71
7	92	89	74	72	7	79	76	68	67
8	93	93	78	73	8	79	77	68	66
9	88	83	78	64	9	83	78	73	67
10	85	83	75	70	10	84	81	72	68
11	84	82	73	70	11	84	80	74	70
12	90	89	69	66	12	89	87	80	79
13	96	92	84	80	13	77	75	71	64
14	90	89	76	73	14	80	77	70	68
15	82	81	78	74	15	73	71	74	72
16	99	94	74	69	16	81	78	68	66
17	91	91	78	70	17	85	84	72	70
18	90	89	75	68	18	86	84	69	68
19	78	78	72	70	19	89	85	75	74
20	86	80	69	63	20	76	76	72	72
21	76	73	71	65	21	85	80	72	68
22	83	82	71	67	22	84	83	72	70
23	86	83	78	73	23	87	82	72	72
24	83	78	80	74	24	75	75	70	68
25	90	84	81	68	25	76	74	66	66
26	91	90	76	70	26	72	71	68	66
27	90	87	75	70	27	75	72	70	68
28	92	85	77	66	28	75	73	67	66
29	93	87	79	74	29	77	75	66	65
30	93	86	82	76	30	76	75	69	64
31	93	89	82	78	31	76	74	65	66
Av'ge.	88	85	76	71	Av'ge.	81	79	71	68

Occupants of the Cottages in Previous Years.

New Hampshire.—Mrs. George A. Crosby, Manchester.

Massachusetts—Mr. E. S. Davis, Fitchburgh. Mrs. Richard Eddy, Melrose. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner, Dr. A. E. Jenks, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chase, Nantucket. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Folger and Messrs. J. W. and J. C. Folger, Jamaica Plain. Mrs. Caroline A. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Paine, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. G. Mason, New Bedford. Mr. and Mrs. David Manning, Jr., Miss Agnes Clary, Messrs. George and Albert Titus, and Mr. H. G. Taft, Worcester. Mrs. S. N. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Tucker, Miss Ida Norton, and Mrs. Georgie Peck, Boston.

Rhode Island—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Almy, Providence. Mrs. J. S. Kimber, Newport. Miss Sarah Marble, Woonsocket.

Connecticut—Mrs. H. L. Butler, Jr., and Mrs. Holcomb, Bridgeport. Prof. H. A. Kingsley, Miss Kingsley, Miss Helen Morris, and Miss Weir, New Haven.

New York City—Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Elder, Miss Eliza Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stoddart, Misses L. and E. Menut, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barron, Mme. Marie Dupré, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Law, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Daly, Mrs. M. E. Van Hamm, Miss Adele Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bartow, Mrs. W. H. Neilson, Mrs. M. S. Benner and the Misses Benner, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Neilson, Jr., Miss Belle Kellock, Mr. Eugene Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Hartley and Miss Hartley, Mr. Jacob Stout, Mr. Joseph W. Hartley, Mr. Wilfred Hartley and the Misses Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. James Stokes, Mr. Norman Dodge, Mr. Frank L. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Max Strakosch, Miss H. A. Hatch, Miss Agnes F. Smith, Mrs. John Gearity and Miss Gearity, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Starbuck, Rev. and Mrs. Edward Y. Prime, Col. and Mrs. P. J. Yorke and Miss Yorke, Mr. Prentice Mulford, Mrs. Martha Bachrach, Mr. Wm. H. McIntire, Mr. and Mrs. Hillary Bell, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. F. Birch, Mr. R. A. Wight, Mrs. M. C. Wight, Miss M. J. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McArthur, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Berryhill, Misses Maria S. and M. A. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Kingsland, Mme. Ysadora Clark, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Peixotto, Mr. G. de M. Peixotto and the Misses Peixotto, Mrs. S. Talmadge Mather, Mr. C. S. Mather and Miss Mather, Mrs. M. M. Muldaur and Mr. G. B. Muldaur, Mr. S. Marshall Busselle, Rev. W. W. Atterbury, Mrs. Philip Tillinghast, Mr. Philip Tillinghast, Jr., and Miss Tillinghast, Mr. Isaac Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brooks, Mrs. C. K. Brennan and the Misses Brennan, Miss S. L. Ireland, Mr. Lindsley Bell and Mr. Antonio Rasines.

Brooklyn.—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carter and Miss Carter, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McEwen, Mrs. Julia H. Brown, Mrs Roland F. Coffin and Miss L. M. Coffin, Miss Julia Fort, Mr. D. E. McMullin, Mr. H. B. Brush, Dr. A. C. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Atterbury, Mr. Clinton Atterbury and Miss Atterbury, Mrs. Emma Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Engs, Mr. J. W. Boynton, Jr., and Mr. Wayland Turner.

New York State.—Mr. C. S. Symonds, Utica. Rev. and Mrs. C. H. W. Stocking and the Misses Stocking, Mrs. Philip Luke and Mr. W. K. Brown, Albany. Mrs. R. W. Lowber and Miss Lowber, Greenwich. Mr. S. S. Hepworth, the Misses Hepworth and Miss Cornelia B. Getty, Yonkers. Mr. Peter Brown, Rhinebeck. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tainter, Flushing. Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Couch and Miss Couch, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gifford, Fredonia. Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hinman and Miss Hinman, Dunkirk. Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer Hall, Bedford Park. Prof. C. A. Schaffer and Mrs. Schaffer, Ithaca. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Webb, Rochester.

New Jersey.—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. R. Hopkins, Passaic. Miss Mary B. Jenkins, Boonton. Mr. J. C. Parsons, Jersey City. Mrs. C. A. Brandegee, Mr. W. P. Brandegee, Miss L. J. Brandegee, and Mrs. J. Kemble, Elizabeth. Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Kobbe, Short Hills. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Herron, Mr. A. M. Herron and Miss Herron, Summit. Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Lake, Pleasantville.

Pennsylvania.—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Watres, Mr. and Mrs. B. Galland, and Miss Sarah C. Hawley, Scranton. Misses Evie and Carrie Dolan, Pittsburg. Miss Jessup, York. Miss Emma Speakman, Coatesville. Mrs. Sarah M. Scull and Mr. David Scull, Overbrook. Prof. Allen C. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, Haverford College. Mrs. James Ecroyd and Miss S. L. Haines, Muncy. Miss M. P. Elhinton, Philadelphia. W. W. Atterbury, Altoona.

Maryland.—Misses Elizabeth, Hannah T. and Rebecca Yardley, Mt. Washington. Mrs. Chandlee, Miss Louise Matthews, and Dr. Richard H. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, Baltimore.

Washington, D. C.—Rev. J. N. Chester, D.D., Mrs. J. F. Eversfield, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Mrs. O. M. Winston, Miss Kate D. Frye, Mrs. H. W. Happy.

Florida.—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Palmer and Miss Palmer, St. Augustine.

Michigan.—Prof. and Mrs. Byron Cheever and Prof. and Mrs. O. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor. Mr. and Mrs. Emory Wendell and Miss Wendell, Mr. George Jerome and Mrs. Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McCreary, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. A. W. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. F. White, and Mrs. J. Atterbury, Detroit.

Ohio.—Misses Helen and Flora Brown, Mrs. H. D. Turney, Mrs. William Dennison, and Mr. F. F. Hoffman, Columbus.

Indiana.—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Conner, Mr. L. A. Conner and the Misses Conner, New Albany.

Illinois.—Prof. Wm. C. Richards and Mrs. William Fuller, Chicago.

Minnesota.—Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Waring, Minneapolis.

Tennessee.—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fletcher, Nashville.

Kentucky.—Dr. and Mrs J. M. Bloom, Louisville.

Missouri.—Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Ingraham and Miss Bessie Ingraham, Mrs. W. W. Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Paddock, and Mrs. W. R. Cave, St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. M. Rumsey.

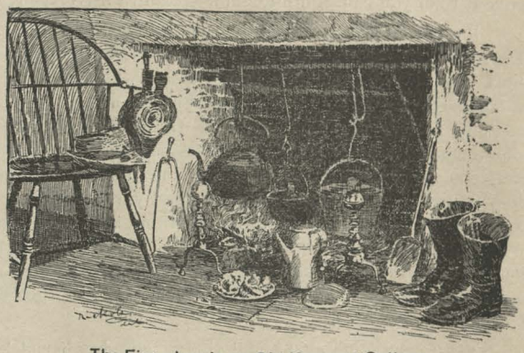
Nova Scotia.—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clements, Yarmouth.

VIEWS IN AND ABOUT OLD SIASCONSET.

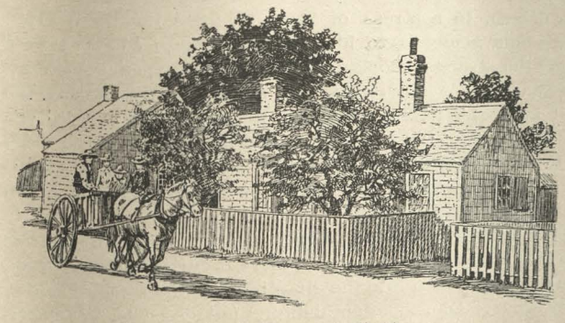
The Old Fish Cart on the Beach.

A Storm off 'Sconset Beach.

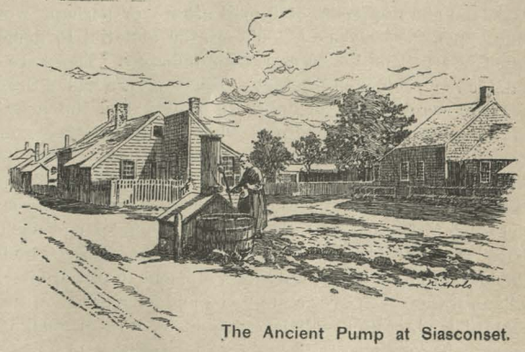
'Sconset Beach Dories.



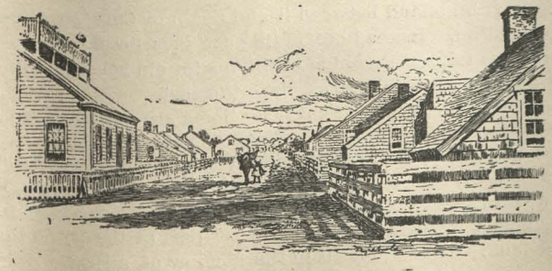
The Fire-place in an Old 'Sconset Cottage.



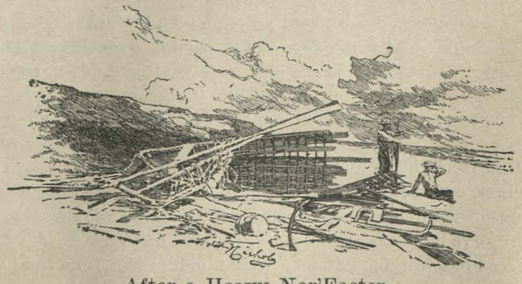
An Ancient 'Sconset Cottage.



The Ancient Pump at Siasconset.



An Old Street in Siasconset.



After a Heavy Nor'Easter.

SIASCONSET

AS SEEN BY CORRESPONDENTS OF THE PRESS.

The cottages, located mostly on three narrow streets running parallel with the bluff and with little lanes between, constitute the village. But these cottages, to the lover of 'Sconset life, make one of its chief attractions. Nearly all of them are a single story in height and might have been built by the rudest carpenter. The sides are shingled as well as the roof to keep out the driving rain which comes with the wild ocean storms, and the chimneys are built low and strong or else protected by a steep roof rising between them and the sea. These cottages are the successors to the still ruder structures which afforded shelter to the men engaged in cod-fishing in the early days of the island. For 'Sconset is no mushroom growth, but boasts of what, for an American village, is venerable antiquity and has played its part in the history of the island running back for over two hundred years. The original 'Sconset cottage had only three rooms, a fire-place of brick to stone carried up to the peak of the roof in a rude chimney which was surmounted by a wooden box daubed on the inside with clay to prevent its taking fire. * * * The charm of the cottages with their queer shapes, their antique furniture and general oddity, however, is something which grows on the visitor gradually. * * * 'Sconset draws to it few visitors who are wealthy or very fashionable, yet its summer residents come from places as distant as Detriot, Chicago and Cincinnati, and even California.—[Cortland Standard, August, 1881.

The cottages sprawl all over the ground and are most peculiar looking affairs. They range, the tourist is told, from one hundred to two hundred years old. They bear both internal and external evidences of age. They are filled with quaint furniture of the olden time, chairs out of the ark and clocks that have kept time with the centuries. They make an air in these little habitations which is rare and distinct as is the atmosphere without. Inside and outside 'Sconset is a new and novel sensation. From the top of a bluff it looks squarely out on the broad and restless ocean, and an almost faultless beach ranges at its foot. Every breath of air that goes into one's lungs is pure and invigorating and you can no more improve it than you can gild fine gold.—[Elmira Advertiser, August, 1882.

Siasconset seems a small place at a little distance, and so it is; yet, on exploration, one is surprised at the number of streets and their intricate convolutions. Some meet you unexpectedly; some are very narrow; some are phenomenally short; and some are intercepted by houses which seem to have stepped off their lots for a moment to see a neighbor. The natives adorn their houses with figure-heads and carvings taken from wrecked vessels. The cottagers also follow this fashion. The "bones" of the wrecks from whence these have been taken lie at intervals on the beach. Their "ribs," sometimes so completely buried in the sand that but a few inches can be seen, are strangely suggestive of mammoth human skeletons. * * * The chief occupation of three-fifths of the dwellers for the summer at Siasconset, is to sit or lie down. They sit by the hour on the porch or hotel veranda. They transport their bodies to the beach and lie down. They have good appetites and eat. There is something in the air here which predisposes one to rest and laziness. If you have a task to do and set about it, it impels you to dawdle over it and finally to wander off to the next cottage in quest of a neighbor to gossip with. It puts in your mind no end of excuses for so doing. You will go ostensibly for a pen, a pencil or an envelope and often, on reaching your destination, you have forgotten for what you did go.—[Prentice Mulford in New York Graphic, September, 1884.

Siasconset is a queer small village, clinging barnaclewise on the eastern bluff of the island, close by the shelter of Sankaty light-house. Originally each house consisted of a single room which served to shelter the owner after a fishing cruise, but by and by, as the cottager waxed richer and more luxurious, he would fetch a small barn or outhouse from the parent town and clap it alongside his primal tenement. Sometimes a vessel would be wrecked on the dangerous shoals of the island and fragments of it drift ashore or perhaps would be driven, in a stress of weather, upon the beach itself. Whereupon the fisherman would use the material to make clumsy enlargements to his cottage. These additions were called "warts" and the term was not unhappy. These are certainly the strangest looking houses in the experience of man. Outside in a grotesque attempt at ornament are nailed the carven nameboards of wrecks that have been driven ashore, the fantastic scroll work of unknown prows, and the massive and hurriedly painted figure-heads that were modeled one knows neither by whom nor where. The cottages all look as if they were never made by man but had been by some curious freak pitched together by the sea. Yet, inside, they are charmingly cozy and snug and filled with wonderful china and stately clocks and rare curiosities from all quarters of the earth. The waves tumble and toss and glitter and roll and rear up greenly and dash down foamingly, and roar and hiss and splash and bubble and chase each other madly and belch forth each other furiously and thunder and dash and play merrily all the while on 'Sconset beach. On the cruel "rips" that skirt the island, the ocean rises and lashes its billows into never ceasing spray. Here it curls into a whirlpool, yonder it sweeps on smoothly for a moment to prepare itself for a quivering leap into the air—then, on the troubled billows roll until they dash over and glisten and foam again on the yellow sands. Of the other delights possessed by this queer, quaint island, of its peculiar veiling mists, of its original character studies, of its grotesque roads and its amusing and never-to-be-forgotten railway, of its hospitalities, of its summer tents on the sands, of its characteristic box-wagons, of its fishing, of its appetite and refreshing sleep, I have no language to speak adequately.—[Watertown Post, September, 1884.

'Sconset's magnificent position on a bluff overlooking the ocean with no land between it and Spain or Cuba, attracted attention several years ago, and it has now a good sized summer population. Instead of building cottages for themselves, as others have done on the cliff near Nantucket town, the outsiders have taken possession of the quaint old houses of the fishermen, and, without altering their outward appearance, have transformed their interiors into the cosiest nests imaginable. These houses are all over a hundred years old and some date to the seventeenth century. Some are small and some large. They are situated on narrow, grassy lanes which run criss-cross over the top of the bluff. The long slanting roofs start from the first story near the ground and sweep back to the ridge pole. There are curious embrasures and odd little wings, and all, roofs and sides, are covered with naked, or whitewashed, or, sometimes, painted shingles. The surroundings of the houses are extremely neat, and dainty curtains in the windows serve in lieu of blinds. The idea seems to be to preserve intact the air of antiquity and oddity. * * * The summer residents pass the greater part of the day on the broad beach which extends three hundred feet from the foot of the bluff. There they sit in the shadow of a large wreck, or under tents. They put on their bathing suits at home and keep them on the entire morning. Young men and women lounge on the beach in their picturesque garments.—[New York Sun, August, 1885.

Summer visitors from all parts of the country have done much to modernize and make luxurious the interiors of these queer little cottages. Yet still they remain ancient and of another age, another history. The tall old clocks still stand ticking slowly in the corner that they have known for a hundred years and are not to be put out of countenance by the gew-gaws and light ornaments of later days. The curious little casements are veiled sometimes by costly curtains, but still are quaint and queer; and the clumsy figure-heads of impossible gods and goddesses grow into stranger uncouthness and more ungraceful shapes in contrast to the slender and beautiful girls that lean carelessly against them and flirt under the noses of the figure-heads that long ago snuffed the ocean storms. Nothing would make Siasconset modern. It is like some venerable old woman whose youth was spent in hard battle with the elements and whose age is too grey and too wrinkled to be softened by unaccustomed nnery. But this agedness doth add a rarer pleasing to the damsels whose summer charms invest it with laughter and with loveliness. It is one of the prettiest pictures of life to see a half dozen merry maidens lingering around the old village pump to read notices posted thereon, and to laughingly drink of its waters; some in white, some in cream color, and some in blue, and all in sweetness and grace. In faith, it were no ill fancy to look on them as the nymphs of the pump and to believe that at the end of the season they disappear like truth into the well, and only come up in the springtime.—[Boston Commonwealth, August, 1885.

So I am at Siasconset. And with me is a vast number of artists, authors and other unhappy victims of nerves. There is more peace and quiet at Siasconset than in any other spot outside of Nepenthe. None of us are ready for Nepenthe; so we came here instead. We eat prodigiously; we drink—eh bien—there is nothing but milk; we slumber twelve hours of the twenty-four and the other twelve we are drowsy.—[The Journalist, August, 1885.

Above all, at Siasconset, lazy, breezy, queer, antique, the world's end of the sea-girt isle, attached by a narrow gauge railroad that resembles the camel in its motions, environments of sands, and oriental habits—this ancient fishing hamlet, Siasconset, metamorphosed into a summer rest for tired nerves, has not its like. Nowhere else is such a combination of ocean coolness absolutely pure, of piny wood and healthy moors, of the dashing surf and gleaming waves and the white caps on the distant rips, the blue gems of the fresh water ponds that are set in the green and purple of the moors, the ruddy flashes of Sankaty light, guardian sentry of the Siasconset coast, sending never failing cheer to the thousand watchers far out at sea, beautiful landmark and never hid—the gorgeous sunsets that make the heavens above the moors a sea of glass encircling golden islands and fringed with purple headlands and blue mountains, while moon and stars shine out in the clear Siasconset atmosphere that gives the starry night reflected by the silvered sea an oriental splendor; these are all unrivaled. Dull, however, is it not, this same old Siasconset? The ancient village is dull in just the way that makes it attractive to those who love it and make it, year after year, their chosen summer home. The grassy lanes, like the streets of the new Jerusalem, are filled with children playing in them, and the awnings on the beach are always picturesque with the little ones scooping the sand or holding on to mamma's hand in the edge of the foaming waves, or astride of papa's shoulders as he carries them out in his strong arms in deeper waters. At all hours of the day, a long line of awnings on the beach is the resort of gazers on the changeful sea, who with books and conversation while away the happy hours inhaling with every breath the invigorating coolness and tonic purity of the ocean breeze. There is at Siasconset an abandon in respect of clothes and other conventionalities that cramp humanity upon the mainland that is conducive to repose of mind. The woman who said that she experienced the peace which religion gives, only when she was well dressed, might fall from grace at Siasconset. Flannels are the rule, although "boiled" shirts and bonnets are worn by some persons on Sunday. Home life is here reduced to its simplest terms, but in the queer little shingled houses of the 'Sconseters which they let ready furnished with all their antique appointments, there is abundance of good cheer.—[Springfield Republican, September, 1885.

Why do college professors and men with comfortable bank accounts and weary brain-workers come from nearly every conceivable town in the country to fill the cottages in this far-away and quaint old fishing town? The old fishing town is still the heart of 'Sconset, and its streets are as narrow as ever, and not a few of the cottages retain their ancient flavor and diminutive proportions; but on either hand are new and, of course, more pretentious cottages. These are not, however, of the Newport pattern, and old 'Sconset retains its popularity. Its one pump supplies all the drinking water of the village, and its handful of permanent citizens are still an essential part of the summer community. But people do not come to 'Sconset because of either Old, or New 'Sconset; they come because warm water and a cool air meet here as they do not elsewhere meet along our entire coast line. This is a broad assertion, but the facts sustain it. Sconset is only thirty, or, at the outside, forty miles from the warm water of the Gulf Stream, nearer than any other point on our coast, except possibly a stretch along the Florida coast. The water is warmer here than at Cape May, absolutely warmer. Warmer water may be found below Fortress Monroe, but not north of it. Rival beaches may challenge the statement, but it will stand nevertheless. The water is warm; the east wind bracing, and the southwest wind soft and wooing. There are no fine drives here, no iron pier, no Gilmore, no cottages that cost a fortune, no Casino, no polo, no fuss and feathers of any kind. There is rest and health in the air, pleasure in the water, and ease and peace and many whist parties in the quaint cottages. We went last Sunday in flannel shirts to hear our fellow-citizen of a summer, Moses Coit Tyler' preach. A dude in a claw-hammer is unknown, and living is reduced, or rather elevated, to the realm of comfort and common sense.—[Atlanta Constitution, August, 1885.

'Sconset is certainly the quaintest bit of village comedy that my eyes have ever seen. Such Lilliputian streets and houses. If there had been no invasion of summer residents, one might easily imagine that a race of dwarfs or gnomes had built themselves this microcosm by the sea. But the men we saw on the steep-shelving beach, fighting the sea that was trying to wrest away their hard-won spoil, were not of the pigmy sort.—[Rev. J. W. Chadwick in the Christian Register.

And after these charms of the waste comes 'Sconset. The reader who has never looked on it has missed one of the queerest corners of the earth. It is, or was, a little fishing hamlet of box-like cabins, perched on a mighty bluff, forever engaged in buffeting the ocean and forever getting the worst of it. Now two large hotels and near a hundred modern cottages, inhabited during the season by a little colony of pleasant people—literary, artistic, and otherwise—have subtracted somewhat from the fishy, old-man-of-the-sea aspect of the place. Still the quaint picturesque element holds its own well, some of the newcomers having taken pains to foster and develop it in new houses built after old style. A stroll down Broadway, (the name is given in irony, for the way is so narrow that a dray-load of fish or furniture—the only commodities ever seen in it—can with difficulty pass), will introduce one at once to this feature. Most of the houses here are minute cottages, with the eaves so low that one can readily touch them with upstretched hand. Most of them bear the name of

the cottage over the doorway lettered on a board or storm-beaten figure-head won from a wreck. The antiquity of these cottages is their chief charm. Enter one and you will see how space may be economised and how prone the ancient architect was to build on the nautical plan. The sleeping chambers are reached by a step-ladder precisely like those used in the descending to the cabin of a fishing smack, or for climbing a vessel's side, while the "best room" was finished like a ship's cabin with projecting beams, and corners beaded and ornamented with rude carvings.—[N. Y. Evening Post, January, 1886.

For 200 years this little village was a home for a few fishermen and their families, who, in 1676, began to build little box-like houses, shingled down to the ground, with window panes not much larger than a man's hand. Once it was a prosperous place, when the whalers, after being gone on a three or four years cruise, returned laden with a wealth of oil, sperm, and whalebone, and also of treasures from far-off countries over the sea. But the discovery of coal oil gave a death-blow to this industry, and now the village, after a long sleep of discouragement and depression, has suddenly burst its chrysalis and woke up to the butterfly existence of a summer resort for gay and fashionable people. They take delight in renting the uncanny little fishing huts with bedrooms where they can hardly turn around, with dining rooms so tiny that they sometimes have to enlarge them by awnings stretched out over the back yard; and parlors which have no glory but the big chimney corners and the grand old ocean view from the wide barn-like outside doors.—[Demorest's Monthly Magazine, March, 1886.

Here one has all the emotions of living at sea without the disagreeable effects of sea sickness, for the ocean, after it has washed the shores of Spain, beats with lightness and strength upon the opposite shore of 'Sconset, and the fresh breeze, pungent with salt, brings health and long-life to the summer residents. Most of the cottages stand upon a high bank, looking out upon a dazzling expanse of lonely water which scarce a vessel dares to sail an account of the dangerous "rips." Behind are the moors, almost as impressive as the ocean, with undulations and level land or "hummocks and pastures," in local phrase. At this season of the year the wild rose perfumes the air; the beech pea gaily flaunts its red and yellow petals; the August lily is preparing to clothe with scarlet the deep hollows, and less conspicuous flowers tempt the botanist. In many fresh water ponds which a narrow strip of moorland protects from the ocean, water lilies and other aquatic plants abound. As spoil for summer visitors, grow thistles both purple and white; and in nooks, which are known only to a few, the genuine Scotch heather blooms upon these New England moors. Soon the golden rod time of the year will come and the commons will blaze with glory. If one cannot come near the heart of nature on these wild moors, he needs no further inspiration, for he has lost an understanding of her meaning.—[Boston Journal, July, 1886.

Four years ago, less than a score of families came to 'Sconset to rent the funny little cottages. To-day visitors are recorded as numbering nearly 2,000. The little hamlet is like a small hub surrounded by a circle of long spokes, and bluff lots are not to be purchased on the southern end of the village and but a few in number on the extreme north. Within the past two years Mr. Edward F. Underhill has had cottages built in simple but convenient style and thoroughly furnished and has this season rented them at a good price upon the investment.—[N. Y. Tribune, August, 1886.

It is a period of seven years since I had visited 'Sconset and I must confess to a startling surprise and pleasure at the changes which had taken place. I would not venture to say how many cottages have been added to the original village, but I know that Mr. E. F. Underhill of New York, has already built thirteen which have become occupied almost as soon as finished. To Mr. Underhill, the village owes much of its present prosperity. He has loved the place since he came here several years since for his summer vacation. He is wise in that he has preserved as far as possible, in his new cottages, the quaint and peculiar style of architecture known nowhere else but in this strange little hamlet. Squatty, shingled, ugly, yet inside they present an appearance of genuine comfort.—[Boston Courier, August, 1886.

'Sconset, once a little fishermen's village is destined to become a city by the sea, for already nearly a hundred new and beautiful cottages have been erected. * * The air of the island is equable both summer and winter. The sharp changes peculiar to the climate of the mainland are not known here, owing, probably, to the influence of the Gulf Stream. A case of malaria never originated upon the island, and as hundreds can testify, a residence upon it for a few weeks will surely prove a remedy for the worst cases. No one need go to Europe in order to have the benefits of an ocean voyage, for on the island, all the benefits of such a voyage can be had without its discomforts and sickness.—[Baltimore American, August, 1886.

Life at 'Sconset is almost primitive in its freedom from conventionalities. It is not rough or rude (or even rural, since the sea and moor are scarcely country-like) but it possesses the charm of freedom from the unreasonable restraints of fashion. Here gather the men and woman, who of weary brain, of nerves tired, and dulled with large and noble exertion, with minds taxed to peril with their great interests and duties. Not these alone, of course, are at 'Sconset, but many come in their train—the young, the gay, the happy—for these enjoy the boundless delights of the surging, swelling, sounding sea, delights which Long Branch, or Ocean Grove, or Rockaway cannot fairly equal in degree. Half of the population are cottagers who have their summer homes and "keep house" in them. Presidents of colleges, judges, admirals, painters, impressarios, authors, professors, divinty doctors and doctors of disease are to be found in quaint little houses bearing names more quaint than they. Mr. Underhill's cottages are new (old in style). They are all so completely and comfortably furnished that the tenant need carry with him to 'Sconset nothing but wearing apparel—[Rev. William C. Richards, D.D., in the Berkshire Eagle, September, 1886.

If anyone desires to return to primitive modes of life where they can be exempt from dressing as lay figures to advertise their respectability, if they want to sift out the nonsense of modern civilization and get the small remainder of common sense existence; if they yearn for a good night's sleep and an appetite that can eat a square meal without resulting in fits of indigestion, let them set their faces as flint 'Sconset wise. The visitor will have to live in a one-story cottage where elevators are as useless as would be silk dresses and velvet gowns.[Rev. John Chester, D.D., in the Christian at Work, October, 1886.

Eve. Post March 6, 89

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LAND TITLES IN NANTUCKET.

THE ISLAND OWNED BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE—A VERY QUEER STATE OF AFFAIRS.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

BOSTON, March 5.

FEW of the public can be aware of the complicated and curious case of the ownership of the island of Nantucket. Really, it is owned by hundreds of thousands of people, most of whom do not know of their proprietorship. Perhaps it is just as well that they do not, for their shares are infinitesimal individually. The following facts have been brought out at a hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives by Mr. H. B. Worth of New Bedford.

Previous to the year 1693 the island of Nantucket belonged to the colony of New York, it being ceded in that year to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1671 the inhabitants, with Thomas Macey at their head, had purchased the title of the Indian owners, and in 1684 the island was owned equally in common by twenty-seven men, among whom sheep-raising was the principal occupation. It became necessary to ascertain how many sheep each owner could fairly pasture on the island. It was deemed that one acre could maintain one sheep, which was called a "sheep's common," and which became the unit of value of land. According to their rude estimate, the island contained 19,440 acres, thus entitling each of the 27, as his individual interest in the land, to 720 "sheep's commons." In 1717, by a statute of Anne, the owners were constituted a "proprietary," a quasi-corporation, in which "sheep's commons" were treated as shares, the proprietor's voting power depending upon the number of "sheep's commons" which he owned, and in that year, by sale, inheritance, etc., the number of proprietors had increased to about 50, no one owning exactly 720 "sheep's commons," some more and the greater number of them less. Then they began to lay off tracts of land which they termed "divisions," each being surveyed and divided into 27 equal parts termed shares. The proprietors were arranged in groups, each of whose aggregate holdings was 720 "sheep's commons." Each group, by lot, acquired possession of one share, holding that undivided among themselves, but being divested of all interest in the other shares in that particular "division." In the first "division," called Shimmoo, were the progenitors of all of the principal families of Nantucket, the Maceys, Gardiners, Coffins, Husseys, Pinkhams, Barnards, Folgers, Worths, and Starbucks. The "sheep's commons" were transferred, in case of change of ownership, by deed, some carrying with them "division" land, others only the undivided interest. In the case of Shimmoo, which is but typical of the other divisions, it never was acquired by one person, but by transfer and inheritance the original interests have been divided and sub-divided until the number of owners now reaches among the millions, and they are located in every part of the inhabited globe. The descendants of the Coffins alone now number hundreds of thousands.

And what is true of the "division" land is equally true of the land which was never divided, and which comprises about one-half of the island. It is evident that it is practically an impossibility to obtain deeds from all of the living owners of much of these lands—and without such deeds the titles would remain clouded. And added to the large number of owners would be the difficulty of determining who are owners. The genealogies from the original proprietors are imperfect; all deeds must be examined, probate records must be searched. The laws of inheritance have undergone many changes since 1717. In early times the oldest son was the only heir; later the other children came in, with a double portion to the oldest son; now all children inherit equally. Besides these provisions, would apply the laws, some English, some American, concerning inheritance where there are no children. Therefore, the title to the whole of Shimmoo, for example, is so inextricably confused and divided that no process under existing laws would clear it. Until recent years much of this land has not been considered worth the expense of even attempting to secure a title, and it was never taxed until 1887. In all, twenty-one "divisions" were set off, the last in 1855, and, of course, the degree of confusion of the title decreases according to the lateness of the date of its partition. And even where the owners are comparatively well known, in many cases it is difficult to locate their land because of the crudity of the original methods of survey. These lands are more or less in demand for summer residences, but intending purchasers are frightened away by the confused titles, and the lands lie idle and unimproved, the town thus losing much benefit. A bill was presented to the Committee, providing in substance that persons owning in certain "divisions," known as Maddaket, Great Neck, Smooth Hummocks, Maddaket Swamps, Trott's Hills, Plains, Head of the Plains, Woods, Maddaket Salt Meadows, South East Quarter, North Pasture, Middle Pasture, Gibbs's Swamp, Shimmoo, Peat Swamps, Beach Shares of 1805, Squam, Pocomo, and Koskata, who do not within two years claim, identify, and pay tax on their land, shall lose it, either to the person occupying it or to the town. It is urged that the confusion increases with time; that sooner or later the Legislature must apply some remedy; that no cure can be had which will not affect somebody's interests; but that the one suggested inflicts an injury to actual owners so infinitesimally small that it would never be felt. In fact, a very large proportion of the actual owners have not the least knowledge of their ownership. The number of acres affected is from 12,000 to 15,000, the total acreage of the island, according to more recent surveys, being about 30,000. All, or nearly all owners who are aware of their interests, agree to the proposed bill.

Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror March 16-89

Mr. E. F. Underhill's annual circular "The Patchwork Village, 'Sconset by the Sea," is before us, enlarged from its former meagre dimensions to a pretentious, illustrated pamphlet, descriptive of quaint old 'Sconset and the cottages therein contained, those belonging to Mr. Underhill being all illustrated, giving a clear idea of their appearance and dimensions. And there are maps, too, pointing out the route thither; showing the course of the Gulf Stream, to which Nantucket is the nearest point north of Florida; and a clear map of the island itself; with tables and other desirable information. Mr. Underhill, at 22 Spruce street, New York city, will be pleased to forward his circular prepaid to any address. Write for it.

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AT SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island, 23 fully furnished seaside cottages; rents $135 to $250 for the season; splendid ocean views; no hot days, malaria or mosquitos; surf bathing. Address for descriptive circulars, with views of houses, UNDERHILL 22 Spruce-st.

Nantucket Journal Mar. 14/89

☞ We have received from E. F. Underhill, Esq., a copy of his annual circular which is devoted to extolling Nantucket in general and Siasconset in particular as a summer resort, and to advertising Mr. Underhill's numerous cottages. It is an elaborate 16-page circular, abounding in statements of interest and information, and its circulation must benefit the whole island.

Inquirer & Mirror April 20/89

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

APRIL 20, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

The Boston *Journal* of March 7, 1889, contains an article under the title of Nantucket Lands, which was afterwards copied into the Nantucket *Journal*. In the Nantucket INQUIRER AND MIRROR a few corrections appeared, closing with the words: "While the bill, if enacted into law, may have some objections in equity, if not in law, on the whole, it has merits that commend it to the judgment of many directly interested in the results." I would like to occupy a space in your columns, in opening to the gaze of those so much interested, a few points for consideration.

The bill before the Legislature reads, "shall before May 1, 1889, make to the assessors of the town of Nantucket a sworn statement of said lands owned by them, sufficiently described to be *identified*." After conversing with one of the largest landed proprietors, I wrote to our Representative, Mr. Smalley, asking him to use his influence against the passage of such an act. The letter was returned to Nantucket to an interested party in the bill, who called on me the same evening. In our conversation I could not see through his eyes, or accept for one moment the interpretation of the law as rendered by him, for reasons which I shall endeavor to bring out. When the conversation had so far advanced as to reach the point of titles and identifications, I produced two hundred and fifty deeds of lands, conveyed to my honored father, George Easton, from Paul Gardner, jr., given Oct. 2, 1834, for twenty-five thousand dollars, representing at that date, not far from five thousand acres. Further on I showed a document sixteen feet in length, giving to his five children their specified interests in the various sections of the island of Nantucket, in each of the respective shares, and stating the fact the tax had been paid for many years previous to the year 1887, as mentioned in said article before the house, and each member is taxed for those interests to-day. The response comes: "Your title is good. But this law makes it better." I can't see it. Now we come to the word in the law, "identify." In order to identify, we must make a new survey of all the sections of the island, and after locating each and every share, continue to locate our individual interests in commons and fractions of a common. But no is the answer. You have possession already; but you can't sell; you can't give a deed locating your land; and can't find anything to start from; but you may pay the tax if you *want* to; it can't be collected. Question.—You say pay the tax, and you have possession. Answer.—Yes. Question.— If I cannot locate my individual interests in each and all the different shares, of what use are all these lands to me? Answer. They are of no use. And yet I have possession of what, a myth, a nothing? Now, Mr. Editor, these lands are not a public domain; they are private property; but according to this strange logic, and according to the interpretation given, and expressed verbally, by my friend, I can go out and put down my stakes, where I imagine I own, and after a certain time, hold it. He does not appear to understand that I may own in one share and perhaps not in the next, very much after the tenure of lands in Russia during Serfdom; and it requires but little penetration to see that we are surely drifting into a state of anarchy. And out of this is to grow an endless train of evils, issuing of writs of ejectments, and a long line of lawsuits, through which lawyers may build fine houses out of the proceeds of sheep commons, while we must admit the fact of the necessity of some remedy for difficulties relative to some phases of the case, especially when some owners do not appear. Yet, according to my views, this wholesale confiscating does not reach the matter. Perhaps this may induce a response from some for or against the proposition, for it is time the proprietors of the divided lands, or rather properly called, lands of inheritance, opened their eyes and made ready to meet the Judiciary committee from the legislature, who are to visit us for a hearing. I am told the whole body are coming to learn something of sheep commons.

Respectfully.

ALBERT EASTON.

Inq. & Mirror Apr 20/89

"SHEEP COMMONS."

Here's the wise and sedate Legislative Committee
In a sad state of bother deserving of pity!
For they have such a brain-racking job on their hands,
To untangle the snarl of these Nantucket lands;
They have learned the disease, and can now diagnose it,
But are puzzled to know what's the best way to dose it;
Of course they desire to do justice to all,
And to show no more favor to Peter than Paul;
But a desperate case may want treatment heroic,
And the doctor must needs have the nerves of a stoic.

The owners in fee of these "dividend" lands
Are almost as numerous now as the sands
On our shores. Think a little, 't will plainly appear
That their number is growing still larger each year.
The law of inheritance and lineal descent
Must produce this result, which we cannot prevent;
And the fractional parts—whether vulgar or decimal—
Will make your head swim, they 're so infinitesimal.
That you own any lands may be strange news to you,
But look into the facts and you 'll find that you do;
In the year sixteen hundred and seventy-five,
Your great-great-great-grandsire, who then was alive,
But of whose existence you scarcely have heard,
Died intestate, and owning, say five and one-third
Nineteen thousand four hundred and fortieths of all
The common land then on the island. 'Twas small,
Even then, to be sure; but how stands it to-day?
There are heirs forty thousand at least, we should say,
Distributed all o'er the face of the earth,
And to figure out your part at just what it's worth,
Working down through that genealogical line,
You 'll find that you are cutting things down fine!

But you own it, not only in this common land,
A fractional interest in each grain of sand,
But also—don't treat the whole thing with derision—
A similar interest in every division;
In Trots Hills, Head of the Plains and Smooth Hummocks,
Take care, or in working these figures you 'll flummux;
In Woods, Plains and Meadows, and in South-East Quarter,
In Amendment Beach shares, which are black mud and water;
In Shimmo and Pocomo, Squam and Coskata,
And others all over the island, *pro rata*,
Wherever the shares still remain undivided;
And when you 've searched into the matter as I did,
You 'll find it is cheaper to get on without it,
Than to get on your ear, with your back up about *it*;
But you own it, and though 't is but matter for laughter,
Your children's grandchildren will own it hereafter,
But split up so much finer in fractions minute,
Each can cover his land with the sole of his boot;
Or could, if he owned it in severalty clear,
But he don't, and it 's just that—that makes it so queer;
For you may n't even bore or dig out a small cavity
From the earth's surface down toward the centre of gravity,
For *you don't* own a definite piece of this land,
But a fractional claim upon each grain of sand,
In common with others all over the earth,
And 't would cost more than fifty times what the land 's worth
To get it set off by a judicial court
And record the Commissioner's long-tailed report.

Sometimes there 's a more serious state of affairs
Where no bound stones are found that will mark the old shares;
But these must be fixed by a new re-survey,
For we can't sell the land, nor e'en give it away.
Let somebody, whether 't is Smith, Jones or Brown,
The king, or the great Commonwealth, or the town,
Get a title so solid that nothing can move it;
Then someone may dare to buy, sell or improve it.
Call the scheme what you will—a land grab or a gobble;
Do something, to get us well out of this hobble.

W. H. M.

Inq. & Mir. Apr 27 '89

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

"DIVISION LANDS."

Mr. Editor:

I propose briefly to trace the history of the present movement to establish the title to Nantucket division land, to state the difficulty which is encountered with these titles, and finally, to present some suggestions for Mr. Albert Easton to consider.

1.—*History of the movement to establish the title to Nantucket division land.*

In the spring of 1885, the Nantucket Assessors were Andrew Whitney, Joseph Mitchell and Andrew M. Myrick. In the performance of their duties, these conscientious men had been annoyed by certain general assessments which had for years been made as follows: "Alfred Swain, 1200 acres outlying land, $3600; "Henry Coffin, 1000 acres outlying land, $3000." There were other similar assessments, to other persons for less number of acres. The exact business method which these assessors had practiced for years, were not at all in accord with such loose assessments. There was no description of these so-called "outlying lands," and no location given. How were they to know that these large areas of land were worth uniform three dollars per acre. Perhaps some of [illegible] worth more. If so, they ought [illegible] to assess [illegible]. But first, where was it? They interviewed those to whom these lands were generally assessed, and were told that these lands were located all over Nantucket, in all the divisions, and the owners could not exactly locate them, but that the records would show. So the Assessors next called on William H. Macy, who knew more about Nantucket land than any person living. He told them that it would take years to ascertain exactly the ownership of the division lands, and that a survey would finally be necessary. Finally, in their despair, the Assessors, under the authority of the town, consulted Thomas M. Stetson, of New Bedford, in whose office I was then studying. Mr. Stetson gave the town an opinion, which was published in The Inquirer and Mirror, in May, perhaps, of that year. The result of his opinion was that the general assessment was not valid, and as the great expense of a survey was not warranted by the value of the land, it was not worth while to have one made. I have not his opinion before me, but either in his opinion or in my conversation with him, he stated that such a tangle of title could only be straightened out by the Legislature. In his opinion, a law providing that these numerous owners of division land should identify the land they owned within two years, or else it should be forfeited to the town, would be entirely constitutional. His opinion was not asked for a remedy, so he gave in his opinion no sketch of the law he should recommend.

Since that time, I have had numerous conversations with Nantucket gentlemen in regard to this question. Real estate law has always been of interest to me, and this novel situation at Nantucket in particular. William H. Macy's great knowledge of Nantucket land matters was absolutely necessary to any intelligent settling of the Nantucket muddle. No book contains his knowledge of old systems and methods which he gathered by conversing with the land kings of the last generation. I considered it important that any step toward curing Nantucket titles, should be done in Mr. Macy's prime of life. Last January, several friends thought the time had come, when something could be done better than at any time in the future. I accordingly presented the matter to the Legislature. The Judiciary Committee gave me a most respectful and appreciative hearing, and the argument I delivered before them, was published throughout the eastern United States. They felt, however, that so important a matter demanded a hearing at Nantucket. They have informed me that it is their intention to hear the people themselves, at Nantucket, this month or next. I shall be present at that hearing.

2.—*The difficulty to be remedied.*

This is two-fold. It concerns the land and certain so-called owners. The trouble with the land has been pretty generally discussed. W. H. Macy's comic poem in The Inquirer and Mirror of April 20, 1889, is one of the best presentations. This division land is owned by an infinite number of persons, in individual interests. It is practically impossible to find them. If the owners could be found, the land could not be located. The old divisions were surveyed with imperfect instruments, and the old lines cannot be found. The only method of ever getting a clear title to this land is to divest these unknown owners of their small interests, if they don't identify them within a given time. It does not take great legal acumen to see this. A certain acre of land is owned by 10,000 persons; only 100 are known. That acre of land can never have a clear title until those other owners of infinitesimal portions are divested of their ownership. If it be said better never have a good title if somebody's land must be taken, that is the whole question. We assert that it is for the benefit of Nantucket that a good title be established to these lands, and for that we are working. The difficulty with the so-called owners is that they want to think they own land and so they pay taxes on "outlying lands." Even if they don't own an inch, they like to think they do. This disposition cannot be cured, and I don't know that it makes any difference. If the Assessors are satisfied to assess "outlying lands" and the town gets its tax, even if all lands of Nantucket are hereafter owned and taxed to personal owners, yet if some gentleman still persists in paying a tax on "outlying lands," when there are none, nobody will be offended.

3.—*Some matters for Mr. Albert Easton to consider.*

The 250 deeds and a will sixteen feet in length do not give Mr. Albert Easton one foot of unoccupied division land of Nantucket which he can identify. All these documents convey, if anything, individual portions, and Mr. Easton cannot tell where they are. I assert this with no fear of being successfully contradicted, because I myself have searched these very records he refers to. But if Mr. Easton takes pleasure in an indefinite notion that he owns 160 acres of "outlying lands" because his father's will says so, his veneration will not satisfy modern purchasers. The time for quit-

claim deeds has gone. Alfred Swain and George Easton might be satisfied with them, but a wealthy summer resident at Nantucket is not thus satisfied. A peat swamp or a cranberry bog might be bought by a quitclaim deed, but a New York merchant who intends to erect an expensive house, cannot risk doing so if all he has is a quitclaim deed.

Again, the fact that George Easton, for many years, paid the tax on 5000 acres of "outlying land," never gave him an element of title. It is occupancy that gives title, and not taxpaying. George Easton never occupied his outlying lands. He quitclaimed, it is true, to hundreds of persons. But a quitclaim deedgives no title, if the grantor had none, and there is great doubt whether an indefinite description of a certain number of sheep commons and all the dividend land belonging thereto, conveys anything at all beside common land.

Mr. Easton's closing exhortation practically informs us that he shall meet the Legislative Committee as a foe. If this be his mind, he would do us a kindness to announce it. If he doesn't want any law whatever, passed, but is contented with matters as they now exist, then let Nantucket people know it. At any rate, if he proposes to come before the Committee, I shall suggest to them to call for those deeds to his father from Paul Gardner, jr., and thus bring before the Committee a good type of the indefinite land descriptions, which satisfied those who have so hopelessly tangled Nantucket titles. If Mr. Easton sees fit to reply to this letter, I desire him not to befog discussion with any allusion to sheep commons. The difficulty is not with the title of common land. That is clear, and subject to the vote of the proprietors. The proprietors, as a body, however, have nothing to do with division land. The Bill contemplates establishing the titles to division land, and not common land. I do not care to have him refer me to the records, either of Nantucket County or of the proprietors. Mr. Easton may dispute the soundness of my conclusions, but I don't wish him to accuse me of ignorance of any facts that appear of record. I am entirely familiar with all the records of Nantucket land.

H. B. WORTH.

New Bedford, April 24.

Inq. & Mirror May 4/89

"SHEEP COMMONS."

Hopkins, who owns to finding some attractions
In our late article about land-fractions,
Has figured out *his* portion of our land,
And thinks he now begins to understand
Something about our complicated system,
And calls upon his co-heirs to assist him.
Each being assured that he is a land-holder,
All should stand firm together, hip and shoulder,
In solid phalanx, to resist all bills
That gobble people's land against their wills.
No legislature ever should despoil
A freeman's interest in his native soil.
What matters it that sober common sense
Tells him his interest isn't worth three cents?
It doesn't signify, be't much or little,
Hopkins, you know, won't bate one jot nor tittle;
Hopkins, who's poor, and rents an humble cottage,
Won't sell *his* birth-right for a mess of pottage!
His ownership, by careful estimate,
As he has reckoned it, amounts to eight
Twelve thousand seven hundred nineteenth parts
Of one square rod,—that's all; but, bless your hearts!
Hopkins, you know, wants you to understand
He stands on principle; he *owns* this land;
His head is level and he knows what's what;
He owns the land, and vows he'll make things hot,
E're he will live to see, by any chance,
His children robbed of their inheritance!
Charge, Hopkins, charge! for *principle* you fight;
On, Hopkins, on! stand firmly for the right.

W. H. M.

Inq. & Mirror May 1889

SHEEP COMMONS.

Our late article fell into Hesekiah's hands,
He has looked up his interest in "dividend" lands,
And went out to look at his landed estate,
Supposing of course he would find it all straight;
He took a map with him, to help him to find it;
Some friends made jokes at him, but *he* didn't mind it.
He'd already found out in what shares he owns
And had never a doubt but he'd find the bound-stones;
He'd pick out his tract in the spot he liked best,
Petition the court, no one else would protest,
Or be likely against him in court to appear,
Thus he'd get a good title in severalty clear,
And so, by this move, steal a march on his neighbors,
Which result would be ample reward for his labors.
But Hesekiah tramped all day o'er the ground;
He went where the land *was* but 'twas not to be found;
Again and again he referred to his map,
Sitting down, with it carefully spread on his lap;
The starting-point *once* was "a small heap of stones
East-South-East twenty rods from the house of one Jones;"
But both Jones and his house long ago disappeared,
And to-day no man knoweth on what course they steered;
And the heap of stones from which the line was to start,
Had most likely been tossed up in somebody's cart,
And carried away to help build a stone wall,
For our ancestors cared for no bound-marks at all,
But seemed always to think that their titles would keep,
While the land lay in commons for pasturing sheep;
Then the line ran North-East from the last mentioned bound
About three hundred rods to a hole in the ground,
Thence South-East by South to a puddle or slough,
Which was there once, perhaps, but you can't find it now;
So that neither the hole, nor the house of one Jones,
Nor the puddle or slough, nor the small heap of stones,
Appeared as a guide to our friend Hesekiah,
Which obscure state of things so excited his ire
That he tramped back to town in a state of disgust,
Bought a bottle of whiskey and went on a bust.
Still he knows very well that he owns in that share,
But the line starts from nothing and runs to—*nowhere*.

W. H. M.

BEAUTIFUL NANTUCKET.—The season of 1889 promises to be the most successful that this popular summer resort has ever known. Never in its history has there been so much activity displayed, particularly among the owners of real estate along the shore. There has been a large number of private residences completed this spring, and a large number are under process of construction. The hotel keepers, the railroad and the steamboat companies are joyous in the prospect that the summer will be one that will be of immense financial benefit to themselves and a boom to the town as a popular watering place.

Nantucket has long been known as one of the most fashionable summer resorts. It has gained this reputation not only on account of its natural beauty and advantages for recreation and pleasure, but also on account of the fact that it is perhaps the healthiest and coolest resort in New England. This latter fact is becoming more and more appreciated year after year, and the business men who are seeking health and pleasure at the same time, are not slow to take advantage of it.

Much energy and money has been expended in making the resort what it is. It has a summer population of almost 20,000 persons and it is provided with schools, churches, a public library, well paved and well lighted streets, running water, gas, etc. Its hotels are as fine as any on the New England coast, it has two mails daily, and the main land is connected by cable. Railroads run over a quarter part of the island and the facilities for bathing, boating and fishing are unexcelled.

With all these advantages the end is not yet reached. There is a steady growth in the population, and each summer shows an increase in the building operations. In a few years the place will be unsurpassed. The Nantucket Surfside Land Co. is doing its part in this direction. The company has a large tract of the Surfside land which it offers in house lots at rates which cannot help but be of great benefit to the island and aid materially in its progress.—*Boston Record, 25th ult.*

Reg + Mirror June 6/89

From the New Bedford Mercury.

Local Steamboating.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER BOATS.

The steamboat Eagle entered Nantucket harbor May 5th, 1818, with about 60 passengers, among whom were Friends to attend quarterly meeting. This was the first vessel propelled by steam that ever passed between Coatoe and Brant Point, July 30th 1818, the Eagle made the trip from Nantucket to New Bedford in eight hours. Concerning the owners, crew, sigze or model of the Eagle nothing accurate can be found. It seems that her owners intended to run her regularly between New Bedford and Nantucket, but their short experiment cost them several hundred dollars. August 29th, 1818, the Eagle left Nantucket for the last time. She went to Boston and was afterwards used as an excursion boat about Boston harbor.

Before the advent of the Eagle, passengers and mails were transported to Nantucket by sailing packets either from New Bedford or from Woods Holl, then called Falmouth. After the departure of the Eagle, Nantucket had only packet communication with the mainland for over 10 years. During that time the Connecticut and Chancellor Livingston made excursions to Nantucket to familiarise the public with steam navigation. These two steamers and the Benjamin Franklin ran between Providence and New York, and were the first steamers of the famous "Sound Line," which for many years has had its eastern terminus at Fall River. The Hamilton a small steamer, in 1828 carried excursionists to Nantucket.

In 1820 Nantucket had reached the highest point of its prosperity, and there was demand for communication with the mainland more regular than the packets could provide. To supply the demand Jacob Barker sent from New York the steamer Marco Bozzaris, with the expectation that parties in Boston, New Bedford and Nantucket could be induced to purchase her for the route between the two latter places. She made her first trip to New Bedford May 1, 1829, under the command of Edward H. Barker. The Marco Bozzaris was estimated at 140 tons burden, Her size can be imagined when it is known that the Monohansett is 489 tons burden. The Marco Bozzaris ran "one month, but found little encouragement and the boiler gave out, and not being able to procure owners," she went back to New York June 1, 1829, with no prospects of returning. September 25 of the same year, however, with "new copper boilers," she again began to run and continue until December. During the pring, summer and autumn of 1830 and 1831, she ran regularly to New Bedford. In the winter or spring of 1832 the Marco Bozzaris was sold, and was afterwards used on the east coast of South America. There is reason to suppose that this steamer did not run winters because no advertisement appears in the winter files of the local papers.

In the early part of 1832 certain merchants organized the Nantucket Steamboat Company and at once contracted with New York parties for the construction of a steamboat. New Bedford was chosen as the terminus of steam travel from Nantucket. Oct. 12, 1832, the new steamer called the Telegraph made her first trip. She was commanded by E. H. Barker and was the first stermer registered, owned and controlled at Nantucket. Capt. Barker was succeeded by Lot Phinney who continued in command of the Telegraph until July 4th, 1842. At that time the Nantucket Steamboat Co, withdrew the Telegraph and her place was taken by the new steamer Massachusetts. The first trip of the Massachusetts from Nantucket to New Bedford July 4, 1842, exclusive of stops was said to have been made in 3 hours, 38 minutes. This, however, is somewhat doubtful. Capt. Phinney was succeeded by James H. Barker. The Massachusetts under Capt. Barker continued to run to New Bedford until Sept. 26, 1854. At that time the Cape Cod Railroad had been extended to Hyannis, to which place the Nantucket steamer began to run in command of Coffin Chase. The Massachusetts continued on the Hyannis route under Capt. Chase until Sept. 7, 1885. She was then withdrawn and the new steamer Island Home, Capt. Thomas Brown, master, took her place.

The steamer Telegraph was used as a spare boat until August 30, 1853, when she was condemned by the United States surveyor and pronounced unsafe for passenger transportation. After this her

name was changedto the Nebraska an[illegible] she was somewhat used on [illegible]antuc[illegible]et route while the Massachus[illegible] was o[illegible] for repairs. After the Island [illegible]ne ye[illegible] on the Hyannis ronte, the [illegible]achusetts was kept as a spare boat [illegible]il July 5, 1858, when the Nantucket Ste[illegible]oat Co. sold both her and the Telegraph to Capt. Emerson of Keyport, N. J.

When the Massachusetts was withdrawn from the New Bedford route some provision was necessary for Martha's Vineyard which had previously depended on the Nantucket steamer. Consequently the New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard Steamboat Co. was organized before the Nantucket Steamer was withdrawn. As soon as the Massachusetts left New Bedford the company chartered the steamer George Law and put her on the route between New Bedford and Nantucket touching at the Vineyard. It was thought although Nantucket would then have two boats, that the second boat might also pay. The George Law was used Sept. 26th, 1854, to Nov. 8th of that year when she was succeeded by the new steamer Eagle's Wing. Both these steamers were commanded by James H. Barker. After running to Nantucket about one year, as the business would not support two boats, the Eagle's Wing was withdrawn and thereafter ran between New Bedford and the Vineyard.

The Island Home continued to run from Nantucket to Hyannis until July, 1884. In 1870 Capt. Thomas Brown was succeeded by Nathan H. Manter, who has commanded her ever since. In 1874 the Old Colony railroad had extended a branch to Woods Holl. The Methodists had developed Oak Bluffs and in the summer great numbers of people were likely to visit the Vineyard. The Nantucket Steamboat Company then transferred their route from Hyannis to Woods Holl. The new steamer River Queen was bought and in July, 1874, was instituted the system of two boats a day. This system continued until Sept. 1st, 1874. After this, during the months of July and August, the Nantucket Co. ran the Island Home and the River Queen each day, and during the rest of the year the Island Home only, to Woods Holl until the summer of 1876. At that time the Nantucket Company and the New Bedford & Martha's Vineyard Company had been consolidated and a new steamer called the Nantucket had been built. The consolidated company had five steamers, two more than it needed. The River Queen was leased to New York parties, where she has been most of the time since. The Island Home has been used during the summer months as an excursion boat about Buzzards Bay, Nantucket and Vineyard sounds, and during the winter months as the regular boat between Nantucket and Woods Holl. During the months of July, August and September since 1886, the Monohansett has been confined exclusively to the Vineyard business, and the Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket have run from New Bedford to Nantucket. So that during the summer passengers travel the same route which the Marco Bozzaris picked out 60 years ago this month.

The Nantucket bar is a serious obstacle to the passage of vessels, as it affords only five feet of water at low tide. The Nantucket steamers have been built with light draught expressly for this shoal water, and have of necessity been side-wheelers. If the water on the bar could be deepened to nine feet at low water, a strong propellor might go more regularly in stormy winter weather than is safe for side-wheelers.

It will be observed from the above sketch that the Telegraph was in service 10 years and the Massachusetts 12 years before another boat took their place. Notwithstanding the storm and ice of 33 winters the Island Home is still running, with no prospect of being declared unseaworthy. Her staunch qualities reflect credit on the late Matthew Starbuck, who as president of the Nantucket Steamboat Co., superintended her construction at Greenpoint, L. I.

During the 70 years of steamboating between Nantucket and the main land only one life has been lost through accident or negligence of the steamboat officials. A forward gangway rail of the River Queen was left unfastened. A man leaning against it fell overboard and was killed by the steamer's wheel.

[In order that this sketch may have some historical value, reference may be made for the facts stated to old files of the New Bedford Mercury and Shipping List, the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, and the diary of Obed Macy, the historian of Nantucket. H. B. W.

Thursday June 9-89

AT WAVE-WASHED NANTUCKET.

A "Go-As-You-Please" Island Where the Town-Crier Doesn't Disturb Visitors.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NANTUCKET, Mass., June 7.—Nantucket is wrapt in a blissful quiet. "All the air a solemn stillness holds * * * Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife the sober natives' wishes never learn to stray," and the visitors have it all their own way.

But don't deceive yourself! This little fishing village is not as harmless as it looks. The air is like champagne mixed with a sleeping draught. Salt-laden breezes come swooping over the island, and lift the hairs from your head at every swoop.

One feels intoxicated all the time; in the second stage, where the whole world smiles and every man is your brother. The Sea Cliff Hotel rears its proud crest to the prevailing east wind and looks down from its dizzy height upon the hotels below where it is less dizzy but the blue fish taste just as good. You can get all kinds of sport at Nantucket, from blue-fishing down to progressive euchre, and there is good shooting and driving and perfect freedom. In fact, I think Nantucket must be the Indian for "go as you please." You don't even lock your doors, and the town-crier won't give you away.

There is no surf at Nantucket, but a drive of about seven miles brings you to "Siasconset," a tiny village washed by the ocean's waves. Here, beneath tents scattered all along the beach, tired business men can flaunt their woes at full length and gaze into the eyes of sunburnt maidens, whose words of sympathy are drowned by Neptune's soothing roar. It is usually better to take a different girl each time, because then you do not have to think up anything fresh to say and it is a continual round of pleasure. The girls never give out. There is a large assortment, imported and domestic. Driving home at sunset over the moors, with the surf still sounding in your ears and an ever-ready love-light in your eyes, you begin to think that it is really worth the $3 you spent in hiring the buggy; but all the same, you are apt to take a day off after that and try bluefishing with your own sex and plenty of stimulants, in case of a big haul; or, in the other case, to brace up your imagination when you get back! Music has not yet got its grip on the island. There is no Gilmore or

Seldi to raise the echoes, but occasionally an itinerant band, with more brass than music, shows up at one of the hotels, and the result is a hop, where the violins saw, the gossips jaw and the couples claw through the mazy dance. In attending one of these frantic orgies it is well to come late and go away early, as persons have been known to die suddenly from over-excitement.

But this is only one feature. Imagine yourself some stuffy night in August pacing the city pavements with a feverish discontent, and then imagine that self-same overheated self on that stuffy August evening sailing in the wake of a full moon, letting life flow smoothly by, and listening to the cool swish of the water against the side of the boat while you glide with the tide past the lights of Nantucket.

Req. + Mirror June 8/89

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

FRANK LA BAR HILLER.

Each summer, since a lad, I've strayed awhile
To this quaint, lovely, queer old isle
That seems but washed up waste of sand and
level moor
Environed by a treacherous, surf-worn shore,
And here remote, alone, far out amid the sea
Seems strengthened and sustained by its own
tranquility.

The mournful cadence of the bell-buoy's song
Is like a dream of sweet content—remembered
long;
Far-stretching shadows of the sun upon the sea
Bring one a lingering sense of peaceful piety;
The very quietude itself makes one forget
That man and what he does is not perfection
yet.

Illustrated Christian Weekly June 1/89

CAUSES OF UNHEALTHY SUMMER RESORTS.

PEOPLE really think that it is the water which causes all the trouble. It is not only the water, but it is the contamination of the soil. Take for example one of the most popular resorts on the Massachusetts coast, where a little collection of fisherman's cottages huddled together, have come into great demand, as seaside residences for city people. In Winter the population does not number fifty. Last August there were more than fifteen hundred Summer visitors. There was no system of drainage for these cottages, which were so close as to elbow one another. The beautiful fresh sea-breezes and the sandy soil have proved sufficient to the work of scavengering, up to this time, but the Summer is not far distant (unless a reform is instituted,) when typhoid fever will be the trophy carried back from the Summer trip, which will shortly efface the beautiful memories of ocean waves, dashing high on sandy beach, and of glorious sunsets over picturesque moors.

Nantucket Journal June 30/89

An Old Bible.

Probably the oldest Bible if not the oldest printed book on the Island is a copy owned by Mr. E. F. Underhill of Siasconset. It was printed in 1613 and is in a wonderfully well preserved condition. It is nearly 18 inches long, 11 inches wide and four inches thick. It is printed in old English text. Its title pages both of the old and new Testaments are profusely illustrated. On the one side with the names of the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel and the other with these of the twelve apostles, and in the centre of the illustrations of the title page of the old Testament are the words:

"The Holy Bible, conteyning the old Testament, and the new; newly translated out of the original tongues; and with the former translations diligently compared and reuised by his maiesties speciall commandment. Appointed to be read in churches. Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, printer to the Kings most excellent maiestie. Anno Dom, 1613."

Besides the canonical books of the old and new Testament, it contains also the Hebrew Apocrypha.

The date shows that it was printed seven years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and 46 years before Nantucket Island was settled by its first white inhabitants. The appearance of the words is confusing by reason of the spelling being unique. The words "he" "she" and "we" have an additional "e" and a terminal "e" occurs in many words in which it does not now appear, proverbs is spelt "prouerbs" and so with nearly all words in which v occurs and on the other hand "v" is sometimes used for "u." An illustration of this may be found in the 30th verse of the fifth chapter of Judges, as follows:

"Haue they not sped? Haue they not diuided the pray to euery man a damosell or two? to sisera a pray of dieurs colours, a pray of diuers colours, of needle worke, of diuers colours of needle-worke on both sides, meet for the neckes of them that take the spoile,"

The above does not show the use of the old-fashioned "s."

N.Y. Mail July 29/89

ON NANTUCKET BEACH.

The Famous Old Whaling Colony that Is Now a Fashionable Summer Resort.

Special Correspondence of the STAR.

NANTUCKET, July 28.—In this hot and sweltering hurly-burly summertime the toil-worn resident of the mountain must envy us, who have the felicity to dwell miles out to sea, on sun-kissed bluffs and storm-swept moors, the bosoms of which are broidered with heather bells, curious blossoms, wild roses, acres of natural turnip flowers and dark, thick pines that cast the only shadows, like frowns athwart the peaceful face of a weather-beaten mariner, slumbering in the cradle of the deep. Nantucket seems to sleep, although it is very wide awake. And every one who comes here, weary of life and its feverish struggles in city mart and counting house, experiences the soporific influences of the place at once, and dreamily drowses away the livelong day, half buried in the silvery sand, lulled by the musical moans of the traumerei, or lazily following the flight of the meadow lark and the dart of the swallow from the fragrant couch of tall grass and purple-leaved vines on the brow of the table land above.

I have been here a week, and feel as if I had never lived or wanted to live in any other place again. There is the most delicious sense of languor, at once luxurious and refreshing. Nobody appears to have anything special to do. Everybody, even to the boatmen on the inner beach, wears the Sunday clothes of apparent idleness, and makes me think that the hurry and rush of New York is only a nightmare, not a wretched reality.

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No wonder that Charles O'Conor prolonged his existence five years by coming to Nantucket, and it is equally no wonder that he died when he ventured to return to New York for an outing.

I arrived here on the steamer Martha's Vineyard from Cottage City about noon early in the week, and was met on the dock by an old friend, Ned Underhill, the stenographer of the Surrogate's Office in New York. He hailed me with amazement and told me that he had thought that he was the only New Yorker of the Fifth Estate who had ever found his way to this famous old whaling colony. I assured him that my visit was purely accidental, and that I certainly would not have come to this place were it not for the prospect of a good day's fishing, which, I had been told by the Town Crier at Martha's Vineyard, was a sure thing at Nantucket. So here I was, and here I was going to stay. Ned kindly offered to take me under his wing and to escort me from point to point after dinner.

Yes, after dinner I thought would be the proper time for exploration; for I was as hungry as one of the seven sharks I heard had paid the penalty of their voracity with their lives, "jist beyant the pint thar," over across the bar from the Nantucket Hotel. Underhill urged me to accompany him to Siasconset, or Sconset, as the islanders call it, but I preferred to take unto myself a pilot in the shape of a hackman, and with my wife be driven about the quaint old city and be shown the various points of interest in it. I wanted to get the lay of the land, as it were, and, having established in my log book the landmarks, buoys and channel guides, to cruise on my own account for the rest of the week.

I had come for a day's fishing; but after I was half an hour ashore—half intoxicated by the deep draughts of pure ozone that fattens the babies and toughens the constitutions of the octogenarians—I resolved to remain a week.

I would like to stay six months from this morning.

The gentlemanly hackman who drove up to the Nantucket House, a charming hotel, which seems to be sitting on a sandbank paddling its feet in the liquid wavelets of the sea, was named Coxe. A man of keen intelligence and native shrewdness, he took me in at a glance and instinctively comprehended my purpose. Clad in gray, with a soft felt hat pulled jauntily forward over his bright blue eyes, he was anything but a countryman, or even a fisherman. I thought he had come down on speculation from Boston to make money from the summering folks.

"Your own horse and buggy?" I inquired,

"Yes," he curtly replied.

"Brought him here from the mainland?"

"Oh, no; I have had him ever since I bought him, two years ago."

"You have not been here two years, have you?"

"I b'long here; was born here."

"Father a whaler?" I thought everybody—that is, every native—must be descended from a whaler.

"No; my father was an Irishman. That was the only thing against him."

"Against him?" quoth I, in some surprise.

"Yes; it don't help a man to be Irish by birth, blood or descent in Nantucket. The 3,500 genuine Americans here don't tackle kindly to the Irish. You see they, that is the natives, are descended directly from the English. They are Coffins, Starbucks, Smiths, Macys, Howes and the rest, and their forefathers came right over from Old England at a time when the Irish were bigger enemies to Britain than they are now; that was in 1500 and 1600 and something. So you see the Irish are not in very good odor even now."

I might have pursued this line of conversation, semi-historic and semi-ethnological, with my friend Coxe but for my burning desire to learn something about the living inhabitants rather than the defunct settlers. We had to get down to them a little later in the graveyard, when Coxe, wishing to prove to me that the place was conducive to longevity, showed me that there was not a tombstone in the cemetery that would show the occupant of any resting place to have died under the age of 60. This was literally true. Not one of the inscriptions related to anybody beneath the limit of three score. This was encouraging, and again justified the late honored and lamented Charles O'Conor's choice of Nantucket as his last and safest junction on the railroad of life.

Coxe took us to every place worth seeing in the town, and then rattled us over the moors to Surfside, a delightful spot looking straight out on the celebrated Nantucket Shoals, so often made famous and infamous by the chroniclers of disasters at sea. Many a poor fellow has looked his last upon the shore and life through the mists of a frosty spray, and watched the dark figures on the beach moving to and fro in their efforts to launch a lifeboat or fire a line from a mortar at the station to enable him to leave the frozen rigging to which he was clinging for a struggle with the surf. I listened to distressing narratives of shipwreck that occurred last winter and in previous winters, and will give them to you in another letter.

As I looked at the smooth, smiling surface of the "honest sea," blue as a maiden's eye, I could scarcely believe that the terrible tragedies to which I listened were founded on facts buried in the treacherous sands and cruel depths of the place whereon I gazed.

Along the shore from the Nantucket House to what is known as Eel Point pretty cottages of Queen Anne build and fancy structure stand. They are the summer residences of business men. Kimball, the cigarette manufacturer; Mr. Kidder, a New York merchant, and a colony from St. Louis and the far West sojourn here. The occupants, I was told, owned the cottages they dwelt in, and since their advent to Nantucket, a few years ago, real estate had gone up to a fabulous price in this particular region.

For example, one man a little farther down the shore, below Mr. O'Conor's cottage, which is always pointed out with pride as a sort of shrine that should be dear to and be viewed with respect by all New Yorkers, bought property for $10 an acre in 1879. On this he built and furnished a lot of fishermen's cottages. These he now lets for $120 a season to persons who, having families and moderate means, desire to spend the summer at the seaside, free from fashion and the trammels of dress and society. I wanted to buy an acre near by this speculative person the day after I reached Nantucket. I was informed that I could not purchase an acre, but that I could have a lot 55x100 for $1,000. Remember, this lot would be part of a sandy beach; nevertheless the needy Nantucketer knew its value since the cottage owner had shown what could be done with a little money and a great deal of brains in the way of speculation.

Nantucket is looking up, especially at Sconsett. I will tell you something worth knowing about it in my next letter.

N. Y. Herald July 28/89.

AT NANTUCKET.

FROM A GREAT WHALING PORT TO A PARADISE FOR EXCURSIONISTS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NANTUCKET TOWN, July 27, 1889.—While Nantucket is certainly a summer resort, it is not so in the sense of Cottage City. There are cottages here certainly, notably at 'Sconset, about the same distance from the principal town that Edgartown is from Cottage City, and reached by the same means—to wit, a small railroad. Siasconset, or 'Sconset, is the paradise of the natives and a grand spot for "cast-and-haul" bluefishing. The casual visitor has to take it in as a part of the show, and it is attractive enough for a casual visit, and doubtless fills the bill for the summer cottagers who make it their home. One gets the real, Simon Pure Atlantic there, and for that matter either at the cliff on the North Shore or on the South Shore beaches, where there is a magnificent surf at times. The 'Sconset natives are fishermen and have a little hamlet of their own, and that is picturesque and an attraction. The steamboats (Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket) that run from New Bedford to Cottage City continue on to Nantucket, making the trip twice a day. One great difference is that at Nantucket is a fine harbor, while at Cottage City the boat has to run up to a pier projecting out into the open, with a good chance of not making fast if a strong gale blows the wrong way.

THE BOSS WHALING PORT.

It is more than forty years since Nantucket quit being the "chief whaling port of the world." The town was burned in 1846, and the big loss of property paralyzed the whaling industry here for all time. Then for a good many years there was a large business done in drying codfish, but this too has fallen off. But the island seems prosperous and the town looks contented and happy. I was here twenty years ago, and while the native population has dropped a few hundred, there is a great improvement in the general appearance of the town—finer houses, a number of excellent hotels (the Ocean, Springfield and Nantucket are the leading ones) and certainly a good deal of activity in the

season. "Blazers" are plentiful and "lawn tennis girls" are as pretty and frequent as elsewhere. Nantucket town is a combination of Cottage City and Edgartown, without the camp meeting element of the the former or the desperate quietude of the latter.

But the principal factor of the present success of Nantucket appears to me to be its use as an excursion point. It is a capital place to come to from anywhere and pass a day or two, or even a day and a night. There is where it is quite original and has the pull on the other localities I have named. It is quite the thing for excursion parties to be made up to visit Nantucket, and all through the season boats run every week for this particular diversion, bringing sojourners from New Bedford, Wood's Holl, Vineyard Haven and Cottage City out for a frolic. It is in catering to this class of trade that the numerous hotels find their profit. Frequently an entire society, a body of Knights Templar or a temperance organization come here to make a day of it, bring their own bands and make things very lively in a perfectly discreet and temperate fashion.

A CASKET OF CURIOS.

Of course there must be a more than usual attraction to start and sustain an excursion traffic to a distance varying between thirty and fifty miles, according to the point of departure. This exists in the case of Nantucket in the number of quaint and odd sights and occurrences to be met in this vigorous and cheery little town, redolent with memories of past greatness, when its whaling fleets were scattered between the Northern and the Southern seas, wherever the great right whale could be struck.

To begin with, one can find here specimens of old sailors such as are rapidly becoming extinct and will never be reproduced. You meet the fine old fellows in the streets, rugged and grisly octogenarians, greeting each other cheerily, or, if you know their haunts, can encounter them in out of the way shops, where they gather in groups to compare notes, never tired of recounting their wonderful adventures in the "Arctics" or their chance experiences among the natives of the South Sea Islands. Then the residences of the wealthier class are an attraction. Fine, solidly built structures, which have withstood many a winter's gale, surrounded by large and beautiful gardens and shaded by trees of a size quite unexpected by those who have read in the books of Nantucket being an arid waste, utterly devoid of foliage. Crowning the roofs of many of these square old mansions will be seen a floored and railed space, entered by a skylight from the garret, where in old times the household used to watch, glass in hand, the incoming whaler to see if perchance it might be the one hoped for—longed for—by wife or children or sweetheart, separated perhaps by a three years' voyage from the loved one whose coming was so eagerly anticipated. Often in the garden or in front of the barn will be seen the figurehead of the ship in which the resident master made his perilous voyages. Or over the barn door will be the name of his ship, detached from her stern, and nailed up there as a souvenir. But this custom is common in Martha's Vineyard also, and I saw one such on the barn of a deserted farmhouse a few miles out of Edgartown, bearing the name of "Viola May." The figureheads are usually rude in workmanship, but sometimes you come across one of really artistic sculpture, and if one meets at night one of these ghostly white figures with an uplifted hand stretched out and pointing at him it is apt to give a very creepy sensation at first sight.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Of course the old whalers brought back from their long voyages many "curios," bits of native workmanship, coral, whales' teeth and walrus tusks, carved ivory, Chinese and Japanese laquer work, bamboo and the thousand and one other objects dear to collectors. Old Sir Isaac Coffin founded here a library and museum, where are to be seen many such objects and specimens illustrating the whale fishery. Years ago a widow Folger (everybody here is either Folger or Coffin) had a private museum well stored with curiosities which had been brought home by her dead whaling captain and which she used to personally exhibit one day in the week, with the aid of a long, pointed stick and a fluent vocabulary and most excellent memory. But with the influx of visitors, and especially excursionists, to the old town, shops started up where such articles could be purchased, and now these are numerous and well provided. Here may be obtained photographs of the island, bits of worm eaten wood tied up with ribbons and labelled, "I am two hundred years old," an atrocious misstatement usually; specimens of the striped pottery from Gay Head; sea mosses, prettily enclosed in scallop shells, besides the regular "sea bean" and painted pearl shell stock of the well known Brummagem style. to be purchased at every seaport from Newport and Long Branch to St. Augustine. It all helps to attract visitors and to brighten up the shops, however, and with now and then a pretty flower store, glorious in pansies or unobtrusive in forget-me-nots, or a fruit store with "California fruits," Nantucket is made to look very spruce and winning indeed.

The sail to and from Cottage City to Nantucket is one to be remembered, if a gray day and a calm sea favor the excursionist. Dizzy looking Boston belles in glasses and with pet dogs are seen in bewildering groups. Family parties from "the Cape," with a wilderness of babies, haunt the decks. There are two true lovers from Yarmouth exchanging confidences in the seclusion of an otherwise vacant corner, and then—but the excursionist is much the same the world over. And after all it is not always those who are the most *en evidence* who have the most fun. The season has been rather late here, as elsewhere along the coast, but now there is nothing to complain of in the matter of visitors, and the town will be gay and joyous enough until October. The house where Charles O'Conor passed his last days, and where he died, is pointed out to New Yorkers as the boat enters the harbor.

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A number of people were attracted to Mr. Mooers' auction, Tuesday morning by the playing of Prof. L. H. Johnson on an antique pianoforte. The instrument is nearly seventy years old, and was originally owned by Charles Rand. It was sold to Mr. E. F. Underhill of New York for thirty dollars and fifty cents. The purchaser was informed that he could get the full history of his newly-acquired property from Mr. John Rand for another fifty cents.

MRS. BAGSHAW'S FISHING.

A SUMMER EPISODE AT NANTUCKET.

NANTUCKET, July 15.

Did you ever come to Nantucket, and when you were here did you go bluefishing? These are the two questions Mr. Bagshaw asks every friend he meets. True, it is not yet two weeks since he went himself, and for the first time, but he makes his interrogation with an air as if he had been on that trip every summer all his life and no one could tell him anything on the subject. He did not go alone. He took his wife, and there's not a man but knows a bluefishing trip, or any other, is a very different thing if there is a woman along. Mr. Bagshaw did not mean to take his wife and did not want her, but she said if it is fitting for him to catch bluefish it was fitting for her to catch them too. He tried to explain that perhaps they wouldn't bite, meaning the fish; that it is very rough work he understood; that a person was generally drenched with salt water, and always had rheumatism afterward. She said devotedly that they needn't bite if they didn't want to, meaning the fish; no matter if it were rough, or if she got drenched and had rheumatism; her place was beside him. The devotion made him sigh as he kissed her before he went to his office. He was very cross that morning and swore at his bookkeeper. He wished he had not told his wife he was going. He wished—he quite shuddered when he stopped to think what he had almost wished concerning Mrs. Bagshaw, who, everybody was continually saying, made him the best of wives.

He sat in the office and held up his paper before his face and scowled like a pirate. Instead of being thankful to heaven that his life companion could not bear to be separated a day from him, he rebelled against a kind Providence. He had never dreamed that Mrs. Bagshaw would go bluefishing. It is possible that he had chosen this particular form of recreation because he thought she would not go; but this is a dreadful suspicion to have concerning Mrs. Bagshaw's husband.

He had invited his friend Loring. They were going to smoke in the boat. They were to have champagne on some ice. Thunder! Mrs. Bagshaw could not bear a whiff of smoke, and she pronounced it sinful to taste champagne.

The gentleman slapped down his paper and went across the street to Loring's. He was wondering if there was any way to get out of it. He was careful to explain to his friend that he longed to have his wife present, but that he was anxious lest she might be made ill. She did not realize what it was, he said despondently.

"Let her go," replied Loring gruffly. "Let her go and find out. If she is sick, or half drowned, she'll believe what you tell her."

The speaker's tone signified that he hoped she would be both sick and half drowned; it was a relief to Bagshaw to hear it.

He walked sadly away. He knew that his consort would do far more than belive. He knew—alas!—people could only guess what he knew.

He thanked his stars, however, that Loring would be present; his presence would be worth a great deal. Late in the afternoon he received the following hurried note:

"Dear Bagshaw—Too bad, I can't go bluefishing with you. Called down to Maine. Shan't be back for a fortnight."

I am afraid the recipient of this swore again as he read. The worst of it was he was morally certain he knew why Loring backed out.

He went home early to dinner. He was very affable. At dessert he said, casually, that he guessed they wouldn't have their bluefishing

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after all. How could he know that the lady opposite him had all day been fixing over a dress for the trip, and that it was remarkably becoming?

She looked up interrogatively.

"Loring is called to Maine," said Bagshaw, easily.

She smiled brilliantly upon her husband.

"You can't expect me to mourn because that great hulking brute is going to Maine, can you, dear?" she asked, gently. She smiled again as she added: "Now we will have our journey all to ourselves. It will be lovely to go with you alone, Albert."

What could Albert do but look gratified? And yet he was thinking of the cigars and wine he could not have. After dinner he hurried out and counter-ordered the champagne he had meant to take in a hamper. He looked at a box of prime cigars he had purchased to go in the hamper, and he banged shut the cover of the box and cursed his stars. He knew very well that when his Alicia was the pleasantest she was the most resolved. He knew what that shining smile meant when it came upon the beloved face. He knew, and he succumbed. Who could tell so well as he what his life would immediately become if he did not take his wife to Nantucket?

The pair arrived safely at New Bedford. Among other things, Mrs. Bagshaw had with her a package of bananas. She never travelled without them. Indeed, there seem to be many people who, the moment they start upon a summer trip, that moment begin to eat bananas. This lady always calmly assumed that her husband liked them, because she did. At any rate she fed this fruit to him at intervals after they were on the boat.

In an unguarded moment, Mr. Bagshaw when away from his wife, had once been heard to say that he supposed no man ever hated anything as he hated the infernal banana. But he ate it. On the water part of the journey from New Bedford he ate three large specimens. Still, he had some slight compensation for this heroism on his part, by the privilege which came to him later of consigning them from his stomach to the ocean. This privilege occurred as they were approaching Nantucket town, and while his wife was pointing out its beauties to him. Then she gave him Jamaica ginger, without which she never went anywhere on salt water. I suppose no man was ever the recipient of such care as was Albert Bagshaw. You should have seen his wife bend toward him, and ask if he did not think he felt a little, just a very little, better.

They did not try to go fishing that day. Having taken a room at a hotel, where they left their bananas and Jamaica ginger, they went round the town and were very much interested in the lookouts on the tops of some of the old houses, where the people climbed to gaze for the return of whalers.

Mrs. Bagshaw told her husband all about this as she walked him by the old wharves. She had just read a very minute guide book, but she seemed to have composed the information on the spot or to have known it always. She informed her husband that all the original settlers on the island were genuine aristocrats, and that to have descended from one of them was a distinction for which to be grateful. She said that as for herself, if she had not married a Bagshaw she should have wished to be the wife of a Coffin or a Starbuck. Nearly all the inhabitants were interested in the French spoliation claims, and when they were paid they would be rich.

When their stroll was ended, Mr. Bagshaw felt brimful of information.

Before they returned to the hotel he, guided by his wife, engaged a yacht for fishing for the next day. They engaged it of the owner, Captain Levi Swan. Captain Swan seemed to be a remarkably honest kind of a man, like some of the farmers one meets in the back country—a man who did not know what cheating or exorbitance were, but just wanted always "to do the right thing" by everybody.

While they talked with him he let them know that his mother was a Starbuck, and that sometimes they had reckoned on getting a "slice outer them claims." Until he got the slice he was obliged to turn his hand to whatever he could. But he should be contented if he didn't earn much money, if he only always did the right thing.

His boat, Mrs. Bagshaw said, was a nice little boat. It was called the Sea Fairy, and was shining with new white and blue paint. The lady asserted that the Sea Fairy was just as charming as she could be. It was not to be expected that a lady, or a gentleman either, could know that this Fairy could ship more water in a given time than any craft of her size on the shores of the island.

The price of the boat, including captain, was $1.50 per hour. Captain Swan said candidly he hoped they wouldn't think the half dollar was too much, as he found he couldn't make a living if he charged a cent less. Some others, he explained, who owned boats to let, only charged $1 an hour, but they didn't have safe boats, and they were as likely as not, drunk when the time came for going out. In short, the others had not that burning desire to do the right thing which animated the heart of Captain Swan.

When his patrons walked away from the wharf where his boat was moored, they congratulated each other on their good luck in getting this man instead of one of those who got drunk.

They were going to start at 7 the next morning, because Mrs. Bagshaw believed in making early starts. But she made a very elaborate breakfast at half past 6; she also made the waiter who served her, and incidentally served her husband also, very profane by the number of times she had her coffee and chop and fish changed before they suited. The last time that that man came with the mutton he looked so ferocious that poor Bagshaw gave him a dollar behind the lady's back. I suppose the donor must have looked guilty, for his wife examined him with great suspicion.

They left the hotel at 7 precisely, bearing with them bananas and Jamaica ginger. They had no champagne and no cigars. Mrs. Bagshaw says that fruit is more healthful than medicine, but she gives both fruit and medicine to her Albert.

They went down to the wharf and looked for the Sea Fairy. They looked up and down and then they thought they had come to the wrong wharf. After half an hour they saw the Fairy bobbing up and down on the blue waters at some distance from them. Presently Captain Swan was seen rowing leisurely toward the shore in a dory. He said he hadn't any idea they'd be on time. He invited his passengers to enter the dory, where the water was already six inches deep. When his attention was drawn to this water, he said the dory did leak some, but one of 'em might be a ba'lin' while he rowed; it wouldn't take long to reach the Fairy, anyway. Mrs. Bagshaw sat down in the stern with her skirts very mached tucked about her ankles, and Albert bailed with an old tin pail as fast as he could. Still the dory was holding a good many more gallons of ocean when its occupants clambered into the Fairy, than when they left the wharf.

It was some moments before Mrs. Bagshaw dared to let down her skirts. She looked at her husband and said:

"Love, you know I thought from the first that this man did not seem quite reliable."

The person addressed as "Love" grew red in the face, as he asked if she had thought so, why she didn't say so, instead of just the opposite.

"I saw you were taken with this fellow, and I did not wish to dispute, dearest," she replied, smiling just enough to show the ends of her teeth.

Mr. Bagshaw sat down and gripped himself hard.

Captain Swan put on so much sail that the Sea Fairy immediately began to take in a steady stream of water over her side as she staggered on. In five minutes Mr. and Mrs. Bagshaw had gone down into the atom of a cabin, and were sitting, very damp, facing each other. After a short silence the gentleman said with brisk cheerfulness that they would very soon be at the fishing grounds.

"Shall we get dry at the fishing grounds?" asked his wife. Having asked this question, she immediately asserted that the captain was drunk, and doubtless they would all soon be drowned, so it really did not make much difference if they were wet to the skin a little before.

After this there was a silence until the captain appeared in the narrow opening and said he hoped they were comfortable.

No one made any reply and Captain Swan went back. He instantly returned, however, to say that he had meant to tell 'em to bring oilskins, for the Fairy, though the best boat in Nantucket, was apt to git a leetle damp. Folks that went with him always took oilskins. Bluefishin' wa'n't the dryest kind of fun in the world. Did the lady mean to take a line?

"Certainly," said the lady firmly.

The captain laughed, and they heard him laughing when he was on deck.

It seemed an excellent time for a draught of Jamaica ginger and it was produced.

"It will keep the wet out," said Mrs. Bagshaw.

It became very plain indeed that something was needed to keep the wet out, for there was a great deal of wet.

If you had seen Mr. Bagshaw sitting in that cabin opposite his wife, you would never have suspected he would have described this excursion as one of the jolliest trips he had ever taken. That is the way he did describe it when once he was back again in the city; and two or three men went to Nantucket bluefishing, invited by his description of the joys of that

sport. But these men did not take their wives, and they had a "good time," and so never suspected the truth of the story told them.

After they had sat what seemed to them a very long time in the cabin, and the lady had begun to be seasick, Captain Swan came to the entrance again and announced that they might come up now and throw out their lines. They both heroically rose to their feet and supported each other on to the dripping deck. The boat seemed to be rolling and weltering in ocean billows. The spray poured over her in torrents. Even Mrs. Bagshaw faltered. She clung to her husband; her face was very white.

"Albert," she whispered, "let us go back into the cabin. You will take cold."

What seemed to be a whole wave broke over them as she spoke.

"But the bluefish—" stammered Albert.

"Let them live," said his wife feebly. "Let them live. It is wicked to take life unnecessarily. Tell that horrible man to get us to Nantucket as soon as ever he can."

The two sat down in the cabin again and looked at each other, after Mr. Bagshaw had given the order to return. After a while they swallowed more Jamaica ginger. Albert was too wise to try to throw a line alone. Besides, somehow he hadn't much enthusiasm about fishing then.

When he tells with animation about this excursion and refers to the whole thing as so jolly, people sometimes ask him how many fish he caught. He laughs and says he sha'n't brag about the fish, though they pulled in a good lot, "and, by Jove, Mrs. Bagshaw, sir, proved that she knew how to throw a line with the best. Yes, we got fish enough, but the enjoyment, the freedom, were what I shall remember," says Albert with unction.

When they did at last reach the wharf, Captain Swan informed them that he should be obliged to charge just the same as if they had been out longer. If he didn't do that way he shouldn't be able to do the right thing by others.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Nantucket Journal Aug. 15/85

Base Ball Extraordinary.

The most exciting base ball game of the season took place on Monday at 'Sconset. The married men of uncertain ages challenged the boys, and a nine of each class was made up. The boys said in boastful tone that, as the early bird catcheth the venturesome worm, so they would metaphorically devour their audacious seniors. As it turned out the worms were lively and the birds perfunctory.

There was a large attendance of visitors to witness the wonderful exhibition of skill and endurance. Delay was caused by the players not being able to get an umpire. But it was recollected that several years ago Mr. E. F. Underhill, had umpired a game, on which ever memorable occasion, he blundered from first to last with an impartiality that commended itself to all who were present. In the exigency he was selected for nobody dreamed that he could do any worse than he had done before.

Game was called at three o'clock. Before the first inning was completed, grave doubts arose in the minds of the players whether they were not victims of misplaced confidence. The dejected worms openly said that the umpire was systematically ruling against them, and they proceeded to bully him in accordance with the practice in such case made and provided. The punctual birds were no better satisfied, for they said he was partial to their opponents, and as he was an old man himself he wanted to have the old fellows beat the boys. They more than intimated that he did not know a strike from a ball and that in their candid opinion, he couldn't tell on a civil service examination, the difference between a foul tip and a score book. But it was evident that he intended to boss the game and he did. He wouldn't stand any monkeying but "sassed" back whenever a player became too obstreperous. In three instances he fined players two dollars and a half and as they had left their pocket books at home in their other knickerbockers, he loaned them the money to pay the fines, taking their notes at sixty days with 10 per cent. interest.

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The batting excited the applause of the multitude and the fielding was perfect. Not an error was made by either side, the umpire asserting it to his prerogative to make them all, and they were so numerous and close together that neither side had a chance to get an error in edgewise.

The worms forged ahead, and at the ending of the fifth inning, the decisions of the umpire had become so distasteful to the boys as to make them sick at the stomach and they threw up the game. The following was the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	
The Matutinal Birds,	3	5	4	2	1	—15
The Dejected Worms,	5	3	4	2	4	—18

When the game was closed the girls challenged the boys to play them and notwithstanding the unpopularity of the umpire he was tolerated to steer the game because they were afraid they might do worse. The girls have been sorry for it ever since, for they say he lost them the game. They kicked at his decisions and told him he had been bought up by the boys and the tongue lashings he got from them he will probably never forget. And the boys were not at all complimentary to him, for they said they would have scored more points if he had known anything about the game and were a just judge. At the end of the fourth inning they were eight and the girls six, with the girls at the bat, and as they were playing good ball, the pitcher and catcher held a conference to contrive some strategy by which they could put the girls out. Taking advantage of their inattention, two girls stole from second and third respectively, and the score was a tie. But a minute later a third was put out which closed the inning. At this point, the umpire after putting on two pairs of black spectacles called the game on account of darkness. The girls were mad all over. They told him that he was just as mean as he could be, for they had just pulled themselves together and were in trim for business while the boys were rattled, and in another inning they would have made not less than five runs. And they told him also that he should never umpire another game in which they played "so now."

The outfielding of the girls was simply splendid. The right fieldess sat quietly down on the grass and spooned with her best fellow, The center fieldess chewed gum and read Emerson's essays, while the left fieldess put in time arranging her

back hair which had become demoralized in sliding to the plate. But the short stop had her engagement ring knocked off by a hot ball; the pitchess sprained her gaiter in running to catch a lawn mower that was chassezing towards her with a threatening velocity; and the catchess lost the tan off her right cheek by rubbipg it on the sand in an unfortunate fall. As the game resulted in a tie it is not necessary to print the score.

Nantucket Journal Aug. 10/89

Nantucket's Distinguished Guest.

Mrs. President Harrison has now been at Nantucket nearly a week, and during that time, it is stated on excellent authority, has enjoyed more quiet rest and real comfort than during any corresponding period since the inauguration. Freed from the exactions of society etiquette incident to her exalted social position at the Capitol, she has enjoyed unhampered by obtrusive curiosity, the society of personal friends sojourning here, or moved about *incognito* when so inclined. She has enjoyed occasional drives about the town and Tuesday morning accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Gardner of Washington, and Lieut. Parker, U. S. N., left town by a private conveyance and drove to Sankaty light house, thence proceeding to Siasconset. After passing a half-hour on the beach observing the bathers, the party were escorted through the village. They were shown the interior of the oldest house, Capt. Henry Coleman's, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Washington, who occupy Capt. Edward B. Hussey's quaint old cottage. Thence they went to Sunset Heights and visited the new cottages of the old type, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. T. S. King, Mrs. Dr. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mowbray of New York and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Cruttenden of Brooklyn, who are summer visitors. Mrs. Harrison expressed her pleasure at the appearance of the place and the neat little structures. Mrs. Clute hoisted the flag in front of her cottage on the Bank in honor of the occasion.

Mrs. Harrison and party left fo Washington on the noon boat to-day.

N.Y. Tribune, Aug. 15-89

MRS. HARRISON'S STAY AT NANTUCKET.

New-Bedford, Aug. 14 (Special).—Mrs. Benjamin Harrison did not leave Nantucket to-day, as was stated she would probably do, on account of the stormy weather. The boat came through on time, and the palace car Naushon has been here two days awaiting her arrival. "The Nantucket Journal" says:

Mrs. Harrison has, during her stay here, enjoyed more quiet, rest and real comfort than during any corresponding period since the Inauguration. She has taken occasional drives about town, and Tuesday morning, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Gardner, of Washington, and Lieutenant Parker, U. S. Navy, left town by a private conveyance and drove to Sankaty Lighthouse, thence proceeding to Siasconset. After passing a half hour on the beach observing the bathers the party were escorted through the village. They were shown the interior of the oldest house, Captain Henry Coleman's, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Washington, who occupy Captain Edward B. Hussey's quaint old cottage. Thence they went to Sunset Heights, and visited the new cottages of the old type, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. T. S. King, Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mowbray, of New-York, and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Crittenden, of Brooklyn, who are summer visitors. Mrs. Harrison expressed her pleasure at the appearance of the place and the neat little structures. Mrs. Clute hoisted a flag in front of her cottage in honor of the occasion.

Inquirer & Mirror Aug 17-89

MRS. HARRISON'S VISIT.

The arrival of Lieut. and Mrs. Parker here last Saturday, relieved Mrs. President Harrison from her close attendance at the bedside of her sister. Mrs. Harrison, escorted by Manager Stewart of the Ocean House, drove to the dock to meet Lieut. and Mrs. Parker. On Sunday the churches were filled, and reports that Mrs. Harrison was present were current in several houses of worship, and the ladies went even so far as to enter into a description of Mrs. Harrison's apparel. The fact is that the lady did not attend church that day, remaining the greater portion of the day quietly at the hotel. On Monday a brief shopping tour was made, and during the day Mrs. Harrison received a call from Mrs. William W. Crapo. Tuesday, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Gardner and Lieut. Parker, Mrs. Harrison drove to Sankaty and Siasconset. The party were received there by Edward F. Underhill, Esq., visiting the beach, where a half hour was spent watching the bathers. They were then shown the interior of the oldest house in the village, "Auld Lang Syne," and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Washington, at the Heartsease cottage. After leaving Heartsease the party visited Sunset Heights, examining the new cottages of the old type erected by Mr. Underhill, with which Mrs. Harrison was highly charmed. They were received here by Mr. and Mrs. T. S. King, Mrs. Dr. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mowbray, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Cruttenden, of Brooklyn, summer guests at 'Sconset. Mrs. S. J. Clute's charming little Larchmont Villa sported its bunting in honor of the distinguished visitor.

Mrs. Harrison took leave of Nantucket yesterday, departing by steamer Marthas Vineyard. She was escorted by Lieut. J. W. Parker, U. S. N., and George L. Connor, general passenger agent of the Fall River Line, who arrived yesterday. At New Bedford the Old Colony were to have a drawing-room car in readiness to take Mrs. Harrison to Fall River. Steamer Marthas Vineyard had all her holiday bunting flung to the breeze, and cheers for Mrs. Harrison were given by the large number upon the dock; Mrs. Harrison bowed her acknowledgment, shook hands with many, and was escorted to the pilot house, waving her handkerchief as the steamer sailed off.

SHEEP COMMONS.

In our juvenile hours,
A good uncle of ours
A high place 'mong our busy men filled;
He had planned out a pier,
And for more than a year
Was collecting material to build.

On his out-of-town tours,
As he jogged o'er the moors,
If a big stone appealed to his heart,
He would stop his old nag,
And though heavy to drag,
Would lift the stone into his cart.

By getting so many
He saved a shrewd penny,
Making even his leisure hours pay,
And so went on collecting,
Ne'er even suspecting
That he himself might rue the day.

'Twas down south, near the Creeks,
That he labored for weeks,
Filling in there with stone, brick and wood,
And hoped by his labors,
With help from his neighbors,
To build up his work firm and good.

It served his turn well
For a limited spell,
But was rather a cobbled affair,
And to-day, for his pains,
Scarce a vestiage remains,
Of the wharf Uncle Peleg built there.

Later on, we are told,
When the good man grew old,
He bought commons in dividend lands,
And went out to explore
The divisions all o'er,
To learn what he'd got on his hands.

With his good friend Isaiah
He cruised here and there,
Riding over a good deal of ground,
But the shares were all mixed,
Corners couldn't be fixed,
For but few bound-stones were to be found.

Uncle Peleg, surprised,
Seemed in mind exercised;
Then, after a while, lost in thought,
His eyes wandered round,
As through searching the gound,
But he still held his peace and said naught.

His friend Isaiah stormed,
As his vexation warmed,
"What thee's bought here I don't understand
Bought a pig-in-a-poke?
But, indeed 'tis no joke,
For thee never can locate thy land."

Then his wrath waxing hot,
"The man ought to be shot
Who has carried these bound-works all off;"
"I'll tell thee Isaiah;
It's my fault, I declare;
I've got'em all down in my wharf!"

Washington Star, August 8-89

FROM ANTIQUE SCONSET.

Notes of a Sojourner at This Charming Spot.

Special Correspondence of THE EVENING STAR.

SCONSET, NANTUCKET, MASS., Aug. 7, 1889.

Until last year it was impossible to purchase a spool of thread, paper of pins or darning needle without going a distance of eight miles, or asking a friend who was going to add your wants to an already crowded list.

The Wayside art room was opened during the summer by two young ladies who thought there was a good opening. They rented one of the old cottages on the bluff, and soon had rigged counters and shelves in the "living room." Their stock embraced all the small necessaries and many beautiful and artistic wares for decoration. So great was their success that they have reopened their establishment this summer, and others have followed their example.

Opposite the Wayside art room is the Sconset exchange. This is also in an old cottage, and to add to its charm and picturesqueness there is an old fire place, in which hang the crane and kettle. Near by is a warming pan and also the bellows. It is kept by a native of Nantucket. She has a larger range of goods, embracing awning cloths, old blue china, tennis and base ball outfits, and it is also an exchange in the true meaning of the word, for here can be found the results of the needle and brush. Some of the people who send work are selling for charity, others for themselves.

THE TOWN PUMP

still lives and thrives. Every summer the water is analyzed and found pure. It is the place the bill poster stops and all advertisements are tacked on it. One not long ago read: "Found—A small black lady's bag, which the owner can have by applying at the post office."

THE POOR LITTLE RAILROAD

was almost demolished by the storms and high winds during the winter. It has again given the passengers the privilege of being "well shaken after taking." The engineer still loses his nut, and stops the train to recover it.

Bands come over every week and play before the Ocean View annex. It is such a novelty that the very cows and dogs stand around with the listening humanity. Nothing brings out the whole of Sconset to such an extent as the band.

The town crier has honored us but once, and that time to proclaim fine cottages at Wan Winet. The Taunton band arrived at the same time, and some of the members thought they would assist his crier in the news of cottages. They may have been surprised when, after ringing his bell loudly, his next announcement was, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are some escaped convicts in your midst today from Taunton. Look out for them!"

THE DAILY DIP.

At 11 o'clock the bathers begin to make their toilet, or rather to unmake their toilet, for the sea. The water has been delightfully warm, and is soon a floating mass of heads and heels. There are those who swim miles and those who think they swim while on the sand with barely enough water to cover them, but all are good natured and are benefited. Timid and fearless of all ages, girls with curly bangs and girls with long, straight locks, cling to the rope and grab each other when a "high one" comes.

The "vegetation man" drives to the door any time between 7 and 10, and brings you the crop he has taken from Mother Earth in the early morning. He also serves a liberal amount of "Ma and the girls" with each purchase.

OLD SALTS.

There are very few old sea captains left, but every one knows the familiar faces of Capt. Geo. Coffin, Capt. John Pitman, who roams about in a many colored dressing-gown, is ninety years old, and always ready to spin you a good old sea yarn, and Capt. Valentine Aldrich, who, although eighty-six, is still active in work—bringing in the hay and riding on the load as if he were sixteen.

Our chapel has been newly painted both out and in, and is vastly improved. Services are regularly held there every Sunday.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

seems to be the problem here as well as elsewhere. In one family where there are a Scotch and an Irish girl the battles of Scotland and Ireland are fought out while the family wait for viands. One of the most thrilling topics of conversation among the cottagers is their domestic experience. It comes up in the best regulated assemblies like the fogs that rise from the bosom of the Atlantic, clouding the sunshine. But the really inexhaustible subject is

THE VARIETY OF WILD FLOWERS.

In afternoon strolls one frequently meets with a dozen rare and beautiful kinds, orchids among them. The wild roses have gone, but the swamps are fragrant with azalea and clethra. Moors are gay with red lilies, rudbeckia, indigo plant, arnica, and here and there patches of golden-rod, and on the pond is the water lily.

A. W.

Newark Daily Advertiser Aug 20/89

A MINIATURE CITY.

PLEASANT GOSSIP FROM A SEA-SIDE RESORT.

How the Town is Put Together—Once Only a Quaint Little Fishing Town.

[Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.

SIASCONET, Nantucket Island, Aug. 15.—A miniature city by the sea. Playhouses seemingly put down by big children on the green sward of a level field, and, like children's work, not always arranged in right lines. So close together are the houses on the irregular little streets and lanes, sometimes not more than three feet apart, one thinks still more they might well be the work of children. No sidewalks. The streets are travelled, for there are ruts in the centre, caused by the wheels of passing wagons. Elsewhere, between the rows of houses, the grass grows luxuriously, and is only kept from reaching proportions for mowing by the footsteps of the Summer residents. Such odd little houses! Like exaggerated drygoods boxes as the beginning, over which a roof was placed and in which a doll family might have gone to live. But with other dolls born, an addition on one end of the house was a necessity. This had a roof of the same slant; and as it was deeper than the main building, the eves sometimes extend to the height of the seeming Lilliputian owner. Then, as the family further increased and other rooms were needed, additions were made on the other end or rear. If space were available on the ground, perhaps another and another room would be put on; but five or six miniature rooms is the average of the little 'Sconset houses. Cease to regard the structures as toy houses, but as the habitation of grown men and women, and one begins to realize how incongruous they are when considered in connection with any known style of architecture. Some were begun nearly two hundred years ago. and have been added to from time to time until they assume the proportions that they had reached nearly a-half century since. They were the dwellings of hardy, brave and strong men—toilers of the sea, who came each Spring and Fall to fish in the waters off the beach. The houses in their beginnings were merely for shelter during stormy weather, when they could not launch their boats upon the surf, and, when the season was over in which to house their little crafts. The buildings were of the rudest carpentry. Odds and ends of timber and lumber were used in their construction. Stills, and joists, and studs, and rafters were of all shapes and sizes. Some were pieces of wreckage that had floated upon the beach; others were taken from dismantled barns, dwellings and out-houses. Scarce any new material was used. The parts were put together securely, and in time sides as well as roofs were shingled. Doors of any pattern, and nearly always second hand, were used. Old windows brought hither were availed of to admit light. If they were of uniform size, all right; if not, all right. Little garrets over the parlors and bed-rooms afforded a shelter for two or three men during the height of the fishing season. The occupants slept well, for the furnishings were equal to those in the bunks they occupied in whale ships or coasters in which they had been employed. The air was always cool and with the little windows raised a couple of inches, ventilation was perfect, for the occupants in the smallest room.

This was a Siasconset ten years ago—a quaint little fishing village of about forty or fifty houses, from ten to twelve feet to the peek of the roofs, situated on the east side of Nantucket Island on a bluff of some thirty to forty feet in height, with a broad beach of sand before it, and then the vast ocean with no land intervening between the village and Southern Europe. Not counting Cape Cod as a part of the continent, the island is forty miles out at sea. Every breath of air that passes over it is redolent with the odors of the ocean. With eyes closed, the visitor to the village could well imagine himself on deck of a vessel in mid-ocean, were it not that there is no motion. With his eyes open, he realizes that he has all the benefits of a sea voyage with the comforts of a dwelling on land.

When steam communication was regularly established with the island, some odd years ago, families from the main land who learned of the healthful qualities of the air hired the fishermen's cottages during the Summer and stopped for the season, enjoying a climate where there are always cool nights and never hot days; where mosquitoes are scarce ever seen; where the rain quickly percolates the sandy soil and stagnant water cannot exist, and where malaria is impossible; where the water for drinking purposes is raised from a depth of near forty feet, and is cool, soft, pure, refreshing and healthful.

The builders of these little houses didn't suppose that they had laid the foundation for a seaside resort, but such is the fact. Now nearly two hundred houses, built and furnished, are occupied between June and October, considerably more than a hundred having been erected within the past seven or eight years. One hotel, which existed forty years ago in the flush times of the whale fishery, has recently been enlarged. Another, begun over twelve years since, has been added to from time to time, in this direction and in that, until now it has accommodation for nearly two hundred guests. Two or three houses are used for boarders and, this year, a restaurant has been erected for the accommodation of excursionists.

The transit of the island was, until 1885, by wagons, over sandy roads, the like of which could not be found elsewhere in any old settled country. It was a tedious pull of seven and a-half miles, taking at least an hour and a-half, unless with a light vehicle. But the increasing importance of the place as a Summer resort awakened the sleepy authorities of the sleepiest town in America into perfunctory effort, and now the roads have been greatly improved from their condition ten years since, though further improvement is sadly needed. But the little railroad which was projected in connection with the unsuccessful land speculation on the south shore of the island now conveys passengers between the "Town," as Nantucket is called, and 'Sconset, which is the abbreviated name of the little fishermen's village. And such a railroad! Its guage is as narrow as the purposes and hopes of its projectors were broad. The cars sway from port to starboard like unto a fishing smack on the billows of Nantucket shoals, and the seafaring man who rides on them feels at home. The resident visitor at 'Sconset will not hear anything derogatory of the road. He knows that but for it, it would require courage to leave his home on the main land to pass a Summer of rest on 'Sconset bank. It was conceived in speculation; was born in poverty; was dry-nursed in hope; was sustained in its maturity by subscriptions to its stock and bonds. But the stockholders have not learned that "sweet are the uses of adversity," and the bondholders have fared no better, for, like St. Paul, they would that all men were alike unto them save these bonds.

For several miles the road was built within a few rods of the south shore of the island, and the heavy gales had made such inroads into the bluff, that last season, in many places, the track was within a few feet of the beach. In November following a terrific gale washed the earth from under the track for a long distance, and so great was the damage done that it seemed doubtful if the managers would attempt to restore it; but they were equal to the emergency and on the 1st of July traffic was resumed.

The popularity of the place, considering the distance the visitors have to travel to get to it, is remarkable. But they come from far and wide; from as far South as Georgia and as far West and Norsh as Kansas, and Nebraska and Minnesota, and some even from California and far-off Australia.

The class of visitors is very select. It is not probable that it will ever become a fashionable resort. The visitors are mainly college professors, teachers, invalids, tired out business men who seek rest; fashionable people of the cities for nine months in the year, who seek a severance from fashion; families with young children whom they desire to let run loose with the assurance that they are in perfect safety; artists and literary men who wish to pursue their vocations under circumstances which, at the same time will build up their health. Among those who have permanent residences for the Summer season are President Tavlor, of Vassar College; Professors Wilder and Crane, of Cornell University; United States Senator Spooner and Mr. Phipps, of Wisconsin; R. Gardner Chase, of Boston; Mrs. Marcellus Hartley, Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Clute, Miss Chipman, Rev. Dr. Flagg, of New York; Prof. Harrison Allen, of Philadelphia; President Robinson, of Brown University; Rev. Dr. Eastman, of South Framingham, Mass.; Major Burbank, of the Fifth Artillery, United States, and Mrs. Richards, of Charlestown; A. B. Lamberton, of Rochester: H. K. White, William Chittenden, Mrs. Farquhar, George Jerome, and Emory Wendell, of Detroit; William Balentyne and J. Ormond Wilson, of Washington, and Mrs. Furniss, of Bergen Point, N. J. But, besides these, scores of families are almost yearly visitors to the cottages, some in the original fishermen's dwellings, many of which have been enlarged, and others that have been put up by parties owning property, made in imitation of the liliputian structures. In them, the characteristics of the old houses have been preserved. They are quaint, but picturesque, in their exteriors, and within are very pretty. They have a marvellous amount of accommodation for a small amount of room. It is these little houses that are the most eagerly sought for; first, because they are in such sharp contrast with any style of architecture with which people elsewhere are familiar; and, second, because they rent at low prices, for each house contains from six to ten rooms, perfectly furnished, and they rent for the season at prices varying from $120 to $200.

Another peculiarity of Siasconset is that there is no bar or liquor saloon of any kind. The cost of a Massachusetts liquor license is so very high that none has been granted on Nantucket Island this year and were the price very low it would not pay to sell liquor at Siasconset. The young people run the place, organize its amusements out-of-door and in-door. For two hundred years the village was without a chapel. Some few years since a subscription was taken up and the structure was begun. It was paid for mainly by entertainments given by the young people and successive enlargements were made in the same way. It is now out of debt.

The season has begun earlier during late years and it lasts longer. It was seldom that a family came before the first of July, but this year nearly a dozen arrived the first week in May, and by the middle of June half the houses were occupied; now the place, which has, during the Winter time, less than twenty resident families, has nearly two thousand persons living within its limits.

Printed also in Providence Journal
Norwalk (Conn) Gazette
Pittsburg Journal
Washington Star
Indianapolis Journal
~~Providence Journal~~
St Louis Post Dispatch

N.Y.
Mail & Express August 15. 1889

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MRS. HARRISON AT SCONSET.

She Visits the Ancient Pump and Other Relics at This Quaint Resort.

SCONSET-BY-THE-SEA, Mass., Aug. 13.—This unique little village on Nantucket Island, which is enjoying unusual popularity this summer, was honored to-day by the presence of Mrs. Harrison, who drove over from Nantucket with a party of friends. The visit was extremely quiet and unostentatious. Mrs. Harrison visited the ancient Sconset pump, which antedates the revolution, and many of the old houses in the village proper, and inspected several of the quaint little cottages on Sconset Heights, with which she was very much pleased.

Mrs. Harrison, in a handsome and elegant traveling suit of light cloth, elaborately embroidered, and with peasant cloak matching it, was much admired, even when unrecognized.

After calling at the beautiful cottage of Senator Spooner on North Bank and upon one or two other friends who are summer residents here, Mrs. Harrison and her friends drove back to Nantucket.

Inquirer & Mirror Aug 21-89

The Great Exposition of 1892.

WHERE SHALL IT BE?

Siasconset Makes Its Claim!

ITS MANIFOLD ADVANTAGES PRESENTED!! —

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!!"

Mr. Editor:

In the fierce competition between cities for the honor and profit of being chosen for the great exposition of 1892, it is time that the claims of Siasconset be presented for consideration. It possesses many and great advantages as compared with St. Louis, Chicago, or even New York. It has a more wholesome air; it has an ocean view in calm and in storm, in sunshine and in cloud, without an equal on the coast. It has no hot days, and has always cool nights. That its surroundings are most restful, is proven by the fact that its people are the sleepiest and slowest in the world, except those who live in Nantucket. It is not located on a river holding in perpetual solution yellow mud; nor has it an overhanging cloud of soft-coal smoke, like St. Louis. It has no sluggish stream which moves through it both ways, and, so lazily, as not to know its source from its mouth, like the so-called river at Chicago. And lastly, it has no high buildings to prevent the circulation of air, or hot pavements to keep the atmosphere within it to the stew point, which is a marked characteristic of New York in summer.

It has then enormous capacity to accommodate strangers. The builder of its principal hotel has added to it from time to time, and he says he is ready to add to it from time to eternity! The near two hundred existing houses in the village have a normal stowage for two thousand people. By sitting and lying spoon-fashion at the tables and in bed, and by sardining the people in attics it could accommodate more than double the number. Add to these the barn floors; also the hay mows; likewise the fish-houses; furthermore the peat houses; and again the bath houses that could be utilized to accommodate strangers, and one begins to appreciate the elasticity of Siasconset's hospitality! I boldly assert that the village to-day can hold 10,000 people inside, and at least 200,000 outside, its unincorporate limits! Hammocks could be slung between telephone poles; from the poles sacks could be hung in which visitors could take perpendicular sleeps. Box carts; and wagons; and hay-racks could be rigged with bedding. Dories in active service and on the

retired list could be turned upside down, and let for shelter, and make fortunes for their owners. Old sails could be utilized for awnings and tents. Tarpaulins on the beach would pay their cost in a single night; and above all, 50,000 men and women could sleep under the lee of the fences! Then, as for food, try-kettles that have been long relegated to disuse could be landed on the bank, and in them, native cooks, who only know the secret, could concoct that gustatory delicacy, Nantucket chowder; and, in the rapture of enclosing it within their vests and corsets, visitors from St. Louis, and Chicago and New York would bury their animosities, and devoutly thank the Lord that though the Exposition was denied them, Nantucket chowder was not to be for them an unrevealed mystery for all coming time!

Of course there must be a tower; and a tower of at least 1200 feet in height. I say 1200, because it must exceed the Eiffel tower at Paris, which is 900 and odd. What has bothered my mind is to suggest its proper place. In Robinson and Ellis' map of Sunset Heights, printed in the '70's, there is shown in a gore of land fronting the bank, a circle, which is inscribed "Observatory." The ~~structure~~ never materialized. I now know the reason. Robinson was waiting for the fulness of time, when the claims of 'Sconset should be recognized for the Exposition in 1892, and he reserved that spot for that tower! He had no idea it was to be so high, or he would not have suggested that precise spot. It would be extra-hazardous to put it up so near the beach. With its apex at ~~its~~ giddy height, it might be top-heavy, and situated close to the edge of the Bank, a heavy nor'wester might topple the tower seaward, pull the island up with it, and leave it standing on its edge, to the startling inconvenience of its people, the astonishment of the bluefish, or cod and pollock, and ~~probably greatly~~ disarrange the work of the Government Coast Survey! That locality is not to be thought of, Robinson to the contrary notwithstanding! Such an upheaval would be bad for 'Sconset, ~~and~~ would be the absolute ruin of any portion of Nantucket Town that might be left; for with 'Sconset spilt into the ocean, it would lose its best customers! Out of abundant caution the tower should be upon Folger's Hill. Capt. William Baxter tells me that once, when a boy, he ventured to climb to its summit and he found it a broad, flat surface of granite rock, to which the foundations of the tower could be anchored; and he says he will guide a party there any time for three dollars a head and show them the rock, unless some burglar has broken in and stolen it. With the tower thus situated, from its summit visitors to the Exhibition could behold the sinuosities of the coast line, from the chill waters of Bar Harbor to ~~the beer barrels at~~ the Bar of Brighton Beach, ~~the flow from which~~ mingles with the ebb of the New York tide.

Mr. Coffin, of the Ocean View House, says that Low Beach as a site for the Exhibition buildings can be had for the asking.

I am making this article too long. But I am so full* that my feeble intellect staggers under the effort to take in the pregnant possibilities of the project, and I may be excused if I have tresspassed on your valuable space. I will only add that I believe the suggestion to make Siasconset the site of the great commemorative celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, will meet with the favor of its permanent residents. I am certain that the Produce Trust which, for years in a generous spirit, has been caring for the visitors, would gladly give practical encouragement to the proposition by raising the price of eggs to 75 cents a dozen, potatoes to $1.00 a peck, and green corn to 50 cents a dozen ears, including nubbins, and would not raise milk from its present rate; but that the health of visitors might not be endangered by the activity of its animalculae and cause acute disorders of the stomach, they would chill the insidious but microscopic malefactors by the requisite addition of *aqua pumpei sconsetici!*.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

SIASCONTET, Aug. 28, 1889.

*When Mr. Underhill says "I am so full," he probably means that he is so full of the subject of which he writes.—EDITOR.

Nantucket Journal Sept 5-89

Visitors to Siasconset this season on the arrival and departure of trains have at times been startled by an unusual chorus of incomprehensible words uttered by the young ladies and gentlemen who have passed their summer in the place. Those who stay long enough in the place learn that it is the jargon with which they "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." The language interpreted is as follows:

"Paddy-go-*whack*, go-WHACK, go-WHACK,
"Paddy-go-*whack*, go-WHACK, go-WHACK;
Wau-win-ET, Wau-win-ET
Sankaty-light, SCON-SET,"

Home Journal (N.Y.) Aug 28-89

THE SAME OLD 'SCONSET.

SIASCONSET, MASS.,
AUGUST 25.

For the past two or three years there has been no watering place in the country that has equalled the quaint old hamlet of Siasconset as a theme for description writing. This fact in itself is one of the many peculiarities of the village. 'Sconset, as it is familiarly termed by the natives and visitors alike, has few features in common with the seaside resorts that are most held in favor by the newspapers. Its characteristics may be summed up as a succession of negatives. 'Sconset has no drives, no carriages, no fine houses, no style, no fashionable residents, no yacht club, no boat house, no elaborate cottages, no lawns, no casino, no epicures, no pretty gentlemen, no famous beauties among the ladies, nor dancing parties, nor card parties, nor tennis tournaments, no Tom Howards, nor Ward McAllisters, nor Berry Walls, no scandals, no divorcée célèbre, no wooded walks for lovers, no lakes, no meadows, no mountains, no glens, no drug store, no fancy goods shop, no streets, no gambling house, no café, no liquor, no blooded horses, no rowing, no fishing, no social excitement, no aristocracy, no vulgarity, no newspaper, no polities, no geniuses, no sea serpent, no hot days nor cold days nor interest in the thermometer, nor enthusiasm on any subject whatever.

'Sconset utterly refuses to be compared with other watering places in the country. It has a resident population of fifty-nine people; the exact number of three-score fishermen, farmers, their wives and children, which had been maintained for a decade, having been broken by the recent death of the venerable Captain Coffin. It has a summer population of three or four thousand visitors and cottagers. Between the Nantucket natives and those that they call "off islanders," there is not even a commercial affiliation.

The Nantucketers earn a great deal of money out of us every year. But they never quite forgive our summer incursion. Their welcome is polite but chilling, their adieux friendly but without regret. We hold their hands on suffrance, they sell us their commodities under protest, we may settle down here for life without ever being allowed the privilege of naturalization, and must remain strangers in a strange land unless we can prove relationship to a Macy, a Starbuck, a Folger or a Coffin. "Well! I like'e all kinder way well enough," said one of the fishermen to me the other day, "But I like'e best when ye are gone. 'Sconset is quieter and comfortabler when we have it to ourselves."

The Nantucketers have been coming to 'Sconset in the summer months for over two centuries. But not even the most patriotic native of the island has ever held the odd little hamlet on the eastern bluff in warmer affection than that with which it is regarded by the off island cottagers. We who have been spending the hot months here for the past six or eight years, are as jealous of the place as its original owners and have a certain feeling of resentment against newcomers. There is an undefined dread among the older cottagers that the remarkable popularity of 'Sconset as a theme for the newspapers may eventually mar the fine simplicity of the place and transform it into a Martha's Vineyard or an Asbury Park. For this reason a newspaper man has fewer admirers in 'Sconset than any other place in the country.

But it is to be doubted whether any influence, however potent, could bring change to the native characteristics of 'Sconset. The past few years have increased the popularity of the place in so marked a degree that lately half the visitors are strangers to the cottagers. Yet the only alteration from olden times that has come to us is in the locking of doors that once were left confidently open. We have no constable here, no police court, no jail. In former times we went out driving or off on picnics over the moors or retired at night without having more than a latch on the door. But the pedlar has come and with him the organ grinder and German band, one or two thefts have occurred and now public confidence is shaken to the extent of investment in padlocks. Otherwise 'Sconset is as it always was. The same tiny, gray-shingled, weather-beaten fishermen's cottages, abounding in "warts," which in the vernacular mean bedrooms and kitchens clapped alongside the primal tenement and in no sort of keeping with the original architecture.

The same grass-covered pathways between the cottages worn into deep ruts by the travel of Nantucket box wagons, but apart from these ridges, green and mossy. The ancient and famous village pump that for two hundred years has yielded an inexhaustible supply of icy water is still the central object of interest in the hamlet. The same old village chapel with its rural chair. The same old-fashioned mahogany furniture, plentiful of carved designs and claw feet, the canopied beds, the tall clocks, the high-back chairs, the twisted andirons of brass, the worsted biblical pictures, the narrow windows, whose diamond-shaped lights are half hidden behind a wealth of ivy, the wide fireplaces—these and a thousand other particulars relative to 'Sconset remain as unchanged and unchangeable as Mrs. Priscilla Almy, the venerable occupant of the little postoffice.

So quiet and conservative is 'Sconset that not even the arrival in its primitive neighborhood of great folks changes the even tenor of its way. Mrs. Harrison drove over the moors last week to wander through the quaint village, and, beyond the hoisting of patriotic flags on Mrs. Clute's pretty cottage, the visit of the President's wife created scarcely a ripple of animation in the gossip of the beach tents. Probably Mrs. Harrison is somewhat amused by the absence of stir over her visit to 'Sconset. She was received informally at the pump, by which her carriage stopped in order that she might drink a glass of its historic waters, by Mr. Underhill, one of the largest property owners of the place.

Together they rambled through the village and looked through the ancient cottages. Mrs. Harrison was very much interested in their quaint style of architecture and antique furniture, but she finally confessed that for the enjoyment of life she preferred the dainty home of Mrs. Clute and Miss Chipman over everything at 'Sconset. It is possible that one of the reasons why she liked the village so much was because we made no fuss over her. The usual bathing hour was not interrupted, although the President's wife sat on the sands; the games of tennis were played with as much skill as if she had not watched them, and she was welcomed throughout 'Sconset with a spirit of easy and agreeable friendship as natural as her own.

A couple of amusing and rather awkward incidents occurred during her visit. The tenant of one the oldest cottages had been preparing for Mrs. Harrison's visit for a week back, but when the distinguished lady finally arrived at the door and asked permission to see the interior, the cottager imagining from her lack of ostentation and attendance that the visitor was an ordinary and curious nobody instructed her servant to say that it was not convenient to receive callers at that hour.

Before she had fully recovered from this astonishment Mrs. Harrison stepped into an Indian basket store and picked up a fancy card holder of scented grass. "What is the price of this?" she asked. "Price is marked on the bottom," returned the young woman behind the counter, who was busily engaged over a copy of the Nantucket Journal. "Yes," said Mrs. Harrison pleasantly, "but how much is it?" I have'nt my glasses with me." "Dear me, I wish you had," said the young woman pettishly, "I was just reading about Mrs. Harrison's visit to Nantucket, and the price of the basket is marked plainly on the bottom."

HILLARY BELL.

Nantucket Journal July 1889

Announcement.

Last year the little daily—the *'Sconset Pump*—printed the history of the old fishermen's houses in Siasconset. As many of this year's visitors at the bank were not on the island last season, a desire has been expressed in many quarters that the series of articles should be republished, and the author, Mr. E. F. Underhill, of Siasconset, is now revising them, and we intend to reprint them in the JOURNAL during the summer. The first one will appear in to-morrow, Thursday's daily.

As these articles are exceedingly interesting from a historical point of view, and their intrinsic interest is greatly heightened by the lucid and entertaining style in which they are written, and the frequent sallies of humor with which they are enlivened and which are so characteristic of the writer, we consider that we are about to afford our readers a great treat, and that they will peruse these particular columns of the JOURNAL with avidity.

The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

The visitor who knew Siasconset previous to 1880 and should visit it now, would be surprised to note the difference in the appearance of many of the old cottages. The changes in some cases have altered the general view of its streets. Some of the structures retain their original shapes, but others have been altered by their owners in the effort to give to them modern ornamentation and appearance, or to enlarge them. In these the marked individuality of the little fishermen's dwellings is wholly lost.

The "'Sconset Exchange," owned by Capt. Henry Coleman, and the little old house on the east side of Broadway, next south of "Eagle Cottage," purchased in 1888 by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy, of New York, seem never to have been changed since 'Sconset's prehistoric times, except that Mr. Macy has had the house reshingled. The "Saints Rest," owned by Capt. William Baxter, "of blessed memory," for years used as the post-office, where inside on the arrival of the steamboat express Mrs. Almy, the postmaster, assorted and distributed the mails, while outside the males and females assorted and distributed one another, to their ephemeral delight,) Mrs. Aaron Coffin's little house on Broadway, the "Martin Box," with its many wings and warts; Fred. Willett Folger's odd shaped little structure on the west side of Shell street, between the pump and the Ocean View

House, and Mrs. Sarah Clark's on the west side of Centre street, the second north of the pump, are but little altered from their condition fifty years ago. Mr. Davis's little house, "Nauticon Lodge," "Sunnyside," now belonging to the widow and daughters of Capt. Charles P. Swain; "The Barnacle," Mrs. Cathcart's, next to the south'ard; "Big Enough," the property of Mr. Henry Paddack, nearly opposite the foot of Main street; the house owned by Capt. George H. Brock, now occupied by Mrs. Martin and her son, Dr. Frank Martin, whose annual visits to Siasconset long ante-date the thought of its becoming a popular seaside resort; Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's, next north of the old post-office; "Eagle Cottage," the property formerly owned by that same inevitable Capt. William Baxter and now belonging to Edward Abbott Lawrence; "Heart's Ease," on Centre street, owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey and for years the summer home of Mr. J. Ormond Wilson and family; "Castle Bandbox," belonging to Mrs. Coggeshall, the last named the newest of the old fishermen's cottages and built in 1814 remain in substantially the same shapes they have had, some of them for more than a century, though improved in their interiors and made more comfortable for their inmates. "High Tide," Mrs. Harrison Gardner's little house next north of "Casa Marina," has been enlarged by slightly raising the height of the attic in the main part and by additions on the ground level, and "Meeresheim," Mrs. Sharp's odd shaped house, (next north of the pump, views of which have been preserved in so many photographs) once owned by that same Captain Baxter, who was a bloated land and house monopolist until he reformed, have also been altered in their exteriors, but in none have the distinctive characteristics of 'Sconset architecture been departed from.

But in many houses one can find scarce any semblance of the primitive dwellings in which they began. Some of the oldest have been removed to other lots and put up in new shapes. Others have been increased in their proportions by putting a story on the "warts" or by projections covered with shingles laid on in shapes fantastic enough to satisfy the longings of the most ardent admirer of incongruous house building.

The best idea of the appearance of ancient 'Sconset can be had from pictures printed from negatives taken by Josiah Freeman, the photographer of Nantucket twenty odd years ago and from others taken by Kilburn brothers, of Littleton, N. H., who visited the Island fifteen years since. From these Harry Platt, who is an artist in oil as well as a photographer, has made a view of Broadway looking to the north'ard which presents an accurate view of 'Sconset previous to 1880 and this will be followed by others during the coming year. The picture is now on exhibition in the office of the Ocean View House, and to old 'Sconseters it recalls memories of the village in primitive times.

The fishermen's cottages at 'Sconset were not put into their completed shapes by those who began them. In the wildest day dreams of future magnificence in which their projectors indulged, the thought never occurred to them that, in time, the structure that any one of them reared, might assume proportions so vast as to cover four or five hundred square feet of Nantucket's meagre soil, or that a super-imposed half-story addition might split the passing clouds. For the beginning of each of the ancient dwellings was but a single room—a rude boarded enclosure used for shelter at night and in stress of weather by the fishermen who came hither from the town. It was without a floor. The roofs were of rough boards overlapping one another. Narrow bunks served as beds. A pot, a kettle, a "skillet" and a "spider" made of iron sufficed for cooking utensils. Meals were cooked out of doors over wood fires, the pot being suspended to a sapling, supported by crotched sticks driven into the ground, and the "spider" for frying fish and meat, and the "skillet" for stews, were placed on the live coals underneath. Their food was cooked as only men can cook, and as women would hate themselves if they thought they were capable of doing it so badly. So for years it went on.

Now and then the wives of the fishermen, daring the perils of navigation over the wild moors, came to the bank for a visit of a day or two and to take pot-luck in the primitive habitations of their husbands. The experience was novel and even pleasant. In these times we know that tramping in the mountains and camping out under a tent, or even a bark or bough shanty is a pleasant episode to delicate and refined women, and that, in such an experience, the most dyspeptic among them take kindly and even ravenously to fried salt pork, fish and potatoes, topped over with flap-jacks and washed down with coffee without milk. And when the women came to the Bank, the premonitory symptoms of neatness and order became manifest in the dwellings. Slowly the idea made its way through the masculine skulls, that women were a desirable element at the scene of their labors, to lighten their cares and give to their dwellings the attribute of home life amid rude surroundings, and that, far better than a visit of a day or two, would be a stay prolonged through the fishing season.

And so it was that the rude structures came to be more comfortable. Floors were laid, fireplaces of stone erected, from which the smoke of wood fires ascended through board chimneys large enough in these days for a steamer of 300 tons. The old clinker-built roofs were taken off and replaced on the rafters, side by side, and covered with shingles, to discourage the rain and the wind from trying to become too familiar with the interiors. Old windows were brought from town, It mattered not that no two were alike in size or shape. It was enough that they admitted the light and kept the ungentle zephyrs at a respectful distance. Old doors that had been retired from active service on land, and others that had floated ashore from wrecks on Bass Rip or "Old Man's Back," began new careers of usefulness. They were hung at the portals often on wooden hinges and made to swing outward, never inward. First they were fastened with wooden "buttons". Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a bit of cord line was fastened, and through a little hole in the door it was passed inside and a knot tied on the other end to prevent it from slipping out. When a caller knocked—he was rarely so formal—the latch was lifted from the inside by pulling the string. A ship's hatch that had been washed on the beach from a wreck was sometimes placed before the door. An old hogshead was put at the corner of the house to catch the rain water that fell on the roof. At meal time man and wife, and perhaps son and daughter, sat on rudely made three legged stools before a wide board fastened with hinges on the side of the room and lifted up for use as a table and without table clothes or nap-

kins ate with good appetites their plain but substantial food from pewter dishes, using iron or steel knives and two tined forks, and pewter spoons. At night they turned into their bunks to sleep soundly, regardless of storm or gale.

Thus in a generation, society had been established at Siasconset, the beginning of which was a simple "fishing-stage."

Siasconset having attained the first stage of its existence in a hamlet, made up of little cots of one room each, the time was ripe for the next. One generation is never satisfied with that, which, to the previous generation was comfort and even luxry. Bunks for beds will not satisfy forever. There came a period when such close quarters were felt to be too close, especially by the women-folk. Everything cometh to her who waits. No fisherman, however brave and resolute in his calling, can withstand the concentrated fire of the batteries of persuasion pointed with deadly aim by wife and daughters. And it came to pass, therefore, that on one end of the single room was put an extension, with a roof reaching front and rear, sometimes to within three or four feet of the ground. These projections in the Nantucket vernacular, became known as "warts." The addition was divided into two little bed rooms, each extending under the wart. Some were not more than seven feet square, but big enough to place a four-post bedstead, held together by cords, on which was put a straw bed with one of feathers over. A chair, and perhaps a rough little stand, were the only other articles of furniture. Washstands were an unheard of extravagance. In the morning the members of the household went, one after the other, to the pewter wash basin or wooden bowl in the main room, or kept on a bench outside, and washed their faces and hands in rain water, using home-made soft soap, when soap was needed, and dried themselves with a flaxen towel perhaps woven on the island and used in common by the household. They arranged their hair with a family comb before the only mirror, a little one mounted in an antique frame and hung in the living room. Their raiment was not more than sufficent to fill a small chest. An extra gown for the women made of wool grown, sheared, washed, carded, spun and woven on the island, and a few articles of underclothing, for a change, sufficed. These were hung on pegs driven into auger holes; for cut nails had not been invented, and wrought nails were costly, and had to be brought from "the continent," as the islanders called the mainland. The 'Sconset fisherman had time at his disposal, but not money. On rainy days he could bore auger holes and drive pegs. It was a luxury at such times to have something to do. Shelves also supported by pegs driven into the upright timbers in the living room, held the table ware and odds and ends of tools and small articles. Fishing tackle could be seen about the interior, and now and then, if the fisherman was unusually well-to-do, a spy-glass was handy and within sight.

Time went on, and still 'Sconset families—not the same families, but their successors—were not happy. More room was demanded, and it may be that a floor was laid over the two bedrooms by which a cramped attic three or four feet high was created, with a little door opening into it from the main apartments. It was reached by cleats nailed on the partition underneath, and the 'Sconset boy and girl and sometimes when they had reached full growth, climbed to the little cubby hole and slept in an old X cot-bed at night, and at times, during the fishing season, two or three men found rest on the floor of this minature second story. But this was not enough. 'Sconset nature was and is very much like human nature. Queens and Duchesses, and the wives of moneyed autocrats always want something grander than they have inherited or acquired, and the 'Sconset housewife was not satisfied with the palatial proportions of the dwelling that her lord of the waters had vouchsafed unto her. He had to accede to a further demand.

At last, on the other end of the main room there was tacked an extension, generally with a shed roof. It became what is known in Nantucket parlance as "the porch," why, no one knows, for elsewhere in the wide world where the English language is spoken, it is called a kitchen. To it was carried table, and dishes, and cooking utensils, which had slowly increased in number and variety, and their places in the dining room were taken by a bureau some chairs, a more elaborate table, and other articles of furniture, always useful and sometimes ornamental. If further accomodation were needed, and it generally was, the last addition was extended to front or rear, as space was available; or if not, the roof over the attic room was raised two or three feet, and made high enough for one to stand upright under the peak. Sometimes an old boathouse was utilized for an extension, or a barn in the Town taken down and brought on Nantucket carts on "the installment plan" to the Bank and put together again as part of a house.

The ancient cottages of the fishermen of Siasconset were not all built on the Bank. Sesachacha, a mile and a half to the northward, was also a "fishing stage" as old, perhaps older than 'Sconset. At the height of its prosperity it had more dwellings. But, for some reason there was a drift of life to the southward. Whether the fishing off 'Sconset was better, or the beach, even in those days, wider, or the site more desirable—whatever cause—most of the fishermen who had grouped their homes around the old Sachacha well, took their houses down and put sides and roofs and floors aboard Nantucket box carts, put helms astarboard, steered around Sankata Head and set them up complete, or added them to others already built on this more favored spot. Some buildings were brought from the Town, and one, at least, was hauled from Madequet, twelve miles distant to the westward, by the same method of sure but rapid transit. Today Sachacha has only three or four of its old dwellings remaining. Three years since two of them were purchased by Mr. Henry F. Daly, of New York, and joined "fore and aft" by the constructive genius of Asa P. Jones, the septuagenarian architect and builder, of Siasconset, and made into a tight and comfortable little summer home. If a monument should ever be put up to mark the site of that ancient hamlet whose greatness long since departed, Dr. Isaac Watts, were he a Nantucket poet, could have truthfully written as an inscription to be cut on its face:

"What was 'Sachacha's grevious loss,
Was 'Sconset's joyful gain."

But the houses here did not always rest easy in their places. Sometimes they seemed to have caught the peripetetic infection that broke out among the men of the island when it was found that the excitement of hunting whales could be followed with profit. Close observation of the careers of these dwellings hereabouts, has convinced me that somewhere, concealed under the roof trees, is an animating spirit of the domicile, for every well regulated house on the island

seems never satisfied unless it has occupied at least two places during its existance, and now and then one has experienced the ecstacy of being twice taken to pieces and put together on other grounds. Such always present a bright, hopeful and self-satisfied appearance. Those whose structural integrity has never been disturbed look like unto dejected sinners skirmishing around the tent of salvation hoping to hook under the canvas without a ticket into a new life within. But as for the brick houses in Nantucket, they have no such prospect. Their somber look is perennial and I solemnly believe that it is because they know they can never move as a whole and that when their careers as houses cease, their disintegrated walls will be taken to 'Sconset bank to be put up into piers, and chimnies, and cisterns, and cellars, and then be houses never more.

There was another important factor to which some of the little houses on the Bank owe their genesis. Within the seemingly quiet and imperturbable nature of the 'Sconset fishermen were the smouldering embers of a passion for building and at times they awakened into a conservative activity. For such an epoch he had, in a perfunctory way, for years been making preparations. If a lumber laden vessel was wrecked on the rips or driven on the shore, such of its cargo as he could land, and often the stanchions, knees, spars, hatches and deck planks, when the craft had gone to piece, were hauled away at his leisure and laid aside. In the fullness of time, the ghost of the structure that for years had had an abiding place in the brain of their owner, materialized in a fish house, a stable, or perhaps a dwelling, in whole or in part. The heavy timbers, some with massive bolts protruding from their sides, found use as fence posts, and many may be seen to-day along the line of Capt. Robert Pitman's fence, west of the village, on the main road to the Town. Why the 'Sconset man built, was to the angels even a mystery. The chances were largely against the structure ever being used. He knew it. But in the cycle of ages a use is found for everything, for nothing was ever made in vain. The houses cost him little except his labor and that he put in when convenient. The average Nantucket man never does anything at any other time, so long as he lives on the island. His act was not aimless though his ideas were not well defined. But in fact, as the sequel proved, he was building for posterity. Had he known it, he would never have laid the the first sill. What has posterity ever done for him? He was unwittingly generous, and he "builded better than he knew."

Siasconset, the ideal fishing village, was at last completed. It was a patchwork village. It houses were made of odds and ends of second-hand timbers of varying shapes and sizes, put to similar uses and sometimes were out of all proportion to the dimensions of the structure. They were covered, sided and floored with second-hand boards of oak, and pine, and cedar, and spruce, and hemlock and whitewood. In the portals were second-hand doors, some battened, some panelled. Light was admitted through windows of odd sizes and patterns that had come out of dismantled dwellings, shops, stores and outhouses; and when available, there were worked in pieces of wreckage contributed to the builders by fierce gales, or by encircling fogs or blinding snows and sleets, more dangerous in daylight to the mariner and his trust than the darkness of night with the heavens unclouded. It was a village unique in arrangement, or rather the want of arrangement of its streets and lanes, and by-ways. Its houses were even more striking. With a general sameness of style, they varied in the detail of the situation and the proportions of their apartments. To some extent these peculiarities may be traced to the strong individuality of a people born and reared on an island in mid-ocean, and whose lives had been passed in intimate association with the sea, far from the dictation of conventional taste. But the most potent influences were the paucity of material at the disposal of their builders, by reason of their isolation from the world, and their poverty of means, and withal the slow evolution of structual growth from rudimentary habitations begun on restricted space, they never thinking that other enlargements would follow. And when, in time, they came, those who projected them gave little thought to the forms of possible further additions, in which the ingenuity of their successors should find concrete expression.

But successive generations of these untutored builders had unconsciously unfolded a new, quaint, attractive and rational architecture for seaside homes, available to families of moderale means, and sought for even by those of wealth, in which to enjoy seasons of rest with the greatest comfort and the smallest care.

When domestic life at 'Sconset became an assured fact, more homelike, further conveniences were a necessity. Rainwater was fouad insufficient for the needs of families. So, one hundred and thirteen years ago when the representatives of the rebellious colonies assembled in Philadelphia were only able to *declare* their independance of King George III, the 'Sconset fishermen, in substantial form, achieved their independence of casks placed under the gutters to catch the rainfall from the roofs. They passed around the hat, and from the collection taken they were able to sink a well, near 40 feet deep, and its pump has not only lifted the water from the bowels of the earth that has slaked the thirst of four generations, but it has honored the first daily newspaper that was printed on Nantucket by giving it a name. But cisterns in later days were found to be a convenience, especially on washday, the blue Monday of the housewife. Small cellars, also, in time, were dug in which to store supplies.

Though the exteriors of the little fishermen's cottages remained with scarce any change of form since the early part of the century, within them improvements were made as their owners waxed prosperous and as convenience demanded. A wooden sink was put up in the kitchen. More shelves were placed where needed. Seventy years ago Mr. Moses Joy tells me that he saw the last board chimney standing, for one by one they had been replaced by those of brick which today attract the attention of observing visitors by reason of their ludicrous disproportion to the dwellings they surmount. Some are two feet square above an apartment perhaps not more than 12 by 14 feet.

A startling inovation was made by a well-to-do fisherman that aroused jealous criticism of all his neighbors. He actually caused the interior of his dwelling to be plastered! For years thereafter he was the subject of animadversion, and it did not cease until the last family was able to indulge in the same extravagance. And such plastering! Neither laths nor lath lumber were easily produced on the island. But 'Sconset ingenuity was equal to the emergency. Bark was peeled from cedar logs, spreard out flat, split in strips in portions of its length, placed on the studs and furrings, stretched apart and nailed fast; and then the mortar was pressed by the plasterer's trowel into the interstices; and when it had hardened it was firmly held in place. If space were available on the side of the jam of the fireplace, a closet was made. Others, some not larger

than a cabin locker, were placed elsewhere. The rounds of a ladder in place of cleats were fastened against the perpendicular partition, and sometimes a set of rudely built steps, as steep as those in the companion-way of a small coaster, were used to climb into the attic. On the walls hung an age-stained engraving or two, or a crudely executed water color picture, and a "sampler," on which were worked in worsted the letters of the alphabet, a pious maxim, and perhaps the effigy of an impossible sheep or the ark of Noah, broadside to. Curtains of white muslin were suspended on pieces of cod line by the windows. On the high mantel-piece, lay the family bible, in the reading of which the women found pious consolation, while on its covers in an emergency the men did not hesitate to sharpen their razors. And so, during the fishing seasons, home life was a reality on the Bank. At night the family gathered around the hearthstone and watched the sparks as they were drawn up the chimney from burning wood resting on heavy andirons or from peat blazing on the grate, and the bright glow sufficed for the enjoyment of the social intercourse of the household, and even when neighbors lifted the latch and took their place in the circle for a quiet chat. It was only when they desired to read that a candle or a whale oil lamp was lighted.

The ashes from the fires were a valuable factor in the household economy, and were carefully treasured. Babbitt, and Higgins, and Colgate and Pear were unthought of soap creating possibilities within the womb of time. Commodities brought from the "Continent" cost money, and a great deal of money for a 'Sconset fisherman to pay. Nothing was purchased if something responding to the want could be made at home. On the Bank, toilet soap was unknown. A piece cut from the common yellow soap had to suffice in the wooden lather box, when, on Sunday morning, armed with a razor of an uncertain quality, but an always certain dullness, the fisherman, with reckless movements shaved off a week's growth of beard and gashed his face in half a dozen places. Hard soap, at all times, was sparingly used. The home-made article answered nearly every purpose. The ashes that had been saved were put into a leach set up out-of-doors, and water was poured over them. As it percolated the mass it absorbed the potash and slowly dripped from the bottom into a tub. The refuse grease from the kitchen that had for months been accumulating, was tried out, and then an event important, as well in its social as in its economical aspects, took place on the Bank. A friendly neighbor was called in to aid the thrifty housewife. They lifted their gowns from over their quilted petticoats and pinned them around their waists and put on heavy aprons, Thus attired, they filled a kettle out of doors with the lye and grease, and a day was consecrated to boiling soap. With sticks they vigorously stirred up the thickening mass, and as they watched the boiling bubbles, in the loving confidence of womanly converse they discussed in subdued tone the private affairs of their neighbors until each had learned all that the other knew, and their united skill had filled a barrel with skin scoriating pore-penetrating soil-searching and scurf-scattering soft soap that was to maintain cleanliness in the household for another year.

In time, the affairs of the fishermen at Siasconset improved under another influence. The whale fishery from the island had increased in extent, until over eighty sail of vessels were going from Nantucket to distant seas and returning after absences of two, three, and sometimes four years, laden with unctuous wealth. Officers and sailors alike would visit 'Sconset for pleasure trips, or for protracted stays. At least, two taverns were maintained with entertainment for man and fodder for beast, for choice old New England rum was dispensed over their bars at three cents a drink, and the prohibition party, as a factor in local or national politics, did not exist as a disturbing element between man and his appetite. A bowling alley and billard saloon were found to be paying investments. Young men from the town, sailors and others, stowed themselves with their sweethearts into box carts, and rode out at night for a social time and returned home, sometimes in the small hours of the morning. Between the profits of the spring and fall fishing, and the patronage from the town, old 'Sconset was near its zenith.

Main street, as now located did not exist. From near Philip's Run (the dark waters of which have been confidently prescribed to hundreds of confiding strangers by Capt. William Baxter as a certain cure for corns,) the road deflected to the northward and passed over the hill to the village near the site of George C. Macy's little white cottage, across rears of the lots on which now stands the Atlantic House, and the residences of Mrs. Brooks and the Starbucks, and then curved to the southward and ended near the house now owned by Mrs. Swain, and called the "Anchorage." It was later that the broad Main street was projected and opened. On either side of it, prosperous islanders began building residences for temporary occupancy, and 'Sconset became to Nantucket what Newport is to New York, and Atlantic City to Philadelphia. Following the traditions of house-building on the Bank, most of them put up their structures in sections, and in time, they assumed comparatively pretentious proportions.

The ever restless waves have a peculiar fascination, especially for those who have never seen waters larger than navigable streams or small lakes. But the Nantucket family was born within sight of the sea, and many of its members had been tossed upon its bosom. The surf beating on the shore had no charms for them. They preferred a situation whence they could see vehicles, from the aristocratic chaise to the democratic cart, as they passed from and to the town, and salute their occupants. So, building went on, until about 1845, when 'Sconset had reached the fullness of its growth, with some sixty odd houses, of which near 50 were the little fishermen's cottages in their final forms, and which were the nucleus of what has now reached nearly 200 sea-side homes. They still remain on the Bank, though some of them have been so metamorphosed that their primitive form would not be suspected.

But from other parts of the Island buildings have disappeared by the thousand. When the whale fishery ceased to be profitable, the prosperity of the Island received a blow from which it did not begin to recover for more than a generation. The islanders had put their trust in ships' bottoms. The bottoms fell out. To remain, was for thousands to tempt starvation, unless they preferred suicide. The town authorities objected to either mode of exit, because, disposing of the cadavers would increase the taxes of those who could afford to live! There was no alterative but to leave the island. The population diminished from over 9000 in 1840 to less than 3000 in 1879. Houses were deserted. Some went into decay and ruin. Others in time were taken down and their parts transported to the mainland and sold as second hand material or were set up again for occupancy. One was taken as far as Westchester County, N. Y., and put together far from its site near the waves that wash Nantucket shores.

The angel of destruction had unfolded its wings and nearly all the carpenters left the island. The few who remained in the hope that the tide of adversity might still be stayed, found their only vocation in dismantling the structures their predecessors had built. Mr. James H. Gibbs, an active builder, for three years was thus employed in the work of destruction. At last, even that was lost to him, and for seven years he came each season to the Bank to earn a precarious subsistence by fishing. In 1858, Asa P. Jones, the only carpenter at 'Sconset, sold his tools to George W. Rogers, who went to Providence, and there for a quarter of a century followed his trade, and then came back, and at last found his home in 'Sconset with most of Jones' tools still in his possession. In the mean time, Jones did not miss them. There was nothing for a carpenter to do, and he did it without help. For twenty-five years he did not earn a dollar at his trade. He farmed and fished, and fished and farmed, and he sheared his sheep and set his hens, and sold the wool, and the chickens, and eggs and tried to make himself think that there was a planet cavorting through space and that he was living on it. One day, in 1875, he was nearly paralyzed with astonishment. Mr. Wm. J. Flagg, of New York told him that he wanted a house built in 'Sconset, and a 'Sconset house at that. When he had recovered from the shock, Asa put his hand to his starboard ear and asked Mr. Flagg to say it again and say it slow. It was repeated and the word 'Sconset, in both cases, was pronounced with an extra big capital S.

The house was built and was occupied by Mr. Flagg and his family for several years. It was then sold to Deacon Chittenden of Detroit and he and his family each season, wax joyful that they live within the first house to illustrate the renaissance of 'Sconset architecture. Asa's constructive skill came into demand. More 'Sconset houses were built by him, and they can be seen scattered over the territory south of the gulley. Each year their number is increasing and they will exist when the last of the old fishermen's cottages shall have been so altered as to leave no vestige of old 'Sconset to remind one of its existence.

That eminent and erudite British peer, Lord Dundreary, once said that the reason why a dog wagged his tail was because the dog was stronger than the tail, that if the tail were stronger than the dog, it would wag the dog! When I undertook to write the facts I had learned in reference to the old houses in the village, it seemed the proper thing to lead the reader up to the subject by a brief generalized statement of the origin of the place. But the preface has reached bewildering proportions, and longer perhaps than the tale that is to follow, and probably strong enough to wag the tale to its finis.

The statements contained in the previous articles are based largely upon information obtained from old residents, far along towards their 90th year, and who knew 'Sconset in their early childhood, and had also heard facts that had occurred far back in the 17th century rehearsed by their parents, grandparents and other old people. As such statements had been made without thought of their possessing historic significance, they were doubtless trustworthy.

My principal source of information has been Capt. Edward C. Joy, now in his 85th year. In 1811 his father removed to the Bank, when Edward was in his 9th year. It was a new experience for the lad. Favored with a marvellously retentive memory, he is able to vividly recall the condition of the village and the ownership of the old houses at that date. Some had not then reached their completed forms, and others had not been brought to the Bank from elsewhere to swell the number of the fishermen's cottages that existed when the prosperity of the village suffered with the decadence of the main industry of the island. From Capt. John Pitman, now in his 91st year, and Capt. George W Coffin, who passed away only a few days since at the ripe age of 84, I have also obtained interesting data.

The conclusions printed in the previous numbers and which have been derived from the recollections of these men, find an unexpected confirmation from a source wholly independent of human memory, which sometimes is not trustworthy in respect to the relation of years to events. An ancient picture, printed from a rudely engraved copper plate is in the possession of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Coffin, in the Town. It purports to be "A View of Siasconset, a Fishing Village on Nantucket." It came to Mrs Coffin as an heir-loom from her great-uncle, Roland Coleman, and his statement was that it represented 'Sconset as it appeared in 1791, almost a hundred years ago. The view is to the eastward from the hill which now marks the western limit of the settled portion of the village. In the distance is the ocean, with nearly a dozen boats containing from two to a half dozen men, and one with sails set. On the beach are groups, evidently intended to represent fishermen about to assist in landing an approaching boat. On the Bank are thirty of the fishermen's cottages, the larger number with the characteristic "warts" of the 'Sconset house, and others not so far advanced toward their final forms. Not a structure bearing the semblance of a pretentious style of dwelling is to be seen. On different parts of the picture is the inevitable one-horse Nantucket box cart, with two examples of the chaise then in vogue among the well-to-do; and there is even, what must have been an aristocratic conveyance in those days, a four-wheeled vehicle, with a covered top, swelling out in wide proportions. In a box cart in the foreground are two men standing in the front, with a woman in a quaker bonnet and gown seated in a chair behind. Two equestrians are prominent figures. One is in Quaker garb and the other is dressed in a cocked hat and a bag wig, and was identified by old people, long since gone to their rest, as Dr. Tupper. Most of the pedestrians are shown with the Quaker attire current in that day.

With all these facts, it may be assumed that the date of the picture as stated is approximately correct, and if so, a score and a half was the limit of the dwellings on the Bank, a century ago, and they were all fishermen's houses. The accessions came later. During the war of 1812, by reason of the presence of British cruisers on the coast, it was difficult to obtain supplies from the mainland, and some of the heads of families were driven to the necessity of coming to 'Sconset to catch fish for a subsistence, and at that time, it is a historic fact that some of the existing old cottages were then built and that then, and later, others were brought from Sesachacha and elsewhere. Then the number had been increased to about fifty when 'Sconset, as a fishing village, had attained its apogee of growth.

Broadway, East Side.

The first house north of the bridge, "Svargaloka," belonging to the estate of Elijah Alley, occupies the site of an old house brought from Sesachacha early in the century, but which was subsequently removed.

On the site of Mr. H. K. White's residence there stood until 1884, a little cottage called by him the "Woodbine," and which he purchased in 1879 and there resided with his family during the summers for several seasons. It was in 1881 taken down and removed to the corner of Grand Avenue south of the gulley, and there put up and enlarged and sold to Mr. Isaac Hills. It is now called "Thornycroft,". The original building was brought from Sesachacha in sections by Owen Parker about 1820 and put down on the lot. But Owen found he had a white elephant on his hands. A house in sections affords no shelter and he said he didn't know how to put it up and couldn't afford to hire anybody. The neighbors said they would help if anybody would show them how. Old Capt. Joy (the father of Edward) was selected to take charge and in a day or so willing hands had put up a residence for Owen and his family.

Mr. Henry Paddack's cottage, "Big Enough" was owned by Abijah Swain and stood in its present position in 1814. In 1884 it was enlarged by extending the bedrooms to the southward, but the alteration has not interfered with its characteristic appearance as a 'Sconset house. It is always admired both in its exterior and interior.

"Casa Marina" had its beginning in one of the most picturesque of the little fishermen's houses. Standing opposite the foot of Main street, it was the first of the old dwellings of the strict 'Sconset type to be seen. It was owned by John Russell, and stood in its present place in 1814. A few years since, it was remodeled and extended, and there is scarce anything left to remind one of its original form. Freeman and Wyer have excellent views of it taken years since, when the old board fence was in its front. It was owned for many years by "Aunt Sarah Coleman" who was particular about her household goods. Her plates and cups and saucers were marked by filing notches on their edges. A perpendicular ladder led into the little five-foot attic, and Mrs. Alley, the postmistress, in her girlhood days, many a time climbed the ladder into the little attic.

Next north is the house of Mrs Harrison Gardner. It was owned by Charles Nichols and stood there in 1814 and was sold to Charles Mitchell before 1820. Within nine years it was twice enlarged, and each enlargement made it even more 'Sconsety in appearance than before. It was occupied in 1880 by Judge Northrup of Syracuse and his family, and his experience was told in a charming little book, published the next year called "'Sconset Cottage Life," now out of print.

George C. Gardner's house is the next to the north. It is a large one, without blinds, and for three seasons has not been occupied by reason of the advanced years of Mrs. Gardner. It was built by Mr. Gardner's grandfather, Prince Gardner. In the kitchen is the fireplace which was photographed by Wyer, and from which picture so many drawings have been made and printed. The house was in existence as far back as 1814.

At that time there was to the north, where Mr. Gardner's small barn now is, another house. It belonged to Jonathan Chase. It was known as the "Headache House," because of its incurable smoky chimney.

Capt. George Wilber's house, with the name "Dexioma," in Greek letters over the door, and occupied by the Misses Wheeler, was owned in 1814 by Stephen Hussey. The south half is over a hundred years old. It was conveyed by him to Sylvanus Ewer, the grandfather of Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Ewer, the distinguished ritualistic clergyman of New York, who died a few years since. Capt. Wilber states that the beginning of the house dates far back in the eighteenth century. When, some years since, he was making some alterations, he found behind a diagonal beam four copper cents of the dates 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 and an old Spanish coin with the pillars of Hercules, worth 6 1-4 cents, and which was a current coin in the early part of this century.

The house of Capt. George H. Brock next north, was owned by Seth Folger in 1814, and Capt. Joy thinks that it was built by Seth's father. It had its beginning in a fishermen's shanty, though it lacks the "warts" in the front.

Mr. Biddell's house, "London Tower" had a similar origin. But it has been extended by a second story "wart," and extensive changes have been made within and without, and the fishermen's cottage is no longer seen. It belonged in 1814 to Griffin Barney.

Next to the north is the house belonging to Mr. Frank Mitchell—"Mizzentop." It was modernized before 1879. Clapboards had taken the place of shingles. But inside, the joists supporting the second floor show its origin in a fisherman's house. In 1814 it was occupied by Capt. Joy's father when he was building "Castle Bandbox" on Shell street.

The "House of Lords" was a typical 'Sconset house of a larger size, and was built by Gershom Drew. It stood in its present position in 1814. It was sold by Capt. Brown Gardner to the present owner, who caused it to be enlarged and it no longer has any resemblance to the quaint structure from which it was changed. It was purchased by Capt. Gardner after his return from California some time in the fifties for twenty-five dollars and four quintals of cod fish. In it, for years, the fishermen met at night during the season and swapped lies in reference to their experience on shipboard.

"Nonantum," in 1879, when purchased by its present owner, was a modest one story structure with a wartless front. It was built by Barzillai Folger and was owned by him in 1814. It was always called "Barzilla's,' house.

"Columbia Cottage," belonging to Mrs. Cash is more than a hundred years old. It was built by benjamin Bunker who died forty years ago at the age of 90.

The little house next to the north, and now owned by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy of New York, is very old, and has probably been changed less within and without than any of the old houses on the Bank. Last year it was re-shingled. In 1814 it was owned by Eben Gardner. Previously it was held by him and Tristram Pinkham together, but Eben so propered that he wanted a house to himself, and he proposed to Tristram to name a price at which he would buy or sell. The suggestion came so sudden that Tristram asked until Saturday to make up his mind. Saturday came and Tristram said that he thought his share was fairly worth a quintal and a half (150 pounds) of fish. At that price it was sold. It has since changed hands at prices way up in the hundreds. The house is well worth an inspection. It is not now occupied. Its interior can be seen by looking in the rear windows. It has a little attic reached by cleats nailed to the partition, and has two little bedrooms about 8x6 feet at the south end.

"Eagle Cottage" was in its present place in 1814. In 1879 Capt. William Baxter was inclined to sell it for $200 including its furniture, but on second thought he changed his mind, and four years after he disposed of it for $900.

The beginning of Mr. Crosby's store was a stable, and was brought from Sesachacha by Elisha Clark. Subsequently Cromwell Barney added the second story

on the south end. For two or three years before his store was built, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby used to come from town and occupy the upper portion on Sundays and keep their horse in the barn, which was a part of the building to the north, At last Mr. Crosby saw that there was trade enough in the place to warrant a store, and he enlarged the south end and 'Sconset started in its wild career as a great commercial centre!

The last house to the north on Broadway, belonging to Mrs. George Richardson, was brought from Sesachacha by Reuben Joy, a cousin of Capt. Joy's father. It was used as a public house, and was kept by Rachel Paddack, the widow of Jonathan Paddack, and a Quaker woman.

On the edge of the Bank, in the rear of Crosby's store, were two quaint old houses, both of which have been enlarged by adding a second story. The one on the south, Mrs. McCleave's, was brought from Sesachacha by Nicholas Meader, between 1814 and 1820. It was a very old house. The one to the north, owned by Mr. Crosby, was also brought from Sesachacha about the same time by George Meader, the son of Nicholas. In 1879, by additions, it had assumed an incongruous form, it being an open court to the west, with a wart to the east at the northern end.

Broadway, West Side.

The white clapboarded house surmounted by a Nantucket "walk," belonging to Mrs. Lucrettia M. Folger, situated on the corner of Main street, had its beginning in an old house that was purchased early in the century by Capt. Peter Chase. It was a two storied structure, and in a photograph taken by Freeman many years ago, a portion of the old building stands in the foreground to the left. It was very dark with dilapidated shingles, and it canted over to the westward. Capt. David Chase, son of Peter, who recently died at the age of 94, told Capt. Joy the manner in which his father had obtained possession of the property. Capt. Peter was engaged in the East India trade and probably about the time of the last war with Great Britain was on the Island. His wife wanted a home at 'Sconset. Capt. Peter had no money to spare for a house, but he had a quantity of tea and he said if she could buy a home with tea she could do so. She thought she saw her opportunity. The house was then owned by Eunice Cole, or Coffin (for she had been married twice) who kept a small store in Town. Mrs. Capt. Peter told her son David, then a boy, to put the horse in the cart and drive her to Eunice's house. He did so and Mrs. Chase asked Mrs. Coffin if she would sell her house at 'Sconset and she said she would, and a price was agreed upon if Eunice would take the pay in tea to which she agreed and the sale was made

"Nauticon Lodge," now owned by Mr. Davis, is also a very old structure. Over its door are the figures 1735, but Capt. Joy thinks it is much older. It was owned by Obed Coffin, then a very old man, and then about 1815, by his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy. It is built and arranged in accordance with the strict 'Sconset type. A few years since its bedrooms were extended in length.

The next house now owned by the heirs of Gorham Colman, is without doubt the oldest on the Bank. It was first owned by Michael Coffin, who employed several Indians to fish for him during the season, while he remained ashore to do the cooking. Michael was the great-grandfather of Capt. Edward C. Joy now in his 84th year. The house is as it has appeared as far back as human memory can go, except that, within, it was at some time lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingles, the depressions in the roof and the uneven floors tell of its antiquity. In its battered front door are three worn out key holes. Within are large fire places leading into a heavy chimney. The house is claimed to have been built in 1675, and before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham.

But probably older was "Rose Cottage," a little four room house that was on the lot next north. It was taken down in 1881 by Capt. Charles H. Rule. It was a squatty, tumble down structure, but each year was occupied in the summer, and in the fishing seasons. In 1814 it stood in the same position and was owned by Benjamin Paddack. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change of site was easily effected, by rolling it on spars. There is a tradition it was once ~~an~~ Indian wigwam, but Capt. Joy discredits it.

The next house belongs to Capt. William Baxter. Views of it have been taken by the hundred. It has a double history. The smaller portion is near 200 years old, and was brought from Sesachacha. It was owned by Uriah Swain, the grandfather of Mrs. Baxter. The higher portion was built about a hundred years ago, and the building was in its present position in 1814. Its exterior illustrates the completed 'Sconset house of the large size. The interior has been little changed, except to put on lath and plaster and paper, but its rude beginning can be seen in the exposed joints overhead, some of which in the oldest part are the trunks of young trees.

In the corner of the principal room is an ancient clock that has marked the hours for four or five generations. Mrs. Cary, the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years used the building for a public house. For years before 1883 when the post office was established, it was used for the distribution of the mail matter brought from town by Capt. Baxter, who, as he came over the hill on Main street, tooted his horn and the event of the day was the gathering of the people at the window to await their mail matter, and for each letter or paper received, one whole cent went into the coffers of the grasping old mariner! And yet there are those who boldly assert that he did not get rich!

The old barn in the southwest corner of the lot is probably what is left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's white house next north of the old post-office was owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who had lands to the westward, back of Capt. Robert Pitman's place on the hill. The land was covered with entangled brush and had to be ploughed by means of a tackle to get the necessary power. The highest part of the house is probably the oldest, for in it are doors swung on wooden hinges. It is very old. In it Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, Collector of the port of Nantucket by grace of President Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, has for a time, the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, abused the Republican party and quoted scripture and Dr. Watts with a vigor that has aroused the ire of his political antagionists and excited the admiration of othodox believers by reason of his pious erudition!

The little house owned by Mrs. Aaron Coffin is very old and probably better than any one on the Bank illustrates the gradual growth of a 'Sconset fisherman's cottage of the oldest shape. It was built by Obadiah Folger and its origin was a single room extending from the chimney to the south. It is but ten feet high to the peak of the roof. The little bedrooms were then added. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Folger saw it she was so startled by its proportions that she said it was a "parfect rope walk." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward and still later an old boat house was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is flush with the street. It is one of the quaintest cottages on the Bank. Nearly a hundred years ago it was called the "Martin Box and was occupied by Henry Barnard a great uncle of Mrs Hanaford.

"Clifton Cottage" is another of the old houses, but it has been enlarged by putting on a half story, It was built by George Folger, about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an easy time.

"Nonquit." Capt. Charles C. Mooers', is another of the oldest houses enlarged by a second story which was recently extended to the front. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Felicite," formerly owned by Capt. Charles McCleaye, and recently sold by him to Richard E. Burgess is a two story house with gable flush with the street, and a wing extending to the north. It was a very old house in 1814, and then or soon after was owned by John Emmett. The second story was added about 20 years ago.

"Sans Souci," the last house on Broadway and owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher has a singular history. It was originally erected in Trader's Lane in Town, and was a part of a duck or twine factory. The kitchen was a boat house, belonging to Mr. Brown, Mrs. Belcher's grandfather and the bricks in the chimney were in the British Ship, Queen, when she came ashore on the island. A portion of the house was taken to Madequet and thence brought to 'Sconset. It was moved here in 1814. It was the first house on the Bank to have its height increased by a second story. In 1879 it had 13 windows, no two of which were alike.

The little house east of John Pitman's lot, at the head of Broadway, was moved by Mr. Frederick Pitman from "Guinea" in Town. It was located on or near the site of a barn which Mr. George F. Mitchell when a young man brought from Shimmo, in 1866.

Between Centre and Shell Streets.

Abutting Main street is a small barn belonging to Mrs. Cathcart. Capt. Joy believes it is a portion of a house which once stood on the same spot and which belonged to Obed Coffin.

Mrs. Cathcart's house to the north, a rather imposing Cottage, with high "warts," was built by James Josiah Coffin, and was owned by him in 1814.

The little yellow cottage called "Sunnyside," and belonging to the heirs of Capt. Charles P. Swain, is very old. Capt. Swain told the writer that he knew the house in 1806, and that then it was known to be very old. In 1814 it was owned by William Gardner; and his and the family of Sylvanus Gardner were the only ones who remained in 'Sconset during the winter months. Sylvanus occupied a house on the Bank in 1814 and long after, which was removed somewhere along in the forties.

North of the pump is one of the most quaint of the ancient cottages. It now belongs to Mrs. Sharp, of Germantown, Penn. It was owned in 1814 by Shubael Barnard. Next to the old post-office, more views of it have been taken by artists and photographers than of any spot in the village. They are generally taken with the old pump in the foreground. Mrs. Sharp has given it the name of "Meeresheim."

The house of Mrs. Nancy Clark, widow of Uriah, was built by Richard Swain. His son Richard lived in it in 1814. It is a very old house.

The house of Capt. Obed Bunker was built by Sylvanus Coffin, and stood in its present place in 1814.

"Hearts Ease," owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey, and for many seasons occupied by Mr. J. Ormond Wilson and family, of Washington, was owned in 1814 by Jonathan Jenkins. Subsequently, about 1820, Reuben Starbuck became possessed of it, and he added to it, and employed a mason to lath and plaster the interior. A little grandson of Sylvanus Gardner observed the operation and he ran home with the exclamation "Grandman, he is putting on the whole broadside, at once." And Annie Gardner, Sylvanus' wife, said that Reuben had had a wife, a *wifee*, and now he had got a dandy, and he supposed he must plaster his house.

Asa P. Jones' house, the long, wood colored structure, with vines climbing a lattice on the east side of the kitchen, was an old house in 1814, but was small in proportion to its present size, and is much altered in appearance. It was then covered with wide boards, clinker-built, and was owned by Matthew Barney, then an old man. Frederick Mitchell bought it about 1815.

The next house to the northward, belonging to the heirs of the late Edward R. Folger. was built by Felix Slocum Folger in 1815, or soon after. It was kept as a public house by Charles Elkins, from about 1830, for many years.

"Aurora Villa," owned by Mrs. P. A. Gardner, was built by Obed Joy, between 1824 and 1830. Its beginning was brought from Sesachacha. The late Josiah Macy enlarged it and put on clapboards so that its characteristic features as a fisherman's cottage were lost, and it has been further enlarged and is now a commodious little house.

Around the Gulley.

The north part of Capt. John C. Morris' house was originally a very old little barn. It was altered by him to a house and he added the south part many years ago.

The house of Valentine Aldrich, to the west, is made up of the parts of two houses, one that was taken from the edge of the Bank to prevent it going over at the time of the October gale in 1841, when it was moved to its present location. It belonged originally to Nathaniel Coffin, grandfather of Capt. Geo. W. Coffin, who died this summer in his 84th year. It was bought by Capt. Aldridge's father before 1841. The other part of it was the most southerly house in the village at that time. It was the Eben Barnard house, and stood near the edge of the Bank, and was owned for many years by Stephen Coleman, and then was bought by Gorham Coleman. The Captain has added to the building since.

The house of Frederick C. Sanford was in its present place in 1814, and was owned by Peter Myrick. Capt. Joy thinks that it was then clinker-built. It and Asa P. Jones' house were then painted with red ochre.

On the site of James H. Gibbs' new cottage near the head of the gulley, there was in 1814, a little house which was taken down about twelve or fourteen years ago, and put together on the west side of Moery's Lane and is now owned by Billey Bowen. It was owned then by Obed Coleman and his son, and was called the hack-house, because Coleman ran a hack. There was a barn then north of the gulley near Capt. Aldridge's house.

New Street.

The snug house next to the store of Wallace C. Brown, the "Daisy Cot," and belonging to Capt. David Bunker, was originally a little store owned by his father-in-law, David Wood, and was situated on the wharf in Town. Mr. Wood brought it to 'Sconset and set it up near its present position. Before its enlargement a few years since, it was one of the tiniest little houses on the Bank, and it is still quite small.

William Owen's house, next west on the south side of the street, was moved from under Mill Hill many years ago, and put up in a position further east, where it remained until a few years since he sold the land to Mr. A. W. Rice, when it was moved to its present position.

The house belonging to Charles Paddack on the north side of the street, originally stood on the Bank and belonged to Uriah Bunker. It was removed to its present position and added to by a chaise house in Town which Capt. Joy brought to 'Sconset. The parlor is six feet and one inch between the floor and ceiling, and tall men are not allowed to dance hornpipes, except they enter into bonds to pay damages in case they break the plastering.

A part of the house of the late Capt. Geo. W. Coffin, on the north side of New street, originally stood on the Bank near the gulley, and belonged to Ichabod Aldrich, who sold it to Capt. Coffin for $30. It was removed at the time of the October gale in 1841, and set up in its present locatton and was added to.

On the site of George Frederick Coffin's house in old times stood a small house which was afterwards taken down.

Main Street.

The beginning of the house on the north side of Main street, belonging to the heirs of Matthew Starbuck, was originally a cooper shop owned by David Huntington, and was moved by Thomas F. Mitchell down on the old north wharf in Town. Thomas A. Gardner bought it and brought it to 'Sconset and put it up in its present position, and made it into a house. Its origin would hardly be suspected in the neat modern cottage that it now is.

Mr. Dunham's modest little house, next west of Mrs. Brooks, was brought from Town.

On the Hill.

The house of Charles Pitman, next south of the school-house, was part of the old Brant Point light house, and is now twice its original size, for the second story of the original building as it stood before its removal here was put alongside the first story, making it double its original length. It was brought to 'Sconset by Edward F. Easton at the time the present light house was built.

A portion of George C. Macy's little white house on the top of the hill, south of Main street, was one of the houses that was moved from the Bank. It originally belonged to old Solomon Smith. Job Coleman bought it when it was still there and added on a piece for a barn. During the gale of 1841 the barn was pulled back while the rest of the house went over. The barn was moved to near where Billy Bowen's house now stands on the west side of Morey's Lane and was again used as a barn. Thence it was moved to its present site, and with additions and improvements it has become the pretty little house that it is.

South of the Gulley

A part of the house owned by Oliver F. Hussey, for several years occupied by Professor McDaniel, was taken from the house now belonging to Capt. Robert Pitman and then owned by Stephen Gibbs, and was used as a billiard saloon. When thus used it belonged to Samuel Bunker, and was known as the Bunker Hill House.

The large house of Mr. A. B. Lamberton, next south of Mr. Underhill's and not occupied for two seasons, is a recent accesion to the place. It was built probably 75 years ago by Henry Barnard, the father-in-law of Capt. George W. Coffin, and stood on Darling street in Town. About 30 years ago it was taken down and moved

Andrew Gardner's lot a mile and a half distant, where it remained until 1881, when it was purchased by Mr. Lamberton, and again taken to 'Sconset on box wagons, and put up by Edward Bennett and Asa P. Jones in its present situation.

There was, in 1814, an old house situated west of and near the end of Morey's Lane north of where the old barn now stands. It was on the land of Peleg Mitchell, the grandfather of Maria Mitchell, late professor of astronomy in Vassar College.

There was also, in 1814, a house a considerable distance to the westward of Tom Never's Pond on the Botch farm. The pole that is now standing in sight of the main road to Town, and by which the fishermen get a range for reaching the fishing grounds, is set where the chimney of the original farm house was.

In those days there was a farm house on Tom Never's Head, called the Billy Ray farm, but was torn down.

Franklyn Folger now deceased, stated to Capt. Joy that an old Indian meeting house stood on the north side of Levi S. Coffin's farm. Old Tashma was the preacher and he lived in a house near the foot of Bean Hill north of the road and near the location of a little house built by Albert Easton in 1880 and removed in 1888. The door stone of old Tashma's house is now in front of Capt. Joy's house on Liberty street.

Shingled Houses.

Capt. Joy remembers that in 1814 there were many houses in 'Sconset that were not shingled on their sides.

Fences.

There were no fences in 'Sconset up to 1830. The houses had been put up wherever there was available space with little passage ways between, some of which were only wide enough for a wheelbarrow, and others to admit of the passage of a cart, and many of them in 1882, were dignified by naming them as streets, though some are scarce thirty feet long. Capt. Joy put up the first fence in the village around the house built by his father, Castle Bandbox. It was done by Capt. Joy under the advice of old Stephen Coleman, because the movement of the cows on his land annoyed him. It was made of boards given him by his uncle, old Benjamin Worth, then living in Asa P. Jones' house, from an old fence taken down in Plainfield. Old Sylvanus Coffin was much distressed at the innovation, because it compelled him perhaps to go 75 feet further to reach his lot.

The Beach.

In 1814, and thence forward for many years, the beach was so narrow in front of 'Sconset, that in heavy gales the surf washed over it to the foot of the Bank and twice within Capt. Joy's recollection it was washed away and houses had to be removed. A street to the eastward of the one now on the edge of the Bank thus disappeared. The beach was narrow to the southward and far to the westward of Tom Never's head, and in heavy storms the ocean washed over it into Tom Never's Pond, now hundreds of feet distant. A little daughter of William Ray who had a farm on Tom Never's Head, with another girl, opened a sluice way for the water in the pond by digging out the sand with quahaug shells. In 1852, when the ship Shanunga, laden with cotton, ran ashore at the head, it was so near that the cargo could be landed on the top of the Bank by a wind-tackle.

Capt. William Baxter states that the first voyage around the island was made by his uncle Capt. Jonathan Briggs, in a small sloop of 30 or 40 tons, and he told Capt. Baxter that the bread used on the cruise was baked in old Mrs. Starbuck's oven in a house on Tom Never's Head. The remains of the house Capt. Briggs showed to Capt. Baxter when he was a boy.

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Nantucket Journal Sept 12-89

☞ During the past season the sanitary condition of Siasconset has been the theme of earnest discussion among summer residents and anxiety has been expressed that measures be taken to assure that in the future the place shall be as free from disease as the past. On Wednesday evening, 4th inst., a meeting of the permanent and summer residents was held at the chapel and the subject was discussed. Rev. Dr. Taylor, President of Vassar College, was called to the chair and Mr. E. F. Underhill of New York, was elected secretary. Remarks were made by Professor Harrison Allen of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Norton of Boston Institute of Technology, Professor Wilder of Cornell University, Mr. R. B. Coffin of Siasconset and Mr. D. W. Burgess of Nantucket. Resolutions were adopted directing an appointment of a committee to memorialise to the town authorities that an officer be appointed and assigned to duty in Siasconset during the summer season to enforce the laws and rules of the board of health, and to secure the services of a competent sanitary engineer to investigate the condition of the place and recommend permanent measures for its more perfect sanitation.

The chair appointed as committee, E. F. Underhill of New York, J. W. Smith of Waterbury, Conn., J. Ormond Wilson of Washington, D. C. and Robert B. Coffin and Charles Pitman of Siasconset.

89 Nantucket Journal Sept 12/89

For the Journal

The Great Exposition of 1892—Where it Should Be.

Editor of the Journal:—

In the *Inquirer and Mirror* of Aug. 31st, Mr. E. F. Underhill has quite a lengthy article on the advantages of Siasconset as a place to hold the great Christopher Columbus Exposition of 1892. It seems to me that Mr. Underhill for some reason is prejudiced in favor of 'Sconset and is disposed to overrate what he considers advantages. That "it has many as compared with St. Louis, Chicago, or even New York," no one will deny, but in so important a matter as this nothing should be done hastily and the claims of all places should be thoroughly examined before any decision is made, and it is not right that any place with all the advantages of 'Sconset and many others besides, should from natural modesty permit itself to be thrust in the background. Therefore I ask the privilege of your columns to urge the claims of a place which is, for the purpose, far superior to Siasconset.

It seems to me that after reading Mr. Underhill's article, every thinking man will say that many things which he claims as advantages really are drawbacks.

The place which I refer to is Polpis, the "unincorporate limits" of which are as large if not larger than those of 'Sconset and there is quite as much room outside and its water facilities are better. Where for instance could the combined navies of the world find safe anchorage at 'Sconset? Certainly there is not room for them all in the slack water of the old Canonbury. See the superiority of Polpis in this respect. Polpis harbor is second in size only to that of Nantucket. I have myself counted fifteen large full rigged dories at anchor there at one time and I am reliably informed that some fifteen more could have found sea room there at the same time. This magnificent harbor, which I am told, by the way is larger at high tide, is as I have said only exceeded in size by that of Nantucket, and as it opens into the latter both could be used as one, thus forming as it were a great Harbor "Combine" to furnish to the public the safest, largest, and most magnificent haven on the whole Nantucket coast.

Having no adjacent cities 'Sconset must depend entirely upon itself to accommodate the crowd. I am told by Capt. Baxter that Bloomingdale was once a flourishing place extending down to the shores of Philip's Run, but years ago 'Sconset stretched out its avaricious hand and grasped the place, the local government was abolished, the Board of Seclectmen dispersed, and now Bloomingdale is not even allowed a representative in the 'Sconset Board. This is a gross injustice and ought to be investigated. It should of itself condemn the idea of having the Exposition at 'Sconset, for it shows what danger threatens the rest of the island should Siasconset become inflated with its importance as the seat of the Exposition. Why, Mr. Editor, even the free state of Tuckernuck may well tremble for her liberties. But this is a digression. Returning to the subject of room let us see what Polpis offers. Beside what the place itself has inside and outside its unincorporate limits, there is ready at hand, old historical Quidnet which might for the time be attached as the Polpis Annex. I should say it would accommodate as many as Polpis taking it inside and outside, then there are Squam and Pocomo, and if necessary Quaise. Indeed I am informed that the *Polpis, Squam and Pocomo Ox Cart Co., (Limited,)* have already signified their willingness to extend their tracks to Quaise if necessary.

It is needless to speak of hotels. Mr. Underhill has devoted some space to those of 'Sconset. I presume he considered it necessary, I do not feel so about Polpis, when the hotels of a place do not reccommend themselves to the travellers they must indeed be poor and to those who may express any doubts about the hotel facilities of Polpis, I would simply say that evidently they have never been there. Regarding other accommodations, however, I will state that there would be no necessity for "swinging hammocks from telephone poles." On a rough estimate there must be several thousand more empty ticks in Polpis than the inhabitants have use for, and in the event of a great influx of visitors all who could not secure a complete bed could certainly get one or more ticks and fill them.

In the matter of an "Eiffel tower," Mr. Underhill is again at sea. He admits the danger of turning the Island over by having the tower too near the edge, and recommends that it be built on a rock at the top of Folger's Hills, this however is as great a danger as that which he tries to avoid. Such an enormous weight as the tower would be, (many thousand tons) if built upon a single rock would undoubtedly force that rock down through the underlying strata of clay and out of the bottom, leaving a hole through which the waters of the ocean would rush and before life preservers could be dealt out, swamp the whole Island. Careful examination of the country around Folger's Hills will reveal traces of a swamp already. At Polpis the foundation would be distributed over a very great surface thus making an accident like the above impossible and at the same time with Coatue as an out-rigger not even a cyclone could capsize the Island. I think that Mr, Underhill is carried away by his enthusiam, and feel quite sure that when he is not "*so full*" the advantages of Polpis will be apparent even to him.

In conclusion I would suggest that a

meeting of the Polpis Board of Trade be called at once to see what action be taken in the matter, and would also recommend that a committee be appointed to proceed to Washington in December to solicit the co-operation of Congress.

HARRY PLATT.

Nantucket, Sept. 3, 1889.

Bstn. Commonwealth Sept 7/89

HILLARY BELL'S LETTER.

The Decadence of 'Sconset.

A few years ago 'Sconset contained almost all the elements favorable to the comfort, health and enjoyment of the cottager. It was quaint and ancient in the architecture of its houses, simple in the method of its life, healthful in its air, appetite and rest. It was replete with features peculiar to itself and was still interesting to those best acquainted with its curious individuality. The old post office, grey shingled, half covered with ivy, disclosing from the niches of its "warts" strange figure heads and name boards of long defunct whaling ships. The venerable postmistress with her quaker neatness of attire, her shrewd smile, her intimate knowledge of all the harmless gossip of the hamlet and her equally prudent reticence in mingling in it—a most important village functionary who gave dignity and lent it to her ancient habitation. The time-honored pump that continued to give forth water from a well dug two centuries ago, on whose worm eaten box were tacked the notices necessary to the primitive commerce and festivities of the hamlet. In the days when these moral features were eminent the cottagers were all neighbors and our pleasures consisted merely in perfect health, a stroll along the bank to Sankaty, bathing, shooting, fishing and a rubber of whist before going to bed at nine o'clock.

Things have changed so much at 'Sconset that were it not for the familiar landmarks it would be hard to recognize the ancient village. A New York speculator in an amateurish way has been building cheap cottages in imitation of the original houses of the natives and filling them in many instances with cheap people. The omnipresent Hebrew has at length discovered 'Sconset, so also has the blaring German street band, so also has the multitudinous peddler, and we are expecting a branch establishment of the Salvation Army every day. The consequences of these matters are far reaching. A new and indescribably vulgar postoffice has been built which Mrs. Priscilla Almy occupies but neither looks nor feels at home in. Numbers of cheap and tawdry shops have been started in the hamlet, and many of the quaintest old houses in 'Sconset now flaunt price marks and bargains and small fancy goods in their doorways and windows. Book canvassers and polish peddlers now suspiciously haunt the back doors of cottages that until this year were always left unlocked. Thefts are no longer unknown in 'Sconset and the ancient feeling of security that every one used to have during the night has been so much disturbed that now-a-days doors and windows are bolted and barred as though against a revolution. The old sentiment of neighborliness among the cottagers at 'Sconset is maintained only by those who have met each other during former summers on the island. The newcomers attracted by the low rentals of hastily built and meagrely furnished cottages are generally of a class in which conservative people do not wish to make acquaintances. Hence there are cliques, and gossips, and scandals, and *divorcees* and drunken fellows and a great increase of tattling among old women that are wholly foreign to the former peace and eminent respectability of 'Sconset. In this connection an amusing, although awkward story may be related to show the change that has come over the place. While Mrs. Harrison was visiting her invalid sister at Nantucket recently she expressed a desire to drive over the moor for an afternoon at 'Sconset. Tidings of this intention speedily reached the little hamlet and immediately all the 'Sconset cottagers began to fix up their parlors for the reception of so distinguished a guest. An officious person named Underhill, by adroitly making use of the village telephone happened to be the only one in 'Sconset who knew the exact hour on which Mrs. Harrison was to arrive at the hamlet. When she drove up to the historic pump he was awaiting her with a glib speech. In lieu of another, Mrs. Harrison, accepted him as a guide through the village and permitted him to walk beside the carriage while she inspected the queer grass-covered streets and ancient cottages. Finally he asked her to alight and make a survey of one of the oldest and best preserved cottages in the hamlet. Mrs. Harrison accepted the invitation and presently entered the porch with him. Underhill rapped loudly on the panel. Mrs. Brooke, the occupant of the cottage, looked out of the window and recognizing Mr. Underhill, only sent her servant to the door with a peremptory "not at home." Thus by her choice of an escort Mrs. Harrison was denied the opportunity to inspect the quaintest cottage in 'Sconset, while Mrs. Brooke lost the chance of entertaining the President's wife, for which chance every one knew she had been preparing for several days back.

This illustrates how the fine old simplicity of manners and hospitality have fallen into decay and a new era of suspicion and conservatism has taken its place with the cottagers. 'Sconset is no longer the 'Sconset of former days. The new set of people who have been brought by specious advertisement to the hotels and cheap cottages are generally people whom few care to know, and the quaint little hamlet has begun to lose the esteem of those who appreciate refinement, quiet and good breeding. This year 'Sconset is something like Martha's Vineyard. Next summer it promises to resemble Coney Island.

HILLARY BELL.

Dry. & Mirror Sept 14-89

Those who supposed they owned land on Brant Point
Are much surprised to find things out of joint;
The Government, with proclamation loud,
Has put their titles all under a cloud,
And, claiming knowledge of some hidden truths,
Warned them all off as trespassers, forsooth!
Claims that it had a title there before them,
And keeps the rod of terror hanging o'er them.
The opening move was made by Uncle Sam,
With depositions *in perpetuam;*
The trespassers don't think of budging yet;
Though ordered off, they still refuse to get;
They've formed themselves into a coalition,
And taken the aggressive in position,
Determined to let naught their courage damp,
But carry the war into the foeman's camp,
Thus further complicating the conditions,
By adding to the pile of depositions.
'Tis only three years since the opening move,
Which litile interval but goes to prove
Rome was not built in a single day;
Why, then, complain about the law's delay?
Lookers-on, while the parties are contesting,
Will find the subject very interesting;
Some curious facts already are related,
By which one point, at least, is demonstrated.
The feasibility and common sense
Of sifting beach-sand through a five-rail fence!

At a meeting of the property owners and residents of Siasconset held at the chapel on the evening of September 5th, 1889, the subject of the sanitary condition of Siasconset, was discussed. Rev. J. M. Taylor of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., presided, and E. F. Underhill of New York, was elected secretary. Remarks were made by Prof. Harrison Allen of Philadelphia, Prof. Norton of Boston, Prof. Wilder of Ithaca, N. Y., Mr. Robert B. Coffin of Siasconset, D. W. Burgess, E. F. Underhill and President Taylor. The general sentiment expressed was that, while thus far the village had had no visitation of disease growing out of defective sanitation, yet diphtheria and typhoid fever might at any time during the summer season be developed. Resolutions were adopted, advising the employment of a competent sanitary engineer to investigate the condition of the village and to report the best practical method for its improvement, and the undersigned were appointed a committee to carry out the objects of the meeting.

In pursuance of the direction, the committee have secured the services of Messrs. Waring, Chapman & Farquhar, the eminent sanitary engineers of Newport, R. I., and one of the members of the firm will begin the investigation this week. The expense incurred must be met by voluntary contributions. A list is presented with this containing the names of the contributors. The committee ask that you add to the fund, and they believe that such a case can be presented for the consideration of the authorities of the town of Nantucket as will induce them to make more stringent regulations in respect to the construction and maintenance of vaults and cesspools and appoint an officer to be assigned to duty at 'Sconset and enforce them.

Those who send their contribution by mail may direct to Robert B. Coffin, Treasurer, Siasconset.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL,
J. W. SMITH,
J. ORMOND WILSON,
ROBERT B. COFFIN,
CHARLES PITMAN.

Dated Siasconset, September 13, 1889.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

DR HARRISON ALLEN,	$5.00
DR. B. G. WILDER,	5.00
J. W. SMITH,	5.00
REV. J. M. TAYLOR,	5.00
D. W. BURGESS,	5.00
WM. BALLENTYNE,	5.00
R. B. COFFIN,	5.00
GEORGE JEROME,	5.00
WM. CHITTENDEN,	5.00
E. F. UNDERHILL,	15.00

Nantucket Journal Sept 26/89

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From the Boston Commonwealth.

The Decadence of 'Sconset.

[Published by request.]

A few years ago 'Sconset contained almost all the elements favorable to the comfort, health and enjoyment of the cottager. It was quaint and ancient in the architecture of its houses, simple in the method of its life, healthful in its air, appetite and rest. It was replete with features peculiar to itself and was still interesting to those best acquainted with its curious individuality. The old post-office, grey shingled, half covered with ivy, disclosing from the niches of its "warts" strange figure heads and name boards of long defunct whaling ships. The venerable postmistress with her quaker neatness of attire, her shrewd smile, her intimate knowledge of all the harmless gossip of the hamlet and her equally prudent reticence in mingling in it—a most important village functionary who gave dignity and lent it to her ancient habitation. The time-honored pump that continued to give forth water from a well dug two centuries ago, on whose worm eaten box were tacked the notices necessary to the primitive commerce and festivities of the hamlet. In the days when these moral features were eminent the cottagers were all neighbors and our pleasures consisted merely in perfect health, a stroll along the bank to Sankaty, bathing, shooting, fishing and a rubber of whist before going to bed at nine o'clock.

Things have changed so much at 'Sconset that were it not for the familiar landmarks it would be hard to recognize the ancient village. A New York speculator in an amateurish way has been building cheap cottages in imitation of the original houses of the natives and filling them in many instances with cheap people. The omnipresent Hebrew has at length discovered 'Sconset so also has the blaring German street band, so also has the multitudinous peddler, and we are expecting a branch establishment of the Salvation Army every day. The consequences of these matters are far reaching. A new and indescribably vulgar postoffice has been built which Mrs. Priscilla Almy occupies but neither looks nor feels at home in. Numbers of cheap and tawdry shops have been started in the hamlet, and many of the quaintest old houses in 'Sconset now flaunt price marks and bargains and small fancy goods in their doorways and windows. Book canvassers and polish peddlers now suspiciously haunt the back doors of cottages that until this year were always left unlocked. Thefts are no longer unknown in 'Sconset and the ancient feeling of security that every one used to have during the night has been so much disturbed that now-a-days doors and windows are bolted and barred as though against a revolution.

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HILLIARY BELL.

[What ails Hilliary? Has he swallowed anything indigestible? Only a year or two since he was "booming" the same cottages and Underhill with might and main.—ED JOURNAL.]

Boston Globe, Sept 28/89

93

OLD NANTUCKET

As Viewed Through Globe Spectacles.

Queerest and Quaintest Place in World.

So Still That One Can Hear the Grass Grow in the Streets.

Customs the Same as in Vogue a Century Ago.

Ancient Ruins and Interesting Island Characters.

NANTUCKET, Sept. 14.—The shades of night were falling when the writer arrived at this, the queerest and quaintest place in the world. Long before the sun had set in the west a long strip of land could be discerned lining the eastern horizon. It was sandy old Nantucket. Everybody struggled to the bow of the tipsy boat, which was navigating a damp, rough road upon anything but a steady keel, and acted as tickled to see land as tickled could be.

Nearer and nearer drew the vessel, and lower and lower grew the sun. The gilded dome of the Unitarian church stood out in bold relief, glistening in the last lurid glow of retiring Sol, and Billy Clark, the famous town crier could with a glass be distinguished leaning out of one of the windows and announcing our coming with his prodigious horn.

Everybody was in ecstacies save one, and that one lacked enthusiasm. He sat forward, alone, dejected and downcast, his eyes focused upon the approaching sand, thinking strange thoughts. The privations of a day were stamped upon his face, and he was a subject for pity. I sat down beside him, and he unravelled his tale of woe.

"Do you know," he said in a husky, agonized voice, "I made a tour of this boat before we left Woods Holl to pick out a good place where I could watch the little fish in the treacherous sea, and study ichthyology. But when I was prepared to carry on my investigation I found a bevy of ladies close at hand with the wind blowing directly toward them. I am naturally a modest man and here I've been sitting and depriving myself of the pleasure of looking into the deep blue sea. I have thought of the old legend of the man in the misty past who gave each of his three daughters, named respectfully Martha, Nancy and Elizabeth, a sandy old island, and what a fool Nancy was for taking it. I wouldn't accept the d—d old place as a gift unless I could walk or travel by rail." He was voicing the feeling of many, but he knew it not.

All days are the same here. From morning till night and from night till morning there is scarcely a visible manifestation of activity anywhere on the island. In the town the gray and wrinkled old houses, whose shingled fronts have looked out over the sea for a century and a half and two centuries, seem to be nodding to each other in reminiscent reveries of the days when, instead of 4000 inhabitants in Nantucket and houses for 15,000, there were 15,000 people and barely enough dwellings to put them in; when the sea kings of Nantucket sailed argosies of whale ships, and when their wives and sweethearts gathered daily with their afternoon knitting on the wide-railed platforms on the rooftops and watched the ocean for returning ships. Everything is heavy with sleep and it takes only a few days for visitors to

Get Too Sleepy to Sleep.

The sunlight slumbers in the white, dusty streets; the sea wind sleeps in the scrubby trees, the clouds overhead and the drying sails on the boats in the harbor, and one can almost hear the grass growing in the streets among the cobblestones that were pounded down 100 years ago and have never been touched since.

BILLY CLARK, THE TOWN CRIER.

The people live in a miniature world all their own, and follow the customs of their ancestors. They are a good, old-fashioned people, who spurn the phantasmagoria of fashionable society and live for themselves alone. They climb to the roofs of their houses with a big field glass several times a day and look out to sea, the same as their ancestors did a century ago. To them the ringing of the old Spanish bell in the equally old church tower at morning, noon and night is sacred and readily obeyed. There is no farming fishing (unless it be for land sharks) or manufacturing, and visitors wonder how Nantucketers get a living. But they get over wondering.

I decided to make my observations before the lethargic spell overtook me. The horse and carriage which I had ordered for an early hour had evidently ambled up the night before so as to be there. The horse had lain down without putting his driver to the trouble of unharnessing him, and was sleeping the Nantucket sleep. So was the driver. Gentle protests availed nothing; it took a good healthy kick to awaken both. The turnout was a study. The horse was hairless, toothless and hoodless, and looked as if he had been reared on a diet of sand. The wagon was one of those peculiarly shaped cape contrivances, with high board sides, and the only means of entering by dropping the tail board behind. The driver was in keeping with the rest of the outfit. You never saw three things that looked so much alike and worked so well together. To begin with he was old; oh, so old. He was tall, lank and lean, and he divided his time equally between chewing tobacco and sleeping.

The first place of interest visited was the old mill, and the first person seen was the seasick gentleman with the grievance of the previous day. He was an enthusiast now, and was negotiating with John Sylvia,

The Grizzled Old Miller,

for a lot at $300, which had cost the latter almost nothing. "I shall build a magnificent hotel," he said, "and come down from Boston twice a week. It will be grand, I can tell you, perfectly grand." The fellow was a genius. He was continually getting up fishing and sailing parties, notwithstanding the fact that he knew he would be deathly sick the moment the boat left the dock.

Upon the rude oaken floor of the old mill is crudely lettered "Open from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m. Admission 5 cents." John is a native of the Azore islands, yet he has resided in Nantasket long enough to conquer the financial style in vogue here, and he makes the old mill pay. The exhibition feature, however, is the more lucrative one. There is a boycott out against poor old John. He wants 10 cents a bushel for grinding the island grist, but the island will only pay him eight.

The mill is made entirely of oak. The huge joists are mortised into each other, and no iron is used. The interior of the mill is a curio hall. It is filled with useless sails, which the winds had rent into ribbons, knick knacks and a maritime collection. The top is movable, so that the vanes, to which the sails are attached, can be put in the wind. When the wind changes the aged miller must wrestle with the long mast which runs down from the top and rests on an old wagon wheel until he gets the sails in the wind again. This is no small job, as the top turns not on wheels but on the beams. The machinery is of the simplest kind. The big cogwheel is entirely of oak. The small one, into which the wooden teeth play, is made of oak sticks as big around as a man's wrist and they have been worn down to half their original size with age. The stones are the same as were put in when the mill was built in 1746.

John has owned the mill for 22 years. It cost him the munificent sum of $25. He is

ANCIENT TOWN PUMP AT 'SCONSET.

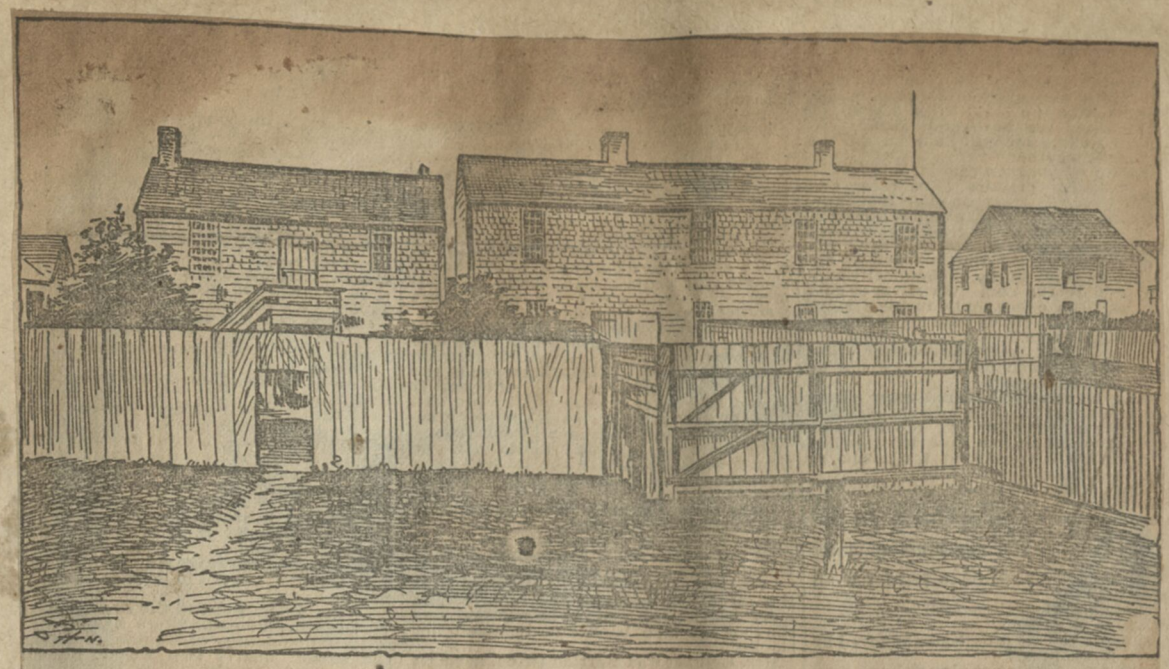
a queer old duck. You take a bushel of grain there to be ground, and he will do it for eight cents; but if you should offer him $10 to put on the sails, just to see it work, he would refuse. The most that he has ever ground in one day was 50 bushels. He had a good northeast wind, which is a steady blow. Then it has taken him a whole day to grind a single bushel. Although he still grinds when he can get customers, yet he does not have a chance to do much on account of the steam mills at New Bedford, which have cut down the price and caused the aforesaid boycott to be issued against him. He exhibits to about 2000 people a summer, however, so he is not very sad. "You come to see the mill this summer. You come with a friend next summer. You bring him up. You say: 'You go in; I been in; I no go in.'" laconically remarked the ancient miller in explaining why he had no more.

Of course there is a history and tradition connected with the old place. During the revolution a ball thrown from a man-of-war passed completely through the mill, within a foot of the miller. Some time about 1848 a young girl caught hold of the slow-moving vanes and made

Three Complete Revolutions.

The miller suddenly stopped the mill and the girl was thrown to the ground and several of her limbs were broken. John, too, was carried up in the vanes 12 years ago. He never told it to a living soul before, not even his wife. Some idea of the number of people who have visited the place can be had from the fact that the old stairs, which were made of two inch oak plank, have been entirely worn away in the centre, and that new pieces have had to be put in.

Nantucket is blessed with a county jail, but does not have much occasion to use it. The jail, however, would be worth a fortune to any museum. Jailor Gibbs was milking his brindle cow when I sought him out. He has had no prisoners he said, since last winter. At that time, however, he had eight. That was the greatest number he ever cared for at one time. Chadwick, the Nantucket bank defaulter, served a term of three years in the jail. He had been sentenced to five years, but the President pardoned him when he had served three years to a day. After the first day the jailer gave his prisoner the liberty of the yard. He had known him from boyhood and Chadwick had given him his word that he would not try to escape. He kept it.



THE COUNTY JAIL AND THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

The jail was built over 100 years ago. It is unlike any jail built before or since, and was originated by a Quaker. There are four cells—two above and two below. The floors, walls and ceilings are of oak timbers, 6x8 inches, bolted together at intervals of a foot by heavy iron rods. The doors are six inches thick and solid, and are secured by huge wooden locks. To make the place doubly secure each cell is lined with half-inch iron bars. The windows in the rear are six inches square, and made by cutting one of the oak beams in two. No iron bars cover these small apertures. In fact the wood has grown so tough with age that it would be wellnigh impossible to enlarge the opening in many hours. On the front side there are iron-barred windows, and the upper outside door has had a new Yale lock put on it. The old oaken one had rotted away.

The house of correction, so called in the language of the island, lock-up in the vernacular of the outside world, stands beside the jail and watches over it in a weak and puny way. It is only superior in size. This building is more modern, and it is here that

Common Inebriates and Petty Offenders

are housed to think over their pernicious past and mound their ragged ways.

Mr. Gibbs has not been jailer always, however. In this respect he differs from other Nantucketers. One of his predecessors was a gay and festive bird. During his brief, but brilliant, reign the house of correction was running in full blast. The islanders for a long time could not understand it. But there was a day of revelation. It was learned that the nights were devoted to revelry, and that the jailor was the leading spirit. He was immediately released, and the place became deserted and quiet again.

In that section of the town known as Egypt, there stands an old ruin with a history. It is called the Castle, but Fields' Folly would be a better name. The building is 177 years old, and stands today the same as it did decades ago, except that it has been shaved of its shingles by summer tourists. Here many old sea captains, the majority of whom are dead and gone, were first instructed in navigation. But it is occupied by a pedagogue no more. In his place is an antique furniture dealer. Dusty, broken old chairs, bureaus, chiffonniers, tables, chests, etc., lie promiscuously about, and there is barely room for the two men who are assiduously laboring away, repairing and remodelling.

Hundreds of ladies call here weekly, but few enter the place for the first time without emitting a scream. Hanging upon the wall, in a conspicuous spot, is the dried-up body of a dead cat. The eyes stick out of their sockets, the lips are superciliously curled, showing the teeth, and the back is humped, giving it a frightful appearance. It was found in a barrel many years ago and has been dubbed "The Egyptian Mummy," a very appropriate, if not elegant name. It is the dealer's mascot and money could not buy it. But I wander.

This building is the property of Thomas B. Fields, a gentleman who endeavored to startle the world, but only succeeded in startling himself. His hobby is a vertical mill. For 25 years he labored to perfect a model. His workshop was a little room in this building. During all those long years he came daily to his den

And Locked Himself In.

Not a person was allowed to cross the threshold. Wild rumors were continually chasing each other about the island and the inhabitants were kept in a state of chaotic excitement. Such stirring scenes had never been experienced before. The announcement that the invention would be exhibited the following Saturday night was a regular weekly event, but nothing more than the announcement ever materialized.

Fields worked steadily on, and the people, as unproductive year after year rolled by, quieted down and forgot the hidden wonders. But they rested in peace only a short time. They were again set to surmising by Fields' exterior work. He had begun to erect a turret upon the top of his old house, and he calmly announced that he had found "it." But what that "it" was he refused to say. The work went along merrily, and when the turret had been completed he fitted it up with four big weather vanes. The interior was still guarded and no one knew what it contained.

When Fields had finished his lengthy job he invited the people to the opening of his modern grist mill. The whole population of the island turned out. Fields mounted the stairs leading to the turret and put on the sails. He threw off the brake and away the things spinned, with Mr. Thomas B. Fields spinning with the rest of the things. There was a terrific crash and everything stopped. Mr. Fields was rescued from his perilous position by the spectators. His invention was a ruin, and he hurried away from the spot which had known him so long.

Everything remains today just as it was left. The room where he spent so many years is just the same. A small model of his wind-mill is there, and the turret and the machinery still remain to be seen by those who care to brave the dirt to see the mechanism. After I had looked the wreck over I called upon Mr. Fields. He still clings to his idea, and will not admit that his invention was a failure. "I have only abandoned it temporarily," he said. "I shall begin work again in a short time. It needs a little perfecting and then it will be all right. I have long recognized the necessity for a vertical wind-mill for motive power. My plan is a simple one. The vanes, four in number, move the top of the turret. When a vane passes out of the wind it is feathered by means of a cam, and the next one takes its place. My patent ran out several years ago but I intend to have it renewed and go to work again at an early date."

One of the most noticeable features about Nantucket is the old Spanish bell in the tower under the gilded dome of the Unitarian church. Its sweet, silvery tones attract the attention of all. It has been in position since 1815 and has been ringing daily since Dec. 18 of the same year. The bell was secured at Lisbon, and was

One of a Chime of Six

originally made for a church of great veneration there. They were never consecrated, however, and a couple of Nantucket whalers purchased the bell at the factory. The bell weighs 1575 pounds, and an offer of $1 a pound has been refused for it. There is an inscription in Portuguese upon it, which, translated, reads: "To the good Jesus of the mountain the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete set of six bells to call the people and adore Him on His sanctuary. Jose Domingos da Costa has done it in Lisbon on the year 1810."

The fame of the bell travelled quickly, and some little time after it had been in use the agents of the Old South church in Boston negotiated with the agents of the Unitarian, saying that they had a very fine clock in their tower; that they had been so unfortunate as to have their bell broken, and wished to know at what price this bell could be procured. The agents of the Unitarian church replied that they had a very fine bell in their tower, and would like to know at what price the Old South society would sell their clock. Boston played a bold game, but failed. Instead of the bell being on exhibition now in the old South church of Boston it is in use here.

I courted the acquaintance of the watchman, who sits in the gilded dome of the Unitarian church tower all night long guarding the old town from fire, and spent several hours with him one rocky night. A fierce northeaster was blowing a gale. The wind howled and the lightning flashed. The old tower oscillated back and forth like a pendulum, and this, added to the striking of the hour upon the bell beneath us, made it weirdly unpleasant.

"What do the people do here in the winter?" I asked.

"Nuthin'," was the short but courteous reply.

"How do they live?" I queried.

This was a poser for him. "Live?" he mused, "how do they live? Well, I'm durned if I know. Guess they don't live. Come to think of it, I know they don't live. They sleep. The only work they do is in summer time, but they make enough then to keep them the rest of the year. It don't cost much to live here in the winter time. You can buy all the beef you want at the meat auctions for four cents or less a pound."

"Has Nantucket changed much since the advent of summer boarders here?"

"In some respects, yes; in others, no. You city folks are too tony, and we folks don't like it. You come down here and buy our old houses, tear 'em down and build new ones. In three years about 100 of our old landmarks have been sold and taken away. But Nantucketers don't like it, and they won't sell any more." And this is the universal opinion of all the inhabitants.

Probably the most interesting person in Nantucket is Billy Clark, the veteran town crier. He can be heard any day as he makes his rounds, announcing the events past, present and to come. He has been crying for a quarter of a century or more—crying

Until He is all Cried Out.

In his younger days he had an elegant voice, but exposure and age have cracked it, and the habit of stuttering, which is a new acquisition, has not improved it any. He has a faculty of uttering things in various ways which give strange and unexpected results. The stories that are related about him are funny, especially to those who have heard his haughty voice. He has an original way of running several events together which tends to make the saddest announcement ludicrous.

When the news of the battle at Manassas Junction was received here, fair William and his horn started out to spread it. He made himself heard so well that the echo of his voice still reverberates through the sleepy village. And this was what they heard: "Glorious news! Victory at the battle of Molasses. Three thousand Union soldiers killed. Meat auction tonight at 8 o'clock."

A CASTLE IN EGYPT OR FIELD'S FOLLY.

GEORGE WINSLOW, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

MOSES ELLIS, MASTER SHIP RIGGER AND CULLER OF HERBS.

But for all these trival faults Billy is a valuable man. He is thoroughly conversant with every nook and corner on the island, the history of whale fishing when 72 vessels sailed from here, and when that industry was in its prime, and every tradition that has been carried down from generation to generation by Nantucket people. He is one of the necessities of the island in the opinion of the people, and they would just as soon think of getting along without breath as without him

There is not much doing for him in the winter time. Outside of several meat auctions a week he is allowed to sleep. But he doesn't do it. Billy is the most wide-awake Nantucketer on the island. He sits from morning till night in the gilded dome of the old church tower, his eye riveted to a spyglass, looking for wrecks which are numerous along the treacherous coast of the sandy island. The first man to herald the news of a wreck and get out the volunteer wrecking crew is rewarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society in a substantial manner. There may be youthful Nantucket criers growing up, but none can ever take the place of this famous individual, this old-time landmark of good old Nantucket days.

Another character of more or less renown is Moses Ellis, master ship rigger and culler of herbs. He lives in the southern section of the town

Where He Culls Herbs,

splices ropes and spins yarns for a market value, said market value limited to the generosity of his patrons. Moses, if taken in good humor, is a most fascinating personage. He has reached that stage of Nantucket life where you can't judge his age but his stories would make him contemporaneous with Ananias and a competitor of Gill Ford.

"Wus I ever whaling? Wall, I should say as I wus, my son. I followed ther critters fur nigh onto 30 years, and if it hadn't bin fur me thar wouldn't ha' been so many of 'em caught nohow. I sailed as a rigger, but I always had ter take command when we struck a school of ther critters, 'cause everybody else didn't seem to have no head. 'Bout as tickl sh an experience as I ever had wus in the India ocean. We had been cruisin' 'bout fur sum time without getting nuthing when we run right into hundreds of the critters. They wus thicker than flies in August, and the viciousest critters you ever sawer. The critters knowed us and just came at us. Ther ra sed right out of the water around us so thick that we could see no water no how. We wus sailin' in whales. It wus just like as if wus buried deep enough in sand to hold her up. Wall, we wus all knocked out. The critters didn't s em to have no inclination ter cum aboard but 'peared to be under orders. 'Fore long ther old bull in command of 'em critters bellowed and squirted water, and that durned island, with us in ther middle, started to go at a stiff rate. Wall things looked squally, and I says to ther boys says I: 'Pray, d—n ver, pray.' We wus carried just 500 miles in 10 hours, when we wus rescued. Them critters wus dead drunk with glee and didn't seem to know where they wus goin'. The bow of 'em run upon sum ragged rocks, and just 300 of the critters wus killed outright and the rest got demoralized and broke and run, droppin' us into deep water agin. We picked up the dead critters and returned home. I hain't done no whalin' since."

But it remained for THE GLOBE to start another upon the road to fame. In a little blacksmith shop down near the dock can be found George Winslow, the village smithy. His shop is passed by thousands of people every day, yet he has remained in oblivion for many years. Uncle George as he is universally called by all Nantucketers, is a rich study for some painter, and the artist whose brush can reproduce him in his favorite position, as shown in the accompanying cut, will have made his fortune. Uncle George's shop is the rendezvous for all old sea captains, and a dozen or more of them may be found there most any day.

For 60 years he has worked at the same old stand, and, although now on the other side of 80, he looks as though he was good for 60 more. In his early days he, too, went a whaling, but he recites no such tales of hairbreadth escapes as does Moses Ellis.

In Fact He Hasn't Much to Say.

He sits, smoking his pipe, in the centre of his coterie of friends, and listens to their sad sea tales, giving a grunt of approbation at regular intervals when appealed to. Uncle George has the reputation of being an excellent mechanic, but he has a happy faculty of not being able to get ahead. He has made several fortunes in his day, but he has nothing now to show for them but his shop and his vocation.

Not only is he a blacksmith but likewise a dentist. He is the individual who pulls sharks' teeth from their jaws for summer

A TYPICAL 'SCONSET FIREPLACE.

tourists who have gone to hunt the savage monsters and been successful.

He has sailed around the world several times, and there is not a rock or sandbar on the Atlantic coast that he does not know. He is fond of fishing, and when a party of natives goes out it usually includes him.

But He Will Not Go with Novices.

His shop is filled with interesting relics of shipwrecks, etc., to which is attached some personal reminiscent. His tools are all his own handiwork, and of them he is extremely proud. He is the most popular person on the island, and a better study an artist could hardly hope to find.

Every one goes to Sconsett, notwithstanding the fact that the means of locomotion are uncertain. The Nantucket railroad is a railroad in name only. It is a little, narrow gauge, all rusty with age. It was evidently built for revenue solely. Sconset is eight miles from Nantucket, and the fare is 80 cents. Thi , however, is considered reasonable, as the word is understood here.

A crowd was pouring into the little station one unusually quiet and sleepy afternoon, and I poured in with it. A young Nantucket woman sat upon a high stool, behind a high counter, wearing a haughty expression as she mechanically made $1 bills look weary. She was the ticket agent. Beside her stood another woman who resembled a sculptured statue, inasmuch as nothing about her moved but her tongue. That, however, was hung in the middle. She was an ex-switch tender. Up to within a few years ago the road was operated entirely by women. When the boarding-house business got cornered, however, they were pressed into the new service. The road operates itself now.

The train was composed of a liliput engine, a baggage car and two coaches, the c stof roll ng stock of some bloated corporation. It is a very accommodating r il-road, this. After returning several times for belated passengers we were off, not like the wind, but as fast a pace as would be practicable for Nantucket. The road crosses the island, a distance of three miles, and then follows the shore. The roadbed is a natural one and the sleepers lie upon the sand; sur ace. No effort at grading was ever made, and the road resembles a toboggan slide somewhat.

The little engine puffed and struggled across the moors, the train being enveloped in a red cloud of dust and rust. The trip was a memorable one. The farther we went the little engine puffed, and the slower became our speed. Finally, the train came to a stop and began to run backward. Its retrospective journey was brief, however. I got out of the car to see what was up. The fireman and engineer, like true Nantucketers, had gone to sleep, the steam had run down, and a small grade with a two-foot rise had checked our progress. The sleeping beauties were awakened, and after a delay of half an hour the train was given a shove and we were off again. The eight miles were made in one hour and fifteen minutes.

A Typical Old-Time Fishing Village is Sconsett.

It is a village different from anything else in this world. There are probably 100 houses all told, if the little structures may be called houses. The streets are narrow, so narrow that you can almost step from one yard into another, and the grass grows in the middle, which is characteristic of Nantucket. The houses defy description. Their architecture represents the architecture of necessity. When they were built, centuries ago, comfort, and as little of it as possible, had the call. In fact, the Sconsett houses were not built; they grew. Some of them represent the toil of years. The size of the dwelling was limited to the amount of available stock. From this the first section was reared, and the people then resumed their fishing until more lumber and wreckage drifted ashore, when additions or "warts" were added.

As the family increased, the house was expanded without regard to beauty or style, because the people of those primitive times worshipped neither. The front chamber of one looks as if it had got hungry, and was doing the contortion act in its endeavors to get into the kitchen, and the kitchen looks as if it were trying to get into a hole in the ground and pull the hole in after it. Some lie as crooked as a snake in the throes of death, and they all look as if they had been stepped upon by a Chicago woman and crushed. The windows and doors are of various sizes, having floated in upon the breaking billows. The front of the house is distinguished by a figurehead, taken from the bows of vessels wrecked on the sandy coast, and all have names. There is the House of Lords, London Tower, Nonantum, Nanticon Lodge, Meeresheim, Mizzentop, Big Enough and others.

Sconsett, be ide being blessed with a town pump, which has slaked the thirst of four generations, sports a club which turns its beacon upon everything nautical, and discusses anything abtruse equally as well. It is not a sumptuous club. It is only an every-day sort of a club. The clubhouse furniture consists of two dozen broken chairs, half a do en improvised cuspidores, an ocean chart and a library. The library is small, but contains a varied selection. It includes Flavel's "Redemption," "Little Dorrit," "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritual sm," "Adrift with a Vengeance," "The Ways of Eternal Life," "Religion and Chemistry" and "South Sea Bubbles."

After seeking an inspiration through the old town pump from the bottom of the well I again embarked on the erratic train and I, too, soon fell asleep. ALLAN TRUMBULL.

THE OLD MILL. IT STILL GRINDS.

Inq. & Mirror Sept 21/85

A Valuable Report by a Son of Louis Agassiz.

THE GULF STREAM NEAR NANTUCKET. PROF. HENRY MITCHELL, LIEUT. S. M. ACKLEY, ECHINODERMS AND DEEP SEA-FISHES.

Mr. Editor:

The interest which very naturally was felt by me in the Coast Survey, (with which my dear father, the late Capt. George W. Coffin, was for thirteen years connected as an observer under the direction, in part, of Prof. Henry Mitchell) has led me to read the two large octavo volumes in which Alexander Agassiz tells of his experiences during three cruises in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean sea, and along the Atlantic Coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. This "contribution to American Thalassography" as the author calls it, is entitled, "Three Cruises of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer 'Blake,' &c.," and is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, and is admirably printed, and finely illustrated, with representations of the fauna of the regions explored, and the apparatus used for deep sea-dredging.

The very first sentence of the introduction attracted my attention, by its mention of my native isle. The author says, "My connection with the thalassographic work of the Coast Survey dates back to 1849, when, as a boy, I accompanied Professor Agassiz in his cruise on the 'Bibb' off Nantucket." Afterward (on page 180, vol. I.) the island is mentioned as he speaks of floating barnacles and other "surface animals" as "excellent guides to the course of the Gulf Stream,—natural current bottles, as it were," and adds, "They are thrown up along the whole length of the Atlantic coast of the United States, from the Straits of Florida to the south shores of Cape Cod and Nantucket." Suffer me to quote page 252 of vol. I, as there is much in it to interest your readers, in my opinion. "The first scientific basis for the exploration of the Gulf Stream was undoubtedly due to Franklin. At the time he was Postmaster-General of the Colonies, his attention was called to the fact that the royal mail packets made much longer passages to and from Europe than the trading vessels of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. On talking the matter over with captain Folger, of Nantucket, he first learned the existence of a strong current, of which the New England captains took advantage in going to Europe, and which they avoided by sailing a northerly course on the home voyage. Folger also called Franklin's attention to the fact that this current was a warm one. He and Dr. Blagden becoming interested in the question, Franklin set out to ascertain the size of the current and its temperature. Soon after, Franklin published the first chart of the Gulf Stream for the benefit of navigators, from information obtained from Nantucket whalemen, who were extremely familiar with the Gulf Stream, its course, strength and extent. From the time of Franklin until the problem of the Gulf Stream was again attacked, in 1845, by Franklin's descendant, Prof. A. D. Bache, of the United States Coast Survey, many ingenious theories were published, but nothing was added to our knowledge of the origin and structure of the Gulf Stream. Humboldt, Arago, and others attempted to trace in the Gulf Stream a secondary effect of the trade winds, and of the rotation of the earth. The officers of Arctic expeditions sent to Spitzbergen did not fail to see the effect of a mass of warm water passing northward, and Von Baer was among the first to consider this body of water as an eastern extension of the Gulf Stream. Meanwhile the Artcic explorers of Baffin's Bay and Western Greenland found themselves baffled in their efforts to reach high latitudes by the powerful southerly current, carrying with it fields of ice or huge icebergs, which had found their way south below the southern limits of the Banks of Newfoundland, and even beyond the latitude of Cape Cod and Nantucket shoals. The earlier work of the Coast Survey in its investigations into the structure of the Gulf Stream (1845 to 1860) consisted in making sections across the stream, from the Straits of Bemini as far north as the latitude of Nantucket."

On page 232 the author speaks of the fact that Prof. Henry Mitchell, in 1867, "conclusively proved that the current of the Gulf Stream extended to the bottom in the section between Havana and Key West." Opposite page 252 is given Franklin's chart of the Gulf Stream, wherein it is seen plainly that Nantucket Island is the nearest land to the warm river or current till it reaches South Carolina or even the coast of Florida. No wonder that the climate of Nantucket is so excellent for invalids, even in winter.

I have been interested to note in this valuable book the mention of Nantucket men who have done good service in the field of science. Prof. Mitchell is mentioned several times. On page 235 a note says, "Henry Mitchell looks upon the Nicholas and Sautaren Channels, as well as the Providence and Exuma, not as channels proper, worn by currents, but as portions of the ocean bed left undisturbed in the upheaval of the Bahamas. These channels are motionless masses of water, in which the decline of temperature with the depth is a little more rapid than in the track of the Gulf Stream. Mitchell also considers that the current of the Gulf Stream has had no share in cutting out the Straits of Florida." In the introduction the author speaks of the suggestions and criticisms of the commanders—Lieut. Seth M. Ackley among them—as valuable, and says "they constantly modified our methods of work, and gradually changed our apparatus to such an extent that it would have been difficult to recognize the original dredging implements as first devised." The author also gives deserved credit to Lieut. Ackley in these words: "At New Orleans Mr. Garman and I left the 'Blake,' an event which must have been a relief to the officers, more particularly to the executive officer, Lieut. Ackley, who was once more free to put the ship in an orderly condition. The work of dredging is not conducive to cleanliness, and during the whole time I was on board no routine was ever allowed to interfere with our work, Lieut. Ackley himself always being the first to see that everything was in readiness for dredging operations at all times." And on page 32 the author says: "The uniform success which attended all our hauls was undoubtedly due not only to the improvements suggested in the apparatus by Lieut. Commander Sigsbee, by Lieut. Commanding Ackley, by Lieut. Shaner, and by Messrs. Jacoby and Moore, but also to the great care taken by the officer of the deck in handling the 'Blake' during the process of a haul. With a vessel of the size of the 'Blake' excellent judgment was necessary while working in a seaway, and that we incurred so few accidents is entirely due to the interest taken in the expedition by the officers, and the devices constantly suggested by them for overcoming the difficulties we encountered in this novel work."

For my part I am proud of the deserved favorable mention of every Nantucketer, male or female, and when I read a good word of any of them, I feel a desire to share it with others of my townspeople who have like pride in the ability and success of their contemporaries. Prof. Mitchell and Lieut. Ackley have nobly earned the respectful mention which is theirs in scientific circles.

The second volume of this important work treats largely of West Indian fauna and deep-sea types. It is profusely illustrated, showing varieties of fishes, sea-urchins, star-fishes and the like. On page 23 I find this paragraph, which states that "many fishes also descend to considerable depths. In fact, the migration of our coast fishes is one of the most important problems which the fisherman has to solve and one of which we as yet know but little. There seems to be no serious obstacle to extensive bathymetric movements on the part of fishes. The silver hake, which is abundant all summer long at the surface on the New England coast, has been taken from 487 fathoms, and appears to live in September and October at considerable depths off Southern New England. There is reason to believe that the mackerel, menhaden and the bluefish also go down below the hundred-fathom line in winter."

I hope a copy of this fine report by Alexander Agassiz will find its way into the Atheneum library, as it is valuable for reference. Those who study conchology and biology will find its pages "profitable for instruction," and those who keep the visits of Prof. Louis Agassiz to Nantucket during former years, still in pleasant memory, will give a generous welcome to this book from the pen of his son.

P. A. H.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

FACTS CONCERNING WHALES.

Less Known About the Largest Animal than About Some that are Microscopic.

From the Washington Post.

Of all the modern scientists engaged in the work of investigation, perhaps none have adopted a field more peculiar and entertaining than Prof. Frederick W. True, of the National Museum. Prof. True is a young man, but he has already spent five years of his career as a scientist in looking up one subject—whales.

"The reason that my attention was directed to this subject particularly," said Prof. True to a *Post* reporter, "was the fact that so little was known to scientific men concerning whales. The works on zoology either treated the whale with a few generalizations, or ignored it altogether. My purpose has been to cover this field as well as it possibly can be done with such sources of information as are available. I spent four months in England and the continent of Europe in the study of specimens.

"Only about eighteen species of the fifty-six that frequent the coast of North America are well known, and the majority of these of forms which have long been under observation. The number of species whose habits, variations, and distribution are thoroughly understood is still smaller. The life of the whale is passed with but little of it being visible, and it is not an approachable animal. What is known of its life has been obtained at long range, and many errors have thereby crept in. All the romance about thrilling adventures in the capture of the whale have had their day. It is still regarded as a dangerous occupation, but nothing like what it was in the past. You will hear no more stories of hand harpooning and the smoking line running out over the bow, the boat towed by a leviathan at lightning speed, and all those details that illuminated the old-time stories of the sea. Now whales are killed with a bomb lance, fired as any other projectile, at a moderately long range. It carries an explosive substance that detonates when the lance enters the body of the whale. That is the modern way. The whale is generally harpooned afterward in order to make it fast, and unless this is attempted before the whale is dead it is not attended with any danger."

"What are some of the popular fallacies in regard to whales?"

"In the first place the greatest of them all is that the whale is a fish. It is a mammal with none of the characteristics of a fish, except that it exists in the water. An animal that nurses its young, and has rudimentary hind legs, could hardly correspond to a fish in any respect. In almost every cut of a whale you will see the animal spouting a tremendous volume of water from his blow-holes. This is purely an im-

aginary habit on the part of the whales. The blow-holes of the whale correspond to the nostrils of other animals. When it comes to the surface to breathe, it expels the air from its lungs with a violent effort. Its nostrils are apt to be slightly under water, and the result is a column of spray rises in the air. This has been mistaken in the distance by sailors for a column of water. When a whale had been harpooned so that its lungs had been penetrated, it is likely that the whale spouted blood and water through its nostrils, and this has confirmed the original error when the sailors observed it at close range.

"Another popular error," continued Prof. True, "is that all whales furnish whalebone. The two great classifications among whales are the toothed and the whalebone varieties. The sperm whale is a toothed whale, and the right whale is a whalebone whale. The whalebone in a good-sized whale is worth several hundreds of dollars. The toothed whales really have not much use for their teeth, as they cannot chew anything with them. They are merely a row of points that serve to grasp a fish or other kind of prey, and hold it until it can work it down its throat. The teeth are only on the lower jaw. There are no molars among the teeth, and they cannot grind the food. Then the jaw is not hung so that it can do anything more than snap. The whalebone whale uses the fringe of whalebone around the upper jaw in lieu of teeth. It strikes a school of shellfish, which abound in great numbers in the sea, and when it gets them in its mouth it closes its jaws. The water is squeezed out and the whale swallows everything that is left."

"How large an object can a whale swallow?"

"The throat of the largest specimen is not more than three inches and a half in diameter. Jonah was a very small man if he made the round trip through a whale's throat."

"Have any species been exterminated?"

"From what we know, it is not probable. For a few years the right whale disappeared totally from the North American coast. None were stranded, and there was no evidence that any more were in existence. A year or two ago one or two specimens were seen, and now they are reasonably plentiful again. Whether they disappeared because they were pursued by man or for some other reason we cannot establish. That they totally disappeared, however, is conclusive. The fact is, that when a certain kind of whale becomes so scarce as to be in danger of extermination it then becomes unprofitable to chase it, and the opportunity for a renewal of the breed is favorable."

"Do they breed rapidly?"

"One or two at a birth is the rule. The smaller varieties generally bear twins, and a single one at a birth is probably the case with the greater varieties. The infants are born pretty well able to take care of themselves, though they are carefully nursed by the mother until they are swift enough to provide themselves with food. It is the belief that the mother floats on her side on top of the water when nursing, so that the young can suckle with their blowholes out of water. Whether this is true or not I do not know. A female with young is very wary and difficult to approach, so that very little can be gathered on this point from actual observation."

"Do whales ever sleep?"

"That is one of the many things that we do not know. Sperm whales have been known to lie on the water motionless for a considerable period, but it can only be guessed whether they are asleep or not. A whale could not sleep under water for any length of time. It has a capacity for storing a great deal of air in the blood vessels that fill the neck and are found well down through the body; but at the furthest this could not last it more than a half hour, when it would have to come to the surface to blow. It is assumed that many of the lower forms of life never sleep; but in the case of the whale I do not know that that point has ever been investigated. It will be a long time before we know all that it is necessary to know about the rovers of the sea. It is, indeed, a strange that, while the external and internal peculiarities and the life-history of numberless insects and minute and lowly animals have been thoroughly investigated, many of these great beasts have been entirely neglected."

Nantucket Journal Oct 7/89

HILLARY BELL has written a letter to the JOURNAL half apologizing for his diatribe against Siasconset, which we printed last week, and half in praise of the village, as a place for restful recreation. The only difference between 'Sconset of today and the 'Sconset of the former period of which Hillary Bell writes appears to be in the fact that a brass band has been out there. Why, bless you, Hillary, brass bands have been accustomed to visit 'Sconset ever since the remembrance of the oldest villager. The apology is too apologetic.

Halifax Courant Oct 1, 1889

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ODD NANTUCKET.

The Quaint Old Place—Peculiarity of Dialect—A Surplus of Women Nautical Phrases—How a Correspondent Got His Medicine.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, Mass., September 23, 1889.

Last week I met at the depot Captain Tim Fitzgerald of the yacht Peggy Swain, of Nantucket. Many summer visitors were taking their leave. "Isn't it exthr'ordinary," said he, "that the sthrangers leave the island whin the finest weather begins? September is our nicest month, and, by the same token, it is this year, barring the August shtorm which tuck us in September, though it was a wind gale without any rain." Captain Tim's grandmother was an Irishman; but leaving out his bulls, which don't count against him any more than mine against me, he was right, for in this bright and beautiful, but funny little city unfolded from an old hamlet of fishermen's cottages, the first autumn month is the most delightful of the year. The waters on Nantucket shoals are still warm and the prevailing southeast winds receive heat from them and from the gulf stream, now but thirty miles off 'Sconset Beach.

From the hotels nearly all the guests have gone. By the 30th ~~then~~ the doors will close upon the last departing visitor. Many cottagers linger, and it will be the middle of October before the last family will go to their home on the Continent. "The Continent," you say? I don't mean to a home in Europe, but the "Continent" as understood by Nantuckers. They are "Islanders," and the main land of America is to them the "Continent."

While on the subject let me tell of some of the peculiarities of Nantucket speech. Bear in mind the island is forty miles from the nearest steamer landing, on Cape Cod, and sixty miles from New Bedford. Until fifteen years ago intercourse between the island and the Continent was infrequent. The islanders, even to-day, see but little of the world except as the world comes to them, 15,000 strong, each season, between May and October. Books they have, and in obtaining knowledge from those perennial fountains, they acquire the use of words equal to the range of our most intelligent communities; but the speech they hear for twelve months, except during the presence of the visitors in summer, is that which they have heard from infancy. Remember also, that the island was settled late in Seventeenth century and that, from the beginning, by force of circumstances, its men followed the waters. As the whale fishery developed, the interests of the island became more and more identified with the ocean, and the large portion of its men were on shipboard fully three-fourths of their active careers. Theirs was the talk of the ship. Their similitudes were drawn from their vocation and its surroundings, and from them their wives and children learned the same methods of speech. To the stranger many of the expressions he hears in conversation are odd, and sometimes they are unintelligible, unless the surroundings and context will help him to "fish out" the meaning. I was told the other day that a certain man on the island, who is in perpetual trouble in his affairs was "always runnin' afoul of himself." "Which way are you heading?" was the question asked me by old Captain Folger, as he met me in his box wagon in the outskirts of the village going to the "town." And what is the "town?" To the native it is not Boston, or New York but the village of Nantucket. The carpenter who framed a house for a stranger asked him whether he would have the joists "run fore and aft or 'thwart ships." For "a stranger," I say. By a stranger is meant a visitor to the island, but those who remain long enough to get acquainted come to be known as "off-islanders." I went a few days since with a lady to Wauwinet "in a team." A "team" on Nantucket is a horse and wagon, and the wagon is as much much a component part of team as the horse. The team was run by Captain Baxter, who long since retired from active service on a whale ship, and now, at 85 years, is still about, and during the season carries parties about the town and over the island. "How do I get in?" the lady asked him: "the wagon is too high." "Get in astern," said the captain. He pulled out the tail board and the lady climbed in as one would in an omnibus, but not so easily by any means. After we had started

the captain said to her, "Miss, won't you shift to the windward a little?" She did as requested after learning where the "windward" was. But even then he was not satisfied for in a few minutes he asked her to get up while he moved her seat a "little further aft." In a dark night, a 'Sconset woman, when driving from the town in a thick fog, got off the road into the moors and it was a full half hour before she got back into the traveled way. When relating the circumstance she said that she had lost her "reckonin' in comin' out." I bought an old Connecticut clock in the town, and the bric-a-brac dealer told me that he "had lashed the pendulum to the side of the case so that it wouldn't get adrift." Of a clergyman who had been connected with various denominations and had died a ritualist, an old whaling captain said that "if he hadn't peaked his oars so quick he'd have boxed the compass of savin' grace by j'inin' the Catholics." The other day there was rain for a half hour in which there were one or two inoffensive flashes of lightning, followed by apologetic reverberations of distant thunder. "Quite a tempest," said old Captain Pitman, as I passed by. And let me say that any thunderstorm on Nantucket, heavy or light, is a "tempest." The more blinding the lightning and the louder the peals of thunder, the bigger the tempest, and *vice versa*. A young woman who had accepted a position as seamstress, when asked to do some work in the family, declined, saying that she "didn't ship for that kind of work." The butcher, and grocer, and gardener, do not *deliver* the commodities you have ordered; they "land" them at your "porch;" and on Nantucket the "porch" is the kitchen, though sometimes it is called the "cook room." "Bring the skein taut," said a Nantucket girl to me when I was holding the worsted for her to wind in a ball. A fisherman told me than once when fishing on Tuckernuck Shoals he found a drowned man in the water. "Was he on the bottom?" "No, he was floating on even keel." As I write this, an old whaling master tells me that Gibbs's horse got scared this morning on the beach and kicked his owner "on the hand and stove it all to pieces."

The Nantucket man is rich in his pride of ancestry, even if he subsists on quohaugs, and clams, and herring, and pollock, and picks up a hundred dollars or so by doing odd jobs to purchase groceries and clothing to carry him through the year. From the pedestal of his high lineage he pities us "off-islanders," but he tolerates our visits because of our shekels, which he graciously accepts, seemingly more as a favor to us than to himself. And it is a real comfort to know that there is an influence that will tolerate our presence and save us the humiliation we must otherwise feel that, in our veins, the blood of the ancestral islanders does not course. Time was when the comers from Cape Cod were known in derision as "coofs," and every effort was made to bring them to a realizing sense of their ignoble lineage. This continued until the blood of the island patrician and that of the Cape plebeian mingled in the offspring of matrimonial alliances between the two, which came about thus: It was the pride of the young men of Nantucket to hunt and kill whales, in the hope that they might become sea kings in time themselves, and they were at sea three-fourths of their lives in early manhood. The other fourth was hardly sufficient, as a general thing, to inaugurate and carry on a courtship to its fruition in marriage. And when a marriage did occur, it was a protracted experience of husband absenteeism and an enforced loneliness for the wife. With the "coofs," there was no sentimental aspiration for the glory of harpooning whales, trying out blubber and receiving at the end of the voyage their "lay" of oil. On the contrary they were eminently practical. They saw their opportunity and made the best of it by offering themselves as available timber, ready hewn into shape for active service in home husbandship, and the girls, rather than take their chances with returning Nantucket boys, accepted the "coofs" for better or for worse. But the supply of matrimonial timber from Cape Cod is exhausted, and husbands for Nantucket women are more difficult to obtain than ever. The last enumeration of the inhabitants shows nearly 1,800 females to less than 1,200 males on the island. Probably no such disproportion between the sexes exists in any long settled community in this country. It was caused by the decadence of the principal industry of the island, for, about 1845, the whale fishing declined, and many of the sailors sought employment in the merchant marine. Some, with those engaged in other industries connected with the whale fishery, started in 1849, to the number of near 1,000, for the gold fields of California, and they were the brightest young men of the island. Still others went to the main land to seek their fortunes, and Nantucket names can be found in every state in the Union, on the Pacific coast from Alaska to Patagonia, in the Sandwich Islands and on the seas of Eastern Asia. From near 10,000, in 1840, the number of inhabitants has dwindled to about 3,000 at the present time. The emigration has been nearly all of the stronger sex, though Nantucket school ma'ams—the graduates of the excellent educational institutions of the island—are scattered over the Union.

The great bulk of the islanders are the descendents of about a dozen original families, and to-day the Coffins, and Folgers, and Swains, and Husseys, and Starbucks, and Macys, and Colemans, and Barnards, and Chases, and Pitmans, and Paddacks, and Bunkers, and Pinkhams, and Worths, and Mitchells, and Gibbs probably constitute more than half the population. Then, too, the Christian names were for a long time unique. When the island was settled over two centuries ago the settlers came from a land where scripture names were given to children as they were born. In their isolation their descendants were long in learning that in names fashions change, as in all else, and that the Old Testament was less drawn upon than in generations gone by. Thus their use was continued on the island for half a century after they had ceased to be heard on the continent. There Shubeals, and Hezekiahs, and Elihus, and Seths and Jethros, and Jobs, and Abishas, and Calebs, and Pelegs, and Obeds, and Tristams, and Barnabases, and Zacheuses, and Levis, and Isaiahs and Barnases, and Micajahs, and Ichabods without number.

The decendents of these old families married and intermarried and remarried. Cousinship so extended from each individual in every direction that fifty years back, a scion of one of the original settlers was related to nearly everybody else on the island. The duplication of Christian and surnames was so frequent that besides "junior," first, and second, and third, and even fourth had to be added to distinguish who was meant when a person was referred to. If a middle name was given it was and is still spoken in full.

The movements of the Nantucket man are slow and deliberate. His wants are few and simple, and he takes his time in securing the means to supply them. Or if, during the season of the summer visitation he shall be forced into what, on the continent, would be regarded as moderate activity, there is an implied understanding with himself that, when the strangers leave, he'll make up for the effort by heavy resting. Except under necessity, he never does anything to-day requiring exertion, that can be put off until to-morrow.

The appearance of the well-to-do native is in sharp contrast with that of the visiting stranger. His coat is generally a black Prince Albert; his hat usually high, black or white. He bows with a rigid deference to the proprieties and gives you a courtly greeting when he meets you. When visitors appear in slouch hats and flannel shirts and "blazers" and knee-breeches and carelessly move along the streets with an evident feeling of gladness that they are away from business and for a time can do as they please, the Nantucket man is a monument of conventional propriety, and inwardly he is shocked that even off-islanders can so far forget the dignity that should inhere in them as men, as to dress and act like boys if only for a week; for *he* is always proper.

But on the main land the native makes his mark in conducting affairs. Once away from the island his happy-go-lucky habits, of necessity, cease. His frugal ways do serve him a good turn at the beginning, but if he is to succeed, he finds that active life and not passive existence must be his rule. Once awakened to the necessities of the situation he adapts himself to the new order of things and develops qualities which ensure success.

On the island the people ~~are~~ always, of necessity, frugal and plain. The soil ~~is~~ too light for profitable farming and there were ~~no~~ organized industries, except those related to whale fishing, and the lives of the Nantucket men were passed on the sea. The women and children saw but little of the styles affected by the off-islanders, and emulation for dress, and display, and high living was not excited. The fact that less than a hundred years ago more than half the inhabitants were Quakers had much to do with fostering plainness of garb. But the advent of the strangers in summer has had a marked influence. The hearts of the men of Nantucket were made glad when they saw the visitors drop their ducats into native pockets. But when the hands of their wives and daughters drew out their share of the season's savings for finery they had never before dreamed of wearing, their faces betokened a saddened

Some of Hillary Belles Stuff 102

Butte (M.T.) Oct 3/89.

The cottagers at widely written about 'Sconset, that once conservative and delightfully quaint little watering place on the eastern shore of Nantucket, are in a fine state of consternation over the sudden social decadence of this favorite resort. A lot of cheap houses have been built there recently and filled with people whom nobody wants to know. Helen Barry had almost completed her arrangements to engage a 'Sconset cottage this summer, but upon learning who her neighbors were likely to be, hastily hired a place elsewhere. I understand that the new order of things has brought so many evils to the island that even the most lethargic of the sleepy Nantucketers are beginning to look on 'Sconset with dismay. The new visitors have stolen eggs and chickens from the natives, and robbed the cellars of the older cottagers of wines and other good things to such an extent that the solitary policeman who guards the entire island of Nantucket is as much amazed as his London brothers are over Jack the Ripper.

In all other matters of civilization 'Sconset has grown apace. Diptheria and typhoid are dreaded because of the recent enormous number of summer boarders, and the entire want of sewage in the village. A servant girl was robbed lately of her purse containing two months' wages. One of the old fellows brought a suspicious looking female from Boston to his cottage, and kept her there for several weeks without so much as an apology to the gossips, and on several occasions it was discovered that the empty cottages had been broken into and the beds occupied. In consequence of these matters a new and nameless suspicion of strangers has filled the breasts of the older cottagers. Through this feeling an unhappy incident occurred recently. During Mrs. President Harrison's late visit at Nantucket she drove over to 'Sconset, and innocently enough desired to see the interior of one of the ancient cottages of the hamlet. But upon rapping for admittance the door was suddenly slammed in her face by the cottage owner, who little fancied that in thus rudely dismissing a stranger she had insulted the wife of the President.

Reg. & Mirror Sept 28/89

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

"WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME."

'Twas on a famous sea girt isle,
When summer breezes blow,
And nature wears her sweetest smile,
And ocean's billows flow,
And proudly bear their plumes of white,
From Tom Never's Head to Sankaty light.

Standing beside her cottage door,
O'er-mantled with an ivy vine,
In grassy lane by 'Sconset's shore,
Where graze the ever peaceful kine,
An ancient dame was seen one day,
While the fisher folk were far away.

"Pray why do you wait at your cottage gate,
"With your wrinkled face to the sea?"
"When the storm is abroad and the hour late,
"The old times come back to me,
"As I watch the wind and the wild sea foam,
"I wait till the wandering ships come home."

But old Nantucket's glory fled,
When her whalemen left the sea,
Her ancient heroes all are dead,
And naught is left but the memory,
Of many a ship her name has born,
From Behring Straits to bleak Cape Horn.

Old ocean still bears many a ship,
Fram far Cathay to friendly shores,
From Tuckernuck to Pochick rip,
The same blue water breaks and roars,
And over all is the same blue sky,
And the wild flowers bloom as in days gone by.

But like the dame at her cottage gate,
Whether our years be many or few,
We bide our time and only wait,
Whether alone or a merry crew,
Tho' far and wide our fancies roam,
We wait till our wandering ships come home.

SIASCONSET. C. S. K.

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spirit. And so, at the end of each season, when the departing visitors bid the men farewell and carry off the hopes of income until another year, they are in the doleful dumps that the stranger found the island in, and singly and in chorus, they chant jeremiads during the long days and the longer nights of winter until spring fishing occupies their time for a few weeks. Then they go to the steamboat wharf to sight the first stranger, whose coming they hope for, yet fear as much, because it means another season of tennis and tourist cap; and blouses and outing skirts and russet shoes and the incongruous toggery that city wives and daughters affect in the country but never wear at home, and they know that it will be another object lesson of extravagance which the women and girls of the island will be only too glad to learn.

But the men are consistent. If they like simplicity in the women folks, it is not because they are extravagant themselves. In their diet they are as simple as in their dress. At the period when liquor was drunk by all, even by the merchant and church dignitary as well as the humblest workman, it was generally taken in moderation. When the temperance agitation began, the best elements of society were active in it. At neither hotel in Siasconset is a bar, nor is liquor ever sold in either. In a temporary distress, one day, I went to the proprietor of the largest hostelry and in solemn accents said: "Mr. Starbuck, there is a lack of harmonious correlation between the members of my corporeal estate. From the terminal point of the thorax there is a morbiphic commotion with bellicose mutterings, in which stomach, and diaphragm, and spleen and liver, and the jointtenants of the abdominal cavity are participants, and I see not the end thereof. Is this peritonitic diathesis, I have not that peace of mind or comfort of body which passeth all understanding. In the confidence that should subsist between landlord and guest let me tell you that I've got the belly-ache and got it bad!" "Say, look here," said Starbuck, "what in thunder do you want to run your craft with a dictionary for a cut-water, head on to a 'Sconset tavern-keeper who never did you any harm and scare him as bad as a hundred-barrel tempest? Next time talk Nantucket, or even United States, and I then can sight the cat-heads of your meaning."

"Well, as I said, I have got the belly-ache and I want a glass of whisky very, very bad. Have you got any?"

"No, I haven't, and have never had any in the house."

"Haven't you any brandy?"

"I haven't any of that either; I don't know it when I see it. I never tasted a drop of liquor or wine in my life. But I thought I ought to have some good brandy in the hotel for guests in case of sickness, for there is no drug store here and sometimes no doctor; and the other day I sent to the pharmacy in town for a couple of bottles of the best brandy. Well, they shipped me out some stuff—I don't know what it is—but it has got a label on the bottle that says 'coggnack.'"

"Joshua Starbuck," said I, "let's see it? If that caitiff wretch of an apothecary, Congdon, has imposed upon your confiding nature I want to know it, and I'll know the reason why."

Mr. Starbuck produced the bottle; I drew the cork. A glass was quickly filled with the ambient fluid and it was as quickly put where it would do the most good. I found it "masterly warmin'," as a Nantucket matron once said to me of old Medford rum, after she surrounded a dose the depth of her heel tap.

"Joshua," said I, in solemn words, "if any guest, in illness, or even in health, shall beseech you for brandy, and you shall vouchsafe ~~cognac~~ unto him, he will rise up and call you blessed, as I bless you now, with my left hand on my heart and my right hand stroking my stomach, which even now is all aglow, and within it all antagonism has ceased."

The expression of Joshua Starbuck's face had gradually undergone a change. From that of awe, which my impressive words had caused, it came to be one of doubt. Next I saw that he had caught his grapple on the idea that he made some ludicrous mistake. At last he saw what it was, and he laughed as seldom a Nantucket man allows himself to do.

"Well," said Joshua, "I guess I am the only hotel-keeper in this country that such a story as this could be told about."

Same in Nashville American
Pittsburg } Milwaukie Sentinal
Gazette } Topeka Capital
Chicago Times — Cleveland Plaindealer
St Louis Post } Cincinnati Commercial Gazette
Detroit } Detroit Free Press.
San Francisco
Chronicle Nov 24/89 N.Y. Tribune

To Messrs. E. F. Underhill,
J. W. Smith,
J. O. Wilson,
R. B. Coffin, and
Charles Pitman,
Committee

Gentlemen:- At your request the undersigned have made a careful examination of the sanitary condition of Siasconset and beg leave to submit herewith their report.

Siasconset is located on a bluff on the east side of Nantucket some thirty to fifty feet above high tide. The ground is of a loose gravely and sandy nature with a scanty covering of loam. The ground water, as observed in the wells, is about thirty seven feet below the surface of the ground.

Better natural conditions could not be found and it is only necessary to maintain the good old sanitary rule of "Pure Air Pure Water and a Pure Soil," to insure its future healthfulness.

The water supply is obtained from wells and cisterns. Nearly every house is provided with a cistern. Some were found to be in excellent condition and above suspicion; others were found to be very dirty and still others were found to be unmistakably contaminated by the waste from the kitchen sink. In two cases examined the sink wastes had run through the crown of the cistern, and in one case it had run on the surface of the ground until it entered the cistern under the cover.

Properly located and maintained, there can be no safer water supply than cisterns. The cistern should be thoroughly cleaned and if the rain water is made to pass through a proper filerting material before entering the cistern, all impurities will be arrested, and the water will be wholesome and pure after long usage.

We have used a natural filter with very gratifying results. The filter is an impervious tank set in the ground; its bottom furnished with a pipe delivering into the cistern and its top open to the sky. It is filled to a depth of about three feet with a loamy soil and the top covered with sods. The sides of the tank are extended above the sodded surface of the ground thus excluding surface water and forming a rim for the accumulation of water during very heavy rains. The water from the roof is delivered above the sodded surface.

All the impurities are rapidly destroyed by the natural process of oxidation and the resultant elements are taken up by the grass roots.

This natural process keeps the filter in perfect condition. Any covering of straw sufficient to prevent freezing continues the filter in full usefulness throughout the winter.

Once built it requires no further attention beyond an occassional cutting of the grass.

The main water supply and that used almost execlusively for drinking and culinary purposes in the old village is obtained from the "Village pump." Most if not all of the horses and cows owned about the village are also watered there.

It is of vital importance that every possible precaution be taken to prevent the contamination of the water.

It does not at all follow that because the water is now wholesome it will always remain so. The greater the use and the greater the amount of organic wastes deposited in the vicinity of this pump, the greater the danger of contamination. In this soil

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it is not improbable that the contamininating influences would extend for at least a radius of two hundred feet. There are many privy vaults and cesspools within this radius.

Analyses made by Prof. Morton of the Institute of Technology plainly show the danger from this source. An analysis made last year showed the water wholesome. Those made this year showed the presence of nitrates, or, in other words, it showed there had been a communication between the well and the household wastes, but that the purification was complete. The danger lies in not knowing how long the purification will so remain.

To guard the well from contamination from the droppings of animals and surface was, it should be tightly cemented on the outside, for a depth of five feet. The top should be raised well above the surface of the street and the ground slope from the well in all directions. Any tendency to wear a hole and thus accumulate filth near the well should be prevented by paving.

These precautions being taken there will be no danger of contamination from this source. The remedies for the house wastes, which are the most serious, will be spoken of later.

In the absence of analyses we cannot speak positively of the conditions of the remaining wells. Some however are very near to cesspools and privy vaults. These are certain to be contaminated if not already so.

A careful examination of certain houses especially in the old village revealed a condition which not only ought not to exist, but is an imminent source of danger to the inmates and to those immediately surrounding them.

The general arrangement of the houses is the same. They vary slightly as to detail. Each house is provided with a privy with a vault made of boards. They are generally provided with a ventilator, which to some degree carries off the stench. They do not prevent the contamination of the ground or the dangerous putrefaction of the contents of the vault. In most cases the privy is connected with the house, but entered from the outside. In others they are detached and in a few they are within the house.

The kitchen sink is usually placed in one corner of the house, and delivered on the ground or into a cesspool placed either partly under the house or just outside of it. These fixtures are within five feet of the cistern and the least imperfection in the arch would allow the waste to enter the cistern, thereby rendering the water unfit for use. This was found to be the case in several instances.

The sink waste is generally without a trap and thus affords a direct passage for the foul gases of the cespool into the house without any chance of being diluted by the outside air.

In the more recent cottages where there is a greater amount of grass land surrounding the houses, the slops and the sink wastes are collected in pails and thrown on the ground. If care is used in selecting a new place each day, no simpler and no safer way can be adopted.

In those cases where there is a considerable amount of land available, butwhere it would be objectionable to dispose of the waste upon the grass, as mentioned above, tile laid with open joints from ten to twelve inches deep, is found to successfully dispose of the wastes. The tile may be laid in one or more lines and should connect with a hopper provided with a strainer to pre-

vent the entrance of any substance that would be liable to obstruct them. From fifty to one hundred feet of tile would be sufficient for an ordinary house. The sink waste should not connect direct with this arrangement, but should deliver into a pail. The success of this system depends upon the intermittent supply which the collecting in a pail insures.

In those cases where the larger quantity of water used would render the use of a pail inadmissible, then the wastes should be delivered directly into an automatic flush tank and be disposed of into a series of tile lines laid as above.

The pig pens examined within the village were in a filthy condition and the stench was sickening. This condition is a menace to the health of the people and ought not to be allowed to exist. The town authorities should take measures to prohibit the keeping of hogs within the village limits.

As far as could be learned the offal during fishing season was removed at short intervals and we apprehend no danger from this source.

Our attention was called to the question of garbage. The simplest, cleanest and best method is to burn it while it is fresh. By this method there are no pails or barrels to become offensive The odor while burning may be disagreeable but it is not injurious.

In those cases where the garbage is considerable and cannot be disposed of by this method, it should be collected regularly at least three times a week during the season and carried well outside of the village. It should be fed at once or else spread and plowed in. In no case should it be piled up and allowed to decompose.

Recommendations.

We would recommend that some form of the earth closet be substituted for the present foul and dangerous privy vault. With proper attention, and they must be cared for every day, the layer of earth deodorizes the foecal matter and entirely prevents injurious decomposition. Dry earth, garden soil or coal ashes should be used, sand or gravel not being suitable. Enough of this material should be put down the clost after each usage to cover the foecal matter and absorb the liquids. This will not vary much from a pint. From time to time the accumulation should be leveled off. When full the contents of the closet can be carted off without danger or offense.

In all cases the closet should be located outside of the building and where intended for public use, as for a hotel, some automatic seat arrangement should be adopted.

The form of closet recommended is a brick or concrete receptacle with three sides and bottom. The remaining side is to be fitted with a wooden door to give access for cleaning.

Wood may be substituted for the masonry, in which case it should be given a good coating of tar or asphaltum.

The cespools are filthy and unsafe and especially in the old village should be abandoned and filled up with clean earth.

The disposal of the slops and the kitchen wastes is a much more difficult question. With a few exceptions ese are properly taken care of in the new part of the village. Such as are not can be simply treated by being disposed of on the surface of the

ground or by a few feet of tile as mentioned above.

In the old village the case is far different. There is not sufficient land available for either of the above methods. We would therefore recommend that a six inch sewer be laid in Shell St and another in Broadway, the head of each to be placed about two hundred feet south of the "Hamlet" property. These two sewers will accomodate the whole of the old village. They need not be ove over 3 1/2 or 4 feet deep unless it is found necessary to make them deeper at the lower end in order to secure the necessary fall.

The waste from the two or three upper houses should deliver into an automatic flush tank. This will deliver one hundred and fifty gal. of water rapidly and will sweep down any thing that would have a tendency to obstruct the pipe. At intervals in these sewers proper inspection pipes should be provided, for the examina tion of the sewer or the removal of any obstruction that might occur.

Thses sewers should take the drainage from the hotel and thus abate the nuisance under the bridge adjacent to it. They should discharge into a tank of about 1000 gal. capacity, so arranged that when it becomes full the contents will e rapidly discharged.

The bathing beach, the exposed position of the shore and above all the constant change in the contour of the shore line renders it impracticable to dispose of this waste into the ocean.

Between the bluff and high water mark there is a strip of shore from 300 to 500 feet wide and raised from 5 to 10 feet above high water. This appears to be a permanent formation and we re-commend that a portion of this be utilized for a disposal field. The soil is very porous and the minimum amount of tile will answer the purpose. 2000 feet of 3 in tile laid with open joints, and f from 10 to 12 in deep will answer the purpose.

This method will dispose of all the wastes without offense to the eyes or the sense of smell and in an economical way.

The house connections with the sewer should be restricted to 3 or 4 in pipe. They should be laid with tightly cemented joints and be vented above the roof to insure perfect ventilation. The wastes of each fixture in the house should have a trap with a deep seal to exclude all drain air from the house.

In the absence of exact data the following approximate es-timate will be found very close:

2200 ft 6 in sewer at 30c	660.00
400 ft 4 in outlet at 25c.	100.00
2000 ft 3 in. tile at 12c.	240.00
2 small flush tanks at $50	100.00
1 large tank	100.00
Contingent	100.00
Supervision &c.	200.00
	$1500.00

This is exclusive of the cost of house connections and the value of the land for the disposal field.

Respectfully sybmitted.

Waring, Chapman & Farquhar.

Newport, R. I. September 27, 1889.

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Surrogate's Court.

New York, October 8, 1889.

Dear Sir:--

I send with this a copy of the report of Messrs. Waring, Chapman & Farquhar and I desire to get your views and those of other members of the committee innrespect to having it printed for circulation among the property holdres, or, if not among all, to whom or what class it should be sent. I can very well see that its publication in either of the papers on the Island might be construed into a confession that danger was imminent in the present condition of the sewrage especially in the old village, the fact might be referred to the town in derogation of the interests of 'Sconset. But I do think that the conclusions of the enginners should be made known to a certain extent to secure their active cooperation with the view of presenting our wishes at town meeting and especially to the twon authorities at the beginning of the season.

I am respectfully yours,

Edward F. Mc Debill

Sent to each member of Comte Smith, Wilson R B Caffin & C Pitman.

Mg. & Minor Sept 28/89

A NANTUCKET IDLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUTCHINS.

Should there seem anything wrong in the wording of this caption, let it be understood at the outset that the wrong is done with malice prepense. Plenty of the poetic things called "Idyls" have found their inspiration in this quaint, old town, and have floated off like the Sibyl's leaves, to spread abroad the mystery of these insular wonders. But this brief sketch has other purposes in view. There are tired workers in the land who are wondering where they shall halt to spend their breathing space of rest and calm. Let me tell them about a Nantucket Idle. Everything here breathes of the past, and invites to rest just as the evening does after day is done.

As I write, the bell of the town crier sounds down the narrow street and draws nearer. I listen to catch the tidings of the latest new event. It is not a thing of startling import this time, but smacks, in its make-up, of our modern hurly-burly rather, which puts the grave and gay all in one. First there is a vigorous ringing of his bell, and then he stops to call out: "Mr. and Mrs. Lamb will give a sacred concert in the vestry of the North Church this evening, at quarter to seven. Admission free to all." Then, with a turn or two of the bell, as if to discriminate between things which differ, he is off again with: "A game of base ball will be played to-morrow morning at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, between the Nantuckets and Cottage Citys. Take the early boat. Sure to be a lively game."

In this way he will go from street to street, and in a town where there are houses for a population of eleven thousand people, it will be seen that the cryer's work is no mean function.

On the hill that skirts the town a windmill stands. This is no modern thing of white and red to pump up water for some farmer's tank or gentlemen's villa, but a veritable gray, weather-beaten tower, with hood that turns about to face the wind, and with great spreading fans which put to blush the painted slats of these later days. The farmers bring their grist to it even now, and then the great wheel goes circling round, and the wooden cogs and pinions within groan through their task with a sturdy weight and dignity quite in keeping with the old mill's many years. The beams and cogs and pinions are all of sturdy Nantucket oak,

cut and hewn by hand in the days before the forest fires had swept the island. Now only scrubby pines make up the forestry, but the old mill points with its native beams to the past, and its old fans sing the songs of other days.

The mill dates back to the year of grace 1765. Octagonal in shape, and shingled on roof and sides with the weather-beaten shingles which these sea airs know so well how to preserve, this sturdy old witness of past days stands like a gray friar in his cowl, and poses for many an artist while brush and pencil delight in his soft lineaments. You catch his outline now against the evening sky, with two hands outstretched toward heaven, and as the deeper silence falls upon the always silent town, can almost hear the late-breathed "Benedicite."

Then, too, as if to make the illusion quite complete, the curfew begins to ring. No one knows just why the custom is kept up. But every evening from the old church tower, as the finger on the dial points to nine, as the last stroke of the hour dies away, the curfew begins. "Rest, rest," it seems to say—"Rest, rest." The solemn tones float out over the land, down the harbor, across the brown moors, and even out to sea,—while one is able, better than ever before, to understand what should have inspired our New England bard to sing:

"Solemnly, dolefully dealing its dole,
The curfew bell is beginning to toll.
Cover the embers and put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning but rest with the night."

But the fact is, that the curfew bell only voices the pervading influence of Nantucket, whether the time be day or night. You walk through the winding streets which lie apart from the portion where the shops are situated, and one may go for blocks without hearing a footfall other than his own. The grays of the shingled roofs and walls are all quiet, like a gray day. The old roof-top walks still surmount the roof-peaks with their spindled railings, and the knotched upright rest on which the sea-glass was steadied while anxious wives and mothers watched for the incoming ship of years agone. But no one watches from the roof walks now. They only serve to help the quiet of the streets. The shipping days of Nantucket are over and gone. There is quiet at the docks and wharves. The busiest people about them are the artists who are revelling in green sea walls and gray wharf-houses, and rows of slanting, tide-washed posts, where a wharf once stood.

Perhaps one is inclined to sail, and the sailing is excellent, affording rough and sprightly seas if one so wishes. But he must go outside the harbor and beyond the point for this. The nearer he keeps to the quiet town the more he learns of her quiet harbor, and how quiet it can be.

If he wishes to drive he only comes upon new tones in this wondrous symphony of rest. The horses are not bad, and the Nantucket cart, carrying four behind one beast, is charming.

Our party hie them away to the brown moors which stretch for miles on every landward side. The bear berry (*uva ursi*) makes a deep green matting everywhere. The beach grass spreads its almost blue green, and light blue green stretches here and there. The bay and sweet fern abound. The yellow Hudsonia and the purple-pink Gerardia bespangle the carpet of green or float their pink bells out to the breeze. And the wheels go rolling over all these. There is no noise, but just the sweet aromatic fragrance of the bay, whose green leaves, crushed, send up an incense of perfume. The sweet fern mingles in with this—the sea rolls off at surf tide all in sight, and sends its added dimple of freshness and saltness to complete the bouquet, till with eyes and ears and every sense greeted and set all a-tingle with quiet delight, one finds it a joy simply to be. Oh, what long draughts of that herb-scented, thymey sea air he drinks in, while body and spirit together rejoice in the harmony of health. "Thank God," he says, "thank God," "the sea is His and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land." "He made the herb-yielding seed." "Praise the Lord from the earth . . . mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars . . . let them praise the name of the Lord . . . His glory is above the earth and heaven."

There is a way of getting very near to nature's heart at Nantucket. No single manufacture of any description is carried on here. No noise, no hurry, no anything but placid, enduring rest. So that if there are any weary ones to whom this breath of mingled ocean spray and heather should be wafted, we say to them: "Here lies this island far out in the Atlantic, with its old town of the past, and its fresh moors just as nature planted them. Come, turn aside and rest awhile, and read for yourself, at first hand, the story of this Nantucket Idle.—*New York Christian Intelligencer.*

Nantucket Inquirer Oct 10 1889

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Editor of the Journal:—

On reading the JOURNAL of the 26th ult., I saw that Mr. Hillary Bell's spiteful letter to the Boston *Commonwealth* had been republished "by request." But as you say in your issue of the 3d, that "Hillary Bell has written a letter to the JOURNAL half apologizing for his diatribe against Siasconset and half in praise of the village," I am inclined to believe that it was nothe who made the request, and that his letter, which you did not print, was written because he discovered, too late, that in his attack on the village and especially on me, he had "bit off more than he could chaw."

When Mr. Bell wrote the letter to the *Commonwealth* he remembered to forget what he had written only a week before for the *Home Journal* of this city, in which letter he praises Siasconset as he has always done before, and even spoke in a very pleasant way of myself. And he especially remembered to forget what he had written and published in the *Home Journal* August 24th, 1887 in which he said:

"Mr. E. F. Underhill of New York, who, for several years has been putting up cottages on the extensive property bought by him on the finest part of the Bluff, has very wisely followed the quaint pattern of the original 'Sconset cottages and is creating antiquity of architecture in everything but the worm-eaten and weather-beaten timber. His cottages are almost exact reproductions of, but rather more roomy and comfortable than the quaint little tenements that had braved the sunshine and the storm for two centuries. It is a remarkable thing to see the wealthy New Yorkers (and he mentioned their names) enjoying the summer to the fullest extent in these fantastic cottages of Underhill's. But they do enjoy it. They return year after year to Siasconset and bring their friends with them and are very well contented to stay at Siasconset until the season in New York is well begun."

And yet in the face of what he had thus published he wrote in his letter in the *Commonwealth* this:

"A New York speculator, in an amateurish way, has been building cheap cottages in imitation of the original houses of the natives and filling them in many instances with cheap people."

As I never buy property except to improve and never to sell, exactly how I am to be classed as a "speculator" would bother even the fertile genius of Mr. Hillary Bell to explain. And it is very seldom that I let a house below the advertised price. The most notable instance is the case of "a person named" Bell, who, last year, hired one of the lower priced cottages at a reduction of nearly 20 per cent. from the price, and he is probably one of the "cheap people" he refers to, though he modestly refrains from mentioning the fact. With a culpable recklessness he invited Mrs. Georgia A. Peck, the Editor of the *Commonwealth*, to visit him.

In a thoughtless moment she accepted the invitation and was at his house for a number of days. How her sensibilities must have been shocked by life in a "cheap cottage," and especially as the guest of one of the "cheap people" who "fill" them.

But evidently after printing Bell's letter, Mrs. Peck had her misgivings of his truthfulness, for after it appeared, she wrote me that she "would be grateful if I would put her in possession of my version of the facts that she might correct any errors." That was fair, certainly. I did write a letter to the *Commonwealth* in which I copied Bell's praise of 'Sconset from the *Home Journal* and followed it with extracts from the letter he had written a few days later in the *Commonwealth*, after he had experienced a change of heart, and in which last he had bemoaned the decadence of the village, referred to me as a "person named Underhill," and indulged in several lies to which I shall not take up your space to refer. Mrs. Peck returned my manuscript stating that it was too long. I then cut it down nearly half, only putting in Mr. Bell's statements in the *Home Journal* in order that Bell might answer Bell, then referred to some of his falsehoods, and met them with an emphatic denial. The article should have appeared in the *Commonwealth* of the 28th. I enclosed stamps to the publisher to send me copies of that issue. They have not been received. Why they were not sent can be guessed. Mrs. Peck probably in deference to Bell's feelings, it not at his solicitation, did not print my letter.

But Mrs. Peck was not without experience of Mr. Bell's characteristics. On the 23d of February last, she printed a letter of his from New York in which he assumed to give an account of the receptions of Mrs. E la Wheeler Wilcox, and set forth alleged occurrences with the particularity of an eye-witness. It was sometime before Mrs. Wilcox's attention was called to the letter, and she then made a reply in the *Commonwealth* of March 23d which Mr. Hillary Bell will never forget. She stated that she did not know and had never heard of Bell; that he had never crossed her threshold; and that his statements were a tissue of lies. She gave him a metaphorical spanking and put him in his little literary bed, and Bell has never had anything to say about Mrs. Wilcox since, unless in self-communion. So Mrs. Peck could not plead ignorance of Mr. Hillary Bell as a liar, when she allowed him to try his 'prentice hand on 'Sconset and on me.

A few words in conclusion. Mr. Hillary Bell is a portrait painter, but has an irresistable yearning to slop over into literature, and if possible to gain a foothold in journalism. His letters to the press are written without pay; his essays as a journalist have been failures; and, as an amateur correspondent, his success has not been bewildering. He does not hesitate to express his dislike of the Irish, though he is an Irishman, and when he writes, many of his productions show the aggressive characteristics of his race. His humor is ghastly. He cannot distinguish between wit and insult. With him they are convertable terms. The letters he wrote to the *Commonwealth* last year, in some instances, were insults to the people and especially to his neighbors. His letters and the airs he assumed caused him to be disliked by nearly all who came in contact with him. While a guest at my house in 1887, he insulted Dr. Arthur E. Jenks who was also visiting me, and had it not been near the close of the season, and Dr. Jenks requested me not to do so, I should have resented his impertinence.

But Mr. Hillary Bell is pre-eminently a gentleman who appreciates free entertainment. At the instance of a relative of mine he was invited to be a guest at my house at 'Sconset and the invitation was renewed for three successive seasons. Bell enjoyed free quarters and free rations each season for a period varying from a fortnight to two months. Were he a man of less importance his gratuitous entertainment would have been free lunch counters. Even his fortnight's visit to 'Sconset this season was as the guest of two estimable ladies. When his time was up, he desired as one of the "cheap people" to hire from me a "cheap cottage" and one of the cheapest at that —for the residue of the season. I could not let him have it until I had heard from an invalid lady to whom I had written that she could have the house if she desired, though I offered him one much more desirable and facing the ocean in the Hamlet property. He could not brook the idea that I should not give him what he wanted. Hence he gave vent to his spite in the *Commonwealth*.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

New York, Oct. 5, 1889.

[Since the above was in type we have been shown a copy of the *Commonwealth* of the 28th ult., containing a vigorous reply by Mr. Underhill, hence that gentleman's conclusions are erroneous, though quite natural under the circumstances. In his article in the *Commonwealth* he says regarding Mr. Bell's statement that the occupants of a cottage caused the door to be shut in the faces of Mrs. Harrison and himself, it "was absolutely without any foundation, for at six different cottages, and the only ones to which I escorted her, Mrs. Harrison, her friends and myself, were most cordially received."—ED.]

Boston Commonwealth Sept 28/89

SIASCONSET AGAIN.

To the editor of the Commonwealth:

In a recent issue of your journal there is printed a communication from Mr. Hillary Bell in which he assumes that there has been a retrogression in Siasconset as a seaside resort. I believe his real purpose to have been a personal attack upon myself.

I only saw the article after I left Nantucket Island for the season. Hence the delay in my reply.

Mr. Bell remembered to forget what he had written a few days before for the New York *Home Journal*, and, by a singular perversity of memory, he did not recall what he had written in the same paper in 1887 in respect to myself and my enterprise. The best reply to his statement in the COMMONWEVLTH will be to refer the reader to his laudatory remarks concerning Siasconset in the *Home Journal* of August 28th.

Yet in the face of this same eulogy, a few days after appeared the article in the COMMONWEALTH, in which he gave the lie to what he had already said; and in it he made a personal fling at me, as follows:

"A New York speculator in an amateurish way has been building cheap cottages in imitation of the original houses of the natives and filling them in many instances with cheap people."

I am the party referred to. As I sometimes buy and never sell property, it would probably bother Mr. Bell to explain in what sense I am a speculator, and who are the "cheap people" who have occupied my houses I leave him to answer.

Mr. Bell was quite as unfortunate in referring to the guidance by myself of Mrs. Harrison and her party through the village on the occasion of her visit. In that connection he referred to me as "an officious person named Underhill, who was awaiting her with glib speech at the historic pump." Here is the way he described the event in the *Home Journal* the week before:

"So quiet and conservative is 'Sconset that not even the arrival in its primitive neighborhood of great folks changes the even tenor of its way. Mrs. Harrison drove over the moors last week to wander through the quaint village, and, beyond the hoisting of patriotic flags on Mrs. ——'s pretty cottage, the visit of the President's wife created scarcely a ripple of animation in the gossip of the beach tents. Probably Mrs. Harrison is somewhat amused by the absence of stir over her visit to 'Sconset. She was received informally at the pump, by which her carriage stopped in order that she might drink a glass of its historic waters, by Mr. Underhill, one of the largest property owners of the place. Together they rambled through the village and looked through the ancient cottages. Mrs. Harrison was very much interested in their quaint style of architecture and antique furniture. It is possible that one of the reasons why she liked the village so much was because we made no fuss over her."

Mr. Bell's statement in the COMMONWEALTH that under my escort I rapped at the door of a cottage and the occupant caused the door to be shut in our faces was absolutely without any foundation, for at six different cottages and the only ones to which I escorted her, Mrs. Harrison, her friends and myself were most cordially received.

It is not necessary to refer to the minor inaccuracies of statement which Mr. Bell is guilty of in his letter in the COMMONWEALTH. It is important to show, however, what caused his sudden change of heart in reference to 'Sconset and myself. This season he was visiting the place and desired me to let him have a cottage which had just been vacated and I told him I could not do so until I heard from an invalid lady friend who had expressed a desire to visit 'Sconset for the residue of the season and to whom I had already written that she could have the house in question. Mr. Bell was piqued because I would not let him have that house, though I offered him a better one, and he left the island in high dudgeon.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL

New York, Sept. 19, 1889.

The Bell – Wilcox Letter
Boston Commonwealth 108
July 6 23/89

HILLARY BELL'S LETTER.

"The Intellectual Set."

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1889.

One of the remarkable features in what is known as "The Intellectual Set" of New York consists in the fact that a great number of the folks composing it have not enough brains to swear by. When you are invited to a reception given by a prominent member of this brilliant circle it is but natural for you to suppose that you are going to meet the bright thinkers and clever talkers of the city. This, however, is a mistake that you will presently realize. It is very like that you may be presented to three or four, or by rare good luck a half dozen people worth knowing. But for the sake of a few words with them you must endure the wearisome twaddle of a crowd of nobodies.

We have four or five bright, magnetic and diplomatic women whose houses are the meeting places of the highest set of Bohemia. Mrs. O. B. Bunce, Mrs. Croly, Miss Mary L. Booth, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox are the chief leaders of the set, with Mrs. Botta, Mrs. Coventry Waddell, Kate Sanborn and a few others as less attractive though not less lustrous lights. Of these the most exclusive are Mrs. Bunce, Mrs. Botta and Mrs. Waddell. Miss Booth is a trifle more liberal in her receptions, while Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox have a welcome for almost anybody. But in the entire lot of houses in which Bohemia reigns there is not one where the indefatigable and dreary bore is not to be found in large quantities. It was Sydney Smith who said concerning the flies in amber: "The wonder is not to see them there, but how the devil they ever got in."

No human ingenuity with us seems to be strong enough to keep them out. They scent a private, particular reception from afar and turn up cheerfully at the proper time among the invited guests. No one who has not suffered by them can determine to a full extent their dreariness. They are of all sorts and conditions. They are small merchants not in any society whatsoever; they are aristocratic folks belonging to the best circles; they are old maids or widows, or young men, or the mothers and sisters of talent, or old fellows distantly related to genius; they are rich or poor, well bred or uneducated, insinuating or brusque, dilettante or vulgar—of every species of society. They have but one thing in common, which is that they are all an infliction, a nuisance and a bore.

Because a man happens to be clever it does not occur to any one outside of this city that all his friends and relatives must necessarily be entertaining. Here, however, we are forced to submit to the society of those we despise for the sake of meeting those we admire. Everybody disclaims them, nobody invites them, they are universally shunned, sneered at and hated. Yet they are always with us. Whether they come for the supper or the society is a divided question, for they enjoy both matters with great appetite. It might naturally be supposed that in the metropolis with its thousands of brilliant men and women a discriminating hostess might be able to hold one reception that would be entirely agreeable to her talented guests. Yet Mrs. Frank Leslie, who knows almost everybody, has never had a reception in which brains were not crowded to the wall by dulness, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who has excellent appreciation of cleverness, has a veritable rabble of stupidity at her evenings. The trouble is not so much to get a crowd of guests in New York as so induce the attendance of people worth going to meet. When you expect to converse with a celebrated author or a distinguished artist it is with some irritation that you are compelled to talk

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to a feather-bed man and to escape from the dreariness of a schoolmistress in one corner only to be run to earth in another by a professional reader. It is impossible to get through a winter of these evenings without losing good manners. The polite person is the most imposed on. If a natural instinct of good breeding induces you to be civil you will be held in durance for an hour by commercial people with trade jokes, oiled hair and jewelry and afterwards bullied into a promise to call on them. You soon learn that the only safety lies in brutal rudeness. It is either to crush or be crushed, and however much to dislike to evince your contempt for those who irritate you, before the first season is over you speedily learn that your only comfort rests in snubbing people right and left.

One of the most vexing because most aggressive persons in this set is the professional reader. The ordinary nobody can be silenced by decisive measures. But the quick rap on the supper table or the hostess clapping her hands for attention at the upper end of the room is not to be escaped so readily. Every tenth man or woman in the crowd is a professional or amateur reader, reciter or humorist. Very frequently there is an infant phenomenon who, in the degrees of misery, is the most dreary of all. Now it so happens that we have only two readers who go into society without bringing desolation to it. It is not to be denied that we are much indebted to Mr. Burbank and Mr. Wilder. The former is an even more agreeable exponent of Riley's poems than their author himself; the latter is an atom of good humor and talent. But the skill and amiability of these two clever people have prepared the way for a host of followers and made the upper Bohemia of New York an experience that frequently requires heroic endurance. There are few things more trying than the professional reader. As a general matter he is dull in conversation and neglected by the company. But he gets his revenge by presently whispering to the hostess that he would like to speak his little piece. It is a poor trifle, delivered without talent and wholly uninteresting to the listeners who are compelled by it to interrupt a conversation they must be enjoying. This species of social bore always plentiful with us, arrives at his and her greatest multitude in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's parlor. As he and she and frequently it almost continually choose for their recitals verses written by the erotic muse of the hostess it is but natural to suppose that Mrs. Wilcox encourages their society for the sake of their adulation.

There has been a great deal written by the correspondents of a host of newspapers in gushing descriptions of our brainy set in New York. But the truth is that save on rare instances it is a very dull and uninteresting set after all and crowded with people whom one wishes to speedily forget. Mrs. Bunce's and Mrs. Croly's and Miss Booth's have the highest reputation for clever guests through the coolness of their hostesses to everybody but brainy and talented people. Mrs. Waddell and Mrs. Botta have the most aristocratic circle. Mrs. Palmer and Bob Ingersoll draw in the cream of the stage. But Mrs. Frank Leslie has an indiscriminate crowd of nobodies and the mental and social status of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's guests may be judged by reading her peculiar verses.

HILLARY BELL.

Mr. Wilcox's reply
Commonwealth Mar 29. 1889

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S VISITING LIST.

As Reported By Herself.

349 West 58th St., NEW YORK.

EDITOR BOSTON COMMONWEALTH:—In a recent issue of your paper there appeared an article on "The Intellectual Set" of New York, signed by one Hillary Bell. This article was remarkable for its tepid virulence, its absolute untruthfulness and its astounding impertinence. As the author used my name four times, and made four distinct statements regarding me, I beg space in which to reply.

This Mr. Hilarious Bell begins by declaring me to be one of six leaders of this "Intellectual Set," and speaks of my "Evenings" as "inexpressibly dull;" declares that my rooms are filled by a rabble of nobodies; that "anybody" is made welcome; that the professional reader abounds numerously in my parlors and always recites my "peculiar verses," from which he says "my mental and social status can be judged."

I will premise my reply by saying that I do not know who Mr. Hillary Bell is. I never heard of him, and never to my knowledge saw him, although I am a frequenter of almost every *salon* of note in the "Intellectual Set." He has certainly never crossed my threshold. It is not to be wondered at that his descriptions of my receptions are so false,—but his impudence in talking of me at all is somewhat astonishing.

He refers to my "Evenings." I have given no "Evenings" in New York. All my receptions are innocent afternoon affairs, and every guest has been invited by card. The only person who transgressed the social code and came uninvited was requested not to call again—just as this unknown Mr. Bell would have been had he attempted to come. So much for his statement that "anybody" is welcome to my parlors.

My eight afternoons at home this season were decidedly "Conversational" affairs, noticeably free from recitations. Never has a poem of my own been recited in my parlors, save on one occasion when several guests requested a very successful professional reader present to give a poem of mine which she had previously honored by giving on a public programme.

Other hostesses in New York, however, are very desirous of having my "peculiar verses" recited in their parlors. Mrs. Coventry Waddell, whom Mr. Bell refers to with such condescending kindness, has on several occasions paid me the high compliment of reciting my verses herself very charmingly.

I am puzzled beyond measure to understand why this unknown Mr. Bell has gone out of his way to attack me.

I am a very busy and happy woman, with no social or intellectual ambitions which interfere with those of any other human being. My natural attitude towards humanity is kind; my impulses are not vicious. I have no idea of outshining any one in any way. I never assume airs, and I never speak maliciously of those I do not know.

I have committed no great offence in sending cards to the very agreeable circle of people it is my good fortune to know. I had no idea of shining as a leader; I had been the recipient of so much hospitality and courtesy from both literary and social circles before I resided here that I found great pleasure in seeing my friends in my own parlors once a week.

If the enjoyment of a hostess is any indication of that of her guests, then indeed my eight afternoons have been a success.

I am fond of bright people, I enjoy intellect, I appreciate talent. I demand respectability and good manners, and all these agreeable qualities I find embraced in my visiting list. I have never catered to mere wealth: I am less entertained by mere

society than by that composed of talent and intellect. My carefully chosen visiting list, which does not contain the name of Mr. Hillary Bell, would be lessened by one if I found therein a person so devoid of taste, truth or kindness as he has written himself down to be.

I hold truthfulness and an absence of evil speaking to be the first requisites of good breeding.

The professional reader whom Mr. Bell so sneeringly refers to I have found less to be avoided than the would-be "correspondent" who affects literature only as a means to enter the society he then decries because he cannot adorn.

It is not the lying criticism of these penny-a-liners which annoys me so much as their presumptuous attempts to convey to the general public that they are admitted to my parlors.

Like Moore's "Fadladeen," they feel able to criticize everything from the pencilling of an eyebrow to the deepest questions of science, and like too many unfortunately constituted people they strive to climb by pulling down those above them in the social and intellectual world.

I have seen much of many circles of society in various parts of the United States. I have found the parlors of the literary circles of New York universally filled with gifted, agreeable, well-dressed and well-behaved people. I have found them as a rule remarkably conventional, but keenly appreciative and filled with kindly feelings towards one another.

The peculiar and *outre* proceedings which some cheap correspondents relate as occurring in these parlors I have never witnessed. I have never heard a hostess read her own poems, and I have never seen a rule of the most ultra conventional society trespassed upon.

If Mr. Bell has been less fortunate and has found too many "nobodies" in those parlors where he has been admitted let us hope that no other one of them will seek for notoriety by publishing falsehoods regarding a hostess whose worst offence has been in never having heard of him.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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bought at nondescript auction sales. Fastidious people may object to dining off tables that perhaps came from tenement houses and sleeping in beds that probably nursed paupers, that possibly contain the germs of disease, that certainly give forth a breath as villainous as that of the populace which cheered Cæsar.

In relation to the anecdote of Mrs. President Harrison's visit to 'Sconset I had the story from unimpeachable authority. The awkward incident happened at the cottage of a well-known lady in 'Sconset, whose name I suppressed out of motives of delicacy, substituting the name of "Mrs. Brooke." My veracity being disputed, however, I stand ready to refer any reader of this paper to Mrs. N——s, the lady concerned, for corroboration of my statement.

Mr. Underhill attempts to make capital out of the fact that for several years back 'Sconset had no stronger defender in the newspapers than myself. I am indeed aware that the popularity of the place is owing almost entirely to my pen. Nor do I desire now to abate one jot of the eulogies which in former days I gave to it. Nantasket, Coney Island and Rockaway were pleasant places until they were possessed by the rabble. Such a disagreeable change has come to 'Sconset. Even the most delightful of watering-places can be spoiled by too great an influx and too motley a crowd of visitors. The 'Sconset of the present is no more like the 'Sconset of the past than Brighton Beach is like Lenox. The little hamlet used to be full of health and repose. This summer, in consequence of the overcrowded condition of the place and the absolute lack of drainage the older cottagers were filled with dread of an epidemic of typhoid fever and diphtheria.

These statements are not made without the completest foundation. If they are not believed the doubter is at liberty to investigate the matter for himself. But if my original letter in the COMMONWEALTH contained errors why were these errors unanimously approved of at a public reading by the Collector of the Port in the Nantucket Club House, and why, subsequently did the Nantucket Journal reprint my COMMONWEALTH letter in full? HILLARY BELL.

Hyannis, Cape Cod, Oct. 2.

Pub in Commonwealth Oct 17/89

HILLARY BELL'S LETTER.

A Reiterated Statement.

To the Editor of the Commonwealth:—There is a question of veracity between Mr. Underhill and myself. As the majority of your readers are personally acquainted with neither of us, opinions on the matter may be unsettled. I therefore desire to reiterate my statements contained in a recent letter to the COMMONWEALTH and to support them by facts.

First let me entirely disclaim any animus against Mr. Underhill. He alleges with much finer zest than diction that I made a personal attack upon him, that upon his offer to me of a better cottage than I wished to rent I left the island in what he terms high dudgeon. The gentleman is mistaken. The fact that he offered a better cottage than I modestly desired to engage would naturally put me into good humor. I left the island pleasantly. I have no more rancour of feeling toward Edward Underhill than I have toward William Clark.

However, to be as candid now as the landlord was generous then, I preferred the smaller cottage. The family that had occupied it during the earlier summer was well known to me. One does not always wish to venture into the problematical during a month's holiday. We know what we are but we know not what we may be. Ophelia might have had a vague prescience of experiences at 'Sconset. There are cottages in the hamlet that leak, those that are ill-kept and with moist, musty odor like old umbrellas, a dampness that breeds fungus on boots and rheumatism in the joints, and those that are appointed with furniture

Nantucket Journal Oct 17-89

HILLARY IS VERY INDIGNANT AND VOWS VENGEANCE.—Mr. Hillary Bell got right up on his ear when he read the brief editorial allusion to his letter of explanation in the JOURNAL of October 3 and this is what he says:

My dear Mr. Gardner:—A friend has just sent me a copy of your paper of October 3 and you will permit me to say decisevely that if my dog had no better understanding of the English language than the editor of the JOURNAL has I would shoot him.

Apology indeed! Now I don't know whether it was you or ——— wrote that insolent paragraph, but I shall have a bitter reprisal.

I intend to write an article on Nantucket journalism and its editors. Probably it is the only fame either of you will ever have. So I trust you may enjoy the reading as much as I will the writing of it. I will teach you both to show proper respect to HILLARY BELL.

Phila. Inquirer July 17/89

THE DELIGHTS OF NANTUCKET.

How People Amuse Themselves Thirty Miles Out in the Ocean.

FROM AN INQUIRER CORRESPONDENT.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 14.—Nothing more exhilarating can be imagined by the tired and overheated unfortunate who is obliged to remain in town, than the delightfully crisp and intoxicating air of Nantucket. Unlike the scorching heat and intolerable glare of the Jersey coast, which on an August day outrivals the city itself, or the chilling cold which follows high noon in the Northeastern resorts, the temperature of Nantucket is perfect. It is a veritable Utopia. Never too cold or too warm, clear, invigorating and full of electricity, one involuntarily breathes the air with genuine pleasure and wonders if this is another world. Thirty miles out at sea from the main the island of Nantucket could have no other than a perfect climate. It is fast growing to be the last despairing thought of physicians, when pharmacopia has given out.

The town itself, situated on the cliffs overlooking the bay, appears like a glittering crescent as the steamer approaches her beautiful harbor, and has so foreign an aspect that one is strongly reminded some old Dutch village. And what a town, indeed; so full of old time flavor and charming simplicity, redolent of old-fashioned flower gardens and curious, rambling houses, tortuous old streets, where the grass grows between the chinks of mossy cobble stones and wanders lovingly around the trunks of stately elms, and flower bedecked lanes where weather-beaten old barns are crowned with strange figure-heads of long lost vessels.

In happy contrast, the streets are full, at every turn, of gaily caparisoned summer visitors, the costumes rivaling each other in bright coloring and startling effects. For the men white flannel and fancy yachting suits are de riguer, while the pretty girls wear just what is most picturesque and striking. All this kaleidescopic blending of beauty represents the blue blood of Boston and the Knickerbockers of New York with a sprinkling of Philadelphia's aristocracy and Chicago's thrift. Each year the island grows in popularity and charm though as yet it is free from the vulgar ostentation and senseless show of bloated money holders.

There is no end of ways to enjoy oneself, rather the golden days are far too short to hold their share of enjoyment. Sailing, blue fishing, sharking, boating, bathing and driving are all that one could wish.

A naphtha launch carries excursionists twice a day to a primitive little resort on the eastern side of the island, musically named Wauroiuet. The captain is a *debonnaire* young man from Boston, whose personal charms are even greater than those of the trim little launch which he purchased from a Lorillard and runs *on dit* for his health; he nevertheless makes a great deal of money, his boat is crowded to its capacity, either for the handsome captain or the clam bakes for which Wauroiuet is noted, no one knows.

Another charming excursion is to 'Scowcet, six miles from Nantucket, across the extra-changeful, sweet-cented moors where the genuine Scotch heather grows side by side with the lovely flowering grasses. One travels back two hundred years in this old old hamlet of 'Scowcet, now a fashionable watering place for the *literatti* of Boston and New York; above the doors of the quaintly fashioned cottages one pauses to read in Greek or Latin some fascinating name appropriate to the cottage or its occupants.

Returning one passes Sankoty lighthouse, and if he wishes to see the most superb ocean view on the Atlantic coast, and one of the two finest lighthouses in the States, he will wisely stop his carriage and tip the old keeper. But after each delightful pilgrimage we return with the ever unanimous opinion that there is no place like Nantucket. E. B.

Denver Republican Aug 21

NANTUCKET BY THE SEA

How the Long Summer Days Are Spent in This Quaint Place.

A Denver Lady Writes of What She Observed and Experienced There —Mrs. Harrison's Visit and Her Appearance in Church — A Place Where Antique Furniture is Dealt in—Old-Time Curiosities.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 11.—[Special Correspondence.]—Being a new-comer in this beautiful island, I am at present distinguished by the name "coot," which title takes the place and signifies about the same as our expression "tenderfoot" in Colorado. However, as I am enjoying this title in common with Mrs. President Harrison, who also has recently arrived, I feel highly flattered.

Having greatly desired to see this first lady of our land, my wish was finally gratified to-day in church, through the kindness of an old-timer in the pew in front. Pointing to her with his finger and in a voice that almost rivaled the minister's in strength and clearness, he exclaimed: "There is Mrs. Harrison sitting right by the window."

Nodding him my thanks my face flushed with pleasure and embarrassment, but I held my peace until the singing should begin, when I promised myself a good look at her. Everything is done different here in Nantucket from elsewhere, accordingly the congregation, while singing turns around and faces the choir stationed near the door, their backs being turned to the preacher. Mrs. Harrison remained sitting during the singing, which gave me the best of chances for seeing her.

HOW THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE LOOKS.

To satisfy the curiosity of my lady readers I shall at once say her dress was of the simplest, being of black summer silk and the waist trimmed in little black jet. Her bonnet of black tulle had some white flowers on top, underneath which could be seen her gray hair, parted in the middle. I admired the regularity of her features, their serious expression, full of character.

The pastor offered up a very earnest prayer in behalf of President Harrison, his worthy spouse and her sick sister, whom Mrs. Harrison came to the island to see.

On leaving the church I heard her say in a very pleasant voice to one of her island acquaintances: "How fortunate you are to have such a good minister."

She is stopping at Breckenridge cottage, formerly the summer residence of the late Charles O'Connor of New York, a sightly place on the cliffs.

ON THE HOUSETOPS.

One of the first things that attracts the eye of the new-comer on landing is the numerous little balconies built on the ridge of the roofs of the houses. These lookouts (generally 8x18 feet) command a beautiful view of the surrounding island and sea. In olden times, Nantucket being a great whaling station, they tell me these "belvederi" were built for the captains' wives, who from here could best sight the return of their good husbands, and then again weep upon their sailing.

At the museum I learnt that the whalebone which our ladies so prize for mantuamaking purposes is taken from the mouth of the "right whale." As I understand, it comes in a sort of fringe and constitutes the lining of its mouth. Some of it shown me there on exhibition was ten feet in length. An old sailor here tells the story how he unfortunately got into this soft bed of fringe, and only by a violent jump out of the whale's mouth did he escape being swallowed alive. Another variety is the "sperm whale," caught for the fine quantity of oil it yields, there being a great cavity filled with the same in its head, from where they dip it out, thirty barrels having been taken from one whale. Also more oil is taken from the blubber or fat. The sad tale of the ship Essex reminds me of the fact, repugnant as it may seem in this instance, that "Necessity is the mother of invention." The ship immediately sank after being struck by a whale and only a few of the whalers, at this time out in a little boat, escaped with their lives. Not being rescued until ninety days later, they were put to the necessity of shooting, one by one, two of their number and subsist on cannibal delicacies until that time.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

At the museum they show one the jaw of a sperm whale, the bone of which measures seventeen feet in length. What a kind providence to have made the fish-kind mute if not deaf! Fancy the terrors of such a jaw speaking out its own mind!

The astronomer, Maria Mitchell, was born on this island in 1818, and made it her home until she and her father removed to Lynn to better their field of observation. I fancy it was from these same lookouts that the first learnt to love and study the stars. Her father taught school on the island until, his health failing, he accepted the position as cashier of the Pacific bank, and it was in the upper rooms of this building his family lived and that Maria had erected an observatory. She became famous for the discovery of the comet bearing her name, in 1847. The United States Government employed her for work on the nautical almanac, and in 1865 she was made professor of astronomy at Vassar. She devoted twenty years of faithful service to it, and then retired to her home at Lynn, where she died last June, her remains being brought here and interred in the Unitarian cemetery. I wanted to see her tomb, but found the Nantucket people were never guilty of doing a thing so quickly.

Her father being interred in the Quaker burial ground no stone ever will mark his final resting place.

HANDED DOWN FROM OTHER DAYS.

Truly this is a *dolce far niente* resort. One need not even trouble to read the paper for news, as sitting on one's veranda, the town crier gives you all the important items of interest. Then off he goes, ringing his bell and waving the stars and stripes in his hand.

An extensive view of the whole island can be obtained from the old South Tower, the finest of its kind I have ever witnessed. Its Spanish bell, brought from Lisbon in 1810, strikes the hours of the day, gives the alarm of fire and rings the hour for bedtime at 9 at night, reminding me of the strict rules of my childhood. Everything is antique here, from the light-house (its site being the oldest in the United States) down to the homes, furniture and people themselves, 70 years being the average age of the latter. I visited an old frame house built in 1686. It is similar to all the houses in town, being shingled on all sides, and having a chimney four times the size of the modern ones.

They still use the old-fashioned knocker on all the doors, and the places are named in keeping with the old whaling business, one being called "The Binnacle," another "The Anchorage," and having a small brass anchor on the door for the knocker.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

Every third or fourth store on the island seems to be an old furniture place, and here it is that old relics of this description bring prices that would fairly make our great geandmothers' eyes open. Mrs. Harrison went out shopping the other day, and returned with quite a collection of curiosities.

Many things being so cheap here they call it the poor man's watering place, and as all articles, save second hand, antique goods, are reasonable, and the pauper is supposed to be amply supplied with these, I suppose it might be truly styled as such. But as the salaries are accordingly slim, the tax collector here receiving only $500, I think I should prefer the same office in Denver, even if a trifle more had to be spent on some few articles.

WHEREIN COLORADO EXCELS.

The sea breezes that blow constantly over the island make a very delightful change for people of our altitudinous climes, although the air cannot be compared to ours in its dry and invigorating qualities. The summer visitor will find the facilities here for bathing, fishing and boating unexcelled, and, indeed, they informed me at Boston that Nantucket was the only place on the coast where hot sea baths could be taken and these only cost 25 cents here.

After the introduction of kerosene oil the whaling business declined, and the population went from about 10,000 (in 1840) to 3,200 (in 1875), so the town became literally deserted, houses and lots going for a mere song, and a short one at that. From my hotel window I see a house of ten or twelve rooms, built on two of our lots, that was sold for $300 before Nantucket began to be thought of as a watering place.

In bidding the island adieu for my mountain home, I find the Yankee trade spirit takes possession of my mind, and I think what a good thing it would be if, at their corresponding figures, we could make an exchange of our old second-hand furniture for their empty homes, which we so need and appreciate in our "Queen City." MAUD.

Washington Herald Aug 25-89

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DOINGS AT NANTUCKET.

Life on the Ocean Wave—Hostelries Galore—Go-as-You-Please Costumes—Heaps of Sleep—Bathers and Bathing Suits—A Washington Woman Creates a Sensation—"Billy Clarke"—Mrs. Harrison's Visit.

Special Correspondence of SUNDAY HERALD.

NANTUCKET, August 19.

The trip itself to Nantucket can never be counted on to be filled with unalloyed bliss. One day the ocean may be as glassy calm as the most placid specimen of a mill-pond, and on the very next day the steamer stands on end at every other wave, rolls over on its side on alternate waves, and things aboard are in chaos only surpassed by the state of things presumably existing before the world got together. When the steamer starts out people crowd on deck and enjoy themselves hugely. After a while the enjoyment isn't quite so broad and long, it shrinks monotonously, and finally they all silently steal away intensely preoccupied, go below and revive memories of all the *menus* discussed for weeks past. Now they don't enjoy themselves in the least; the stewardess is a sable angel of mercy with a wonderful genius for keeping right side up when, according to all the rules of geometry and the waves, she should stand on head. Life isn't worth living another hour. Nantucket seems quite as difficult to attain as the resort of good souls, and if walking would bring it any sooner every passenger would step over the side and strike a bee line for land. There are but just three women besids the angelic stewardess who aren't repenting of all their past sins and planning more. Two of these hug a corner of the upper deck, sheltered from the storm and seek peace in lemons, the third faces the rain rather than those lemons. Half a dozen mackintosh-draped men, who are adepts at taking the saloon stair at a single swoop of the waves direct, go below to administer consolation to a couple of sea-sick Irish setters. A flock of sheep and a couple of horses keep the dogs company in their misery, and probably the dumb things are quite as thankful as the human passengers when the quaint town, nonchalantly straggling over the concave hillsides, comes into view. The storm has taken to itself wings, the sun is come in its stead, and the gold-tipped, glorified island holds out visions of health and happiness it abundantly fulfills.

Nantucket is *sui generis*. New England sees the culmination of watering-place glories of all kinds. It is the kingdom come of the peripatetic pilgrim of pleasure, of the summer girl, and of the summer beau of the cummerbund, but in all New England's summer crown there's but one jewel of Nantucket's pristine hue. I don't say there's none with more glitter or bigger, but I know there's none other just like it. There's plenty of places where one goes to mortify the flesh on beds paved with good intentions and cobblestones from which all sleep has long since been cursed, to live where a penny coffee stand would put the cuisine to shame, and where, altogether, one puts up with more discomfort in sixty minutes than can be found at home in 365 days and nights. But, to begin with, one lives here, you pay a reasonable price, take your choice, live in a boarding-house presided over by a congenial landlady and an old sea-captain primed with salt fairy tales, or a sedate hostelry in the town with the accommodations usual in all civilized countries, or in a barn-like hotel out on Brant Point, where fogs catch you an hour before they get up town. One of the odd things is a hotel in four, sometimes five, detachments. It straggles from one end of the street to the other, half on one side the road, half on the other. It's a good hotel, a winter hotel, too, so the walls are not diaphanous inventions, and everything is solidly comfortable. The old wag of a proprietor had learned his lessons before this house became so prosperous as at present, and he determined to suit everybody. This is how he does it: The kitchen and dining-rooms occupy one house, no suggestive scents, no kitchen crockery racket at 2 o'clock in the morning for this hotel. One house, the main one, is reserved for people without children or dogs, another for people with children, and the last for families with dogs. See? It has worked to perfection till a few weeks ago an elderly female with a loquacious parrot appeared. No provision for parrots had been made, and she didn't stay at that house.

It isn't just sea, sand, and style here. You dress in new clothes or old, fine or common gowns, and the woman who gets in more than three

gowns in one twenty-four hours is regarded as a devotee of fashion. There's too many natural and acquired beauties and curiosities to visit around the town and island to waste time on toilet frifferies. There's always something to see here. That's one of the greatest charms of the place, never too much sameness, and then there's always sleep. A while a go somebody tried to start the story that Nantucket air was lively. No such thing; it strengthens one and gives weary, tired people a feeling of freshness that is foreign to them, but above all 'tis a place to sleep. The first night after landing the nodding begins by 10 o'clock, and everybody nods right along at that hour, and goes to bed and to sleep simply because they can't help it, and in the day, between everything, come naps, every niche is filled with sleep. The man who can't sleep here must have committed some sin most foul, and the man who thought Nantucket air lively must have come from the realm where sleep itself does grow.

Everybody bathes here about 11 o'clock, and it is absolute perfection of still water bathing, surf bathing being all at 'Sconset on the opposite side of the island. The water is really the warmest anywhere on the New England Coast. There is an understanding that north of Cape Cod bathers find only diluted icebergs, while south of the cape water is fit to bathe in without heating. Nantucketers explain the unusual warmth here by laying it to the influence of the Gulf Stream. I suppose they know all about it. Naturally, abbreviated costume would be expected consequently, but they don't materialize. Some of the girls are as trim as little ships, swim like ducks, and dive like mermaids, but anything fascinatingly suggestive can't be found here. In fact, to a couple of women who bathed in clinging white flannel, it was suggested that something else would be more appropriate, and the hint was taken.

A Washington woman furnishes the sensation of the bathing hour. She's about thirty-three, finely formed, and said to be very attractive, but when she steps out of the bath-house and solemnly stalks down the sand the astonished little waves stand still, and it is a sight for gods and men to flee from in these days of enlightened bathing suits. Her stately head is hid in a rubber cap covered with a broad-brimmed oiled silk hat closely tied down over her cotton stopped ears; the trousers are full Turkish affairs with big frills around the ankles and the leglets are so big and long it is a wonder her feet with their rubber shoes don't wander up and lose themselves. The blouse is high-necked to the ears, with a big handkerchief swathed outside, and the sleeves are so extensive that they'd cover her hands if a pair of thick rubber gloves didn't. Women who are envious of Mrs. M.'s beautiful hands are so unkind as to say if any one only knew there was a whole rubber suit under the baggy, gathered arrangement. It's a disputed question whether she bathes from a mistaken sense of duty or an idea that she's adding to the picturesque features of the beach. A Washington maid who finds the day not half long enough for all the real solid tennis, boating, and fun of all kinds she would like to put into it always catches twice as many admiring glances as any other maid. Of course she swims like a duck and dives with the same swift ease, and still when she emerges from the bath-house ready for the tramp home her hair is so suspiciously dry that some one hinted she might leave it behind her in the little house. The other day she walked out with her bathing cap in her hand, and it very much looked as if she'd been scalped—a narrow, straight bang was sewn from ear to ear of that cap. No wonder her own hair never looks soaked.

Billy Clarke is the most lively curiosity about the island. Billy is a relic from more primeval times, a reminder of the golden times of the island, when Billy sighted the richly-laden returning ships and hastened about the town heralding their coming. He probably once was useful; now he serves as a living curiosity to entertain summer visitors. You can't miss Billy; in fact, you can't escape him—wherever you turn Billy and his horn, Billy and his dinner bell, or, what is worse, Billy and his own voice bob up, while Billy tells what is going on. If he's paid for it Billy will cry anything from a lost dog or cat to a baby or diamond ring, an auction, a big catch of sharks, or an elopement. Billy is the errand boy, town crier, and paper boy, and, furthermore, insists, although he's only about sixty-five, on carrying telegraph messages, which generally are delivered before the season closes. His voice is a cross between a minstrel falsetto and a velvet-lined basso profundo, and includes all the gamut between. Billy really belongs to the age of these railed roof gardens that are sacred to the hopes, and fears, the prayers and tears of the quiet, refined-looking women sedately walking the old streets or living in retired dignity in the odd old houses. In all old sea-port towns there are more or less of these roof gardens, but in Nantucket there are many. It is easy to imagine what varied emotions they have witnessed; mother's praying that the half-masted colors on the incoming ship betoken no son lost forever; wives fearing lest a husband is gone on the last long voyage; maidens waiting with joyful hearts the lover ever coming nearer. At such times all these Nantucket women were bound by a common hope and fear, and the roof gardens felt it all.

Mrs. Harrison's visit here created very little excitement, and for the first time in almost a year, although receiving all the consideration attached to the office of the President's wife, she tasted again the sweets of a near approach to private life. The hotel where Mrs. Scott-Lord is ill, and at which Mrs. Harrison stopped, is a very substantial, dignified house in the center of the town, quite surrounded by the old residences of Nantucket aristocracy. Nantucketers are nothing if not obliging, and if the occasion of Mrs. Harrison's visit had been anything less serious, no doubt they would have extended more courtesies than could have been accepted in half a dozen summers. As it was, Mrs. Harrison had the pleasure of visiting various small stores where curiosities and stories are swapped in exchange for exorbitant sums of good Republican coin without being recognized, and natives and summer visitors obligingly held their curiosity in check and gave Mrs. Harrison a feast of rest.

Laurence (Mass) American Aug 19/89

Eleanor Kirk's Letter.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Aug. 19, 1889

When one steps foot on this island he literally enters another world. It is totally unlike any other spot on the American continent. The very first inspiration of the highly-seasoned ocean makes another man of him. He may have been heretofore insensible to atmospheric or psychologic changes, but Nantucket will start the most obstinate nerves to tingling. Various reasons have been ascribed for this, prominent among them being the theory of its thorough isolation from land. There is nothing to absorb or disturb the wonderful purity of the ocean ozone. It is fresh, enduring and unsullied. It is an antidote to malaria, and the system feels the blessed effect immediately. Then, this old sea-girt town is so different from any other town under the sun. Its great, roomy, old-fashioned, picturesque houses, its atmosphere of antiquity, its fresh faced erect, spry, young-old men, who can lift as heavy loads at seventy-five as they could at forty, its ruddy, agreeable, healthy, women, communicate a feeling of comfort and uplift to the tired spirit which is impossible to analyze or describe. No inhabitant of Nantucket could ever be mistaken for one of the visitors. The last is usually

HAGGARD AND HARRIED.

The native is slow and passive. He sleeps and eats, and assimilates his food. It is said that codfish and cookies compose his diet, but I am sure that this is an exaggeration. At any rate, this is not the case when the natives have company, for nowhere have I ever found more succulent or better cooked vegetables, fresher, or more nicely prepared fish. The latter article of food is sometimes very hard to obtain, as "the beating waves dash high" upon the Nantucket shores, and careful sailors will not risk their lives for "a mess of fish." But blue fish are plenty here now, and most delicious. Sword fish are considered a great delicacy also.

The Islanders do not like to admit the presence of fog. It is mist and smoke, but never by any possibility, fog. That word seems to set the native crazy. One old resident, a cross between a son of Neptune and a tiller of the soil, informed me that the mist which had materialized so that it could be sliced or made into fish-balls, was simply "steam escaping from the Gulf Stream." This was the most unique explanation that I ever heard of anything in any part of the country, and I have heard a good many fanciful and original ones. I was much amused and surprised to find this theory somewhat corroborated by Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York, who told me that the unusual warmth of the Nantucket winters and the softness and evenness of the

atmosphere could be attributed to the influence of the Gulf current, which was, so to speak, in the immediate neighborhood.

HE ALSO REMINDED ME

of a fact which I had forgotten, that the life of the Hon. Chas. O'Connor had been in the opinion of his physician, lengthened at least ten years by taking up his residence in Nantucket. The house of this once eminent lawyer is now occupied by a wealthy New Yorker, Tillinghast, by name. It is a handsome, roomy modern villa, with nothing wonderful about it except its library, and its beautiful situation Mr. O'Connor used to spend much of his time in his library, a wing at the south side of his house, where he was always safe from intrusion.

The drivers of the numerous vehicles that convey guests from one point to another in this historic and charming old town, seem to embody all the recklessness to be found in the place In fact, it is the only spot on earth that I have ever visited where the horses climb trees to get out of the way of other teams. Of course this statement will be pooh-pooed by my readers, but what would they have thought to have been driving along like mad in a street only wide enough for one carriage, to meet another rushing on at a similar rate, and then in the midst of their astonishment and fright, to have Jehu pull his fiery steed upon his haunches, his fore legs frantically embracing the trunk of an oak tree, his great white head apparently up among the branches!

I use the word "apparently" with intention. That is for the literal soul, who will cry out "impossible," what a yarn," etc., etc. I do not say that the horse's head was among the branches, but that it appeared so. I am free to confess that I had rather see a cat climb a tree than a horse. But there was no harm done, and when I had caught my breath and settled my belongings—my umbrella must have made a dent in Jehu's back for which I was inwardly thankful—I ventured to remark that I should prefer not to hunt birds' nests with a horse. The driver opened

HIS WIDE NEW ENGLAND JAWS,

and laughed long and loud. "Good Lord, marm," he said at last. "You just ought to see me sometimes. Nobody never takes my wheel off as long as there's door steps and fences to shin up on."

"And trees?" said I.

"Yes marm, and trees," he responded with another laugh that might have been heard at Cape Cod.

Well, I engaged this Jehu on the spot for all subsequent trips. I felt that his skill had been well tested, and if I had escaped breaking my neck this time, my life was as good as insured. I once rode behind the great "Dexter" and as it was a windy day, I was obliged to hold my hat on with both hands, but behind this Nantucket "hoss," I was compelled to hold my hair on—and not false hair either.

Miss Georgina Flagg, the very beautiful woman, who played so acceptably at Daly's a few years ago, lives in one of the oldest and most picturesque houses in this ancient and most picturesque of villages. The "peace" of Nantucket, for the tired-out-actor, writer or artist, truly "passes understanding." The poetic conditions necessary to this peace are all present, and the temperature and evenness of the climate makes it a very Eden.

The craze for the antique must be at its height. Every other store in Nantucket is devoter to ancient furniture. It is charged by some skeptics that much of this stuff is imported, and is really not antique; but

IN ALL REPUTABLE PLACES

I found that the names of the original owners are given, and the families can be looked up with the greatest ease. The prices of these much sought-after articles vary exceedingly. I wanted a pair of old brass andirons and shovel and tongs, but the prices in two or three stores seemed so exorbitant that I finally gave up all idea of purchasing. But at last in looking for something else, I found exactly what I wanted and at a most reasonable figure.

The steamers that run between New Bedford and Nantucket are sea-worthy and comfortable, but I could not help wondering why with so much travel, they were not larger and finer. I thought of the "Connecticut," the magnificent new steamer, built by the Providence and Stonington Steamboat Company for the Providence line to Boston, and as Mrs. Partington once remarked, "the comparison was odorous." The grand boats of the last two decades sink into insignificance, when compared with this great white marine wonder, rising as she does upwards of sixty feet above the water line, and showing a length over all of 357 feet and at extreme width over guards of 87 feet.

THE IMPRESSION MADE

upon the minds of passengers who board the "Connecticut" is one of delight and wonder that anything afloat could be so magnificent. After ascending to the main deck, with its grand height from floor to dome of 30 feet, and with a view of the main saloon, with its double tier of hundreds of state rooms, every one of which is thoroughly veltilated and lighted with electricity, the wonder is enhanced a thousand fold. The rooms are all marvels of elegance and comfort, and some of them, notably 116, is a boudoir fit for a princess. This apartment is as large as an ordinary bedroom. It has an alcove and is furnished with a brass bedstead, bamboo chairs, lovely portieres opening upon a commodious bath room. There is not a room from stem to stern that is not exquisitely furnished, airy and delightful to the eye. The dining room is as large as that of any first class hotel, and the charges not one whit higher than those of any good restaurant, while the cuisine is *sans reproche*.

The sail through the sound around Point Judith just as day dawns, and thence up the Narragansett Bay to Providence, is a delightful and invigorating experience, and the round trip is a vacation in itself. This is the best route to the White Mountains.

ELEANOR KIRK.

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Lancaster Intelligencer Aug. 8–89

SWIFT SUMMER FLIGHTS.

NANTUCKET, ITS QUAINT SEAMEN AND BRACING BREEZES.

The Last of an Eight Days' Raid in Yankeedom—Tale of a Whale by an Ancient Mariner—An Old Time Sailors' Town.

The boat for Nantucket stops at Vineyard Haven and Cottage City or Martha's Vineyard, and the impression given is that of Asbury Park and the North Jersey resorts without their surf. They are cities of cottages within easy reach of Boston people, where they may enjoy the sea breezes and boating.

The first impression of Nantucket is very different. It is a low, rolling island, with a few cottages and hotels on a bluff close to the water, and then far away you see the town of Nantucket resting on a hillside just beyond a low point where the red roof of the Nantucket house is pushed into the foreground. The steamboat draws only about seven feet of water, and rounds this point with a very close shave, but the cape is so flat that the crowd on deck have been gazing over the ugly modern hotel at the picturesque old town beyond and commenting on the domed and gilded tower

of the town hall, the irregular character of the building, and the breezy but respectable and venerable air of the place. When you go to Nantucket do as the Nantucketers. To stop at a Queen Ann hotel in Nantucket would be as rank a Philistineism as to live in an American house in Paris. On this theory I pushed through a howling mob of hackmen and runners and after a pleasant ramble in the twilight through this sailors' town found lodgement in a house built by an old whaling captain in the oldest part of the town but long known as the Bay View. In the days before the discovery of petroleum, Nantucket was a great whaling town and her fleets went cruising far into the Pacific ocean in search o the sperm whale. The architecture betrays the sailor taste and in every detail of the wooden houses shows the hand of a ship carpenter. Small tongued and grooved boards are used with the elaborate care for space acquired in the fitting of cabins, and if your room is under the roof the ceiling will be shaped to meet the windows with novel and nautical effect. Next morning I explored the town and found it a veritable sailors' home, but a little spoiled by the rush of summer visitors and the loss of most of its commerce. There is a captains' club where a lot of old tars may be found any day, reeling yarns of their cod or whale fishing. Down by the wharves you pass substantial old buildings with signs hanging out "Fresh water for vessels sold here." "Sail loft." "Fresh water, wood and salt for sale." Passing a warehouse door I was surprised to see hanging from the ceiling and touching the floor what appeared to be two huge setts of the gums and teeth of some terrible monster. The teeth were pointed and curved masses of smooth bone, from four to eight or ten inches in length and very strong. They were imbedded at short intervals in dark thick leathery straps. These were from the jaws of a huge sperm whale, and they made the geography pictures of a whale making a meal of a boats crew seem quite within the range of probabilities. I joined a sailing party in the good boat Naad Queen, commanded by Captain Nickerson with Mr. Burdette as mate. The boats at Nantucket are all much larger and more seaworthy than the boats in use along the sound and in the inlets of the Jersey coast, and they require two men to sail them. A large figure three on the sail indicated that the Naad Queen was a pilot boat, and a very swift and strong two master she proved to be. In boating at Nantucket even in mild weather oilskin clothing is a necessity and a jolly party encased in a clumsy yellow oil cloth with big hats of the same, can afford to defy the spray as the boat careens far over and rushes away before the wind, while the captain holds her steady and politely requests Mr. Burdette to drop the centreboard a bit. It is boat ettiquette up here to call the mate "Mister," and politeness seems to be quite easy and natural to the good people of Nantucket. A Jersey or Chesapeake skipper would call his mate Bill or Tom, but there is a rough formality about the sailors of Nantucket that may be a heritage of the days when they sailed big ships to distant oceans, when mate and captain were men of dignity and power. It is more probable that the high standard of education on the island has something to do with it, for Nantucket has its famous school where Greek and the higher branches are well taught, and she has nurtured many able men and morefamous women. The late Miss Maria Mitchell was a Nantucket woman, and a citizen rolled off a long list of familiar names, not now recalled, of people who were born and bred Nantucket. But Nantucket of to-day has a large supply of rather lazy boatmen a prominent feature. They may work d at other times, but in summer their s certainly easy as they wait for sailing parties to be taken out for a pleasant spin in their swift boats. Among them are many fine old salts, but none finer than our mate, Mr. Burdette, a kindly old man of middle size, with a grizzly beard and clear eyes, lithe, active and pleasant spoken. He is widely known as the man who sojourned in the mouth of a whale, and this is the way he tells the story:

"It was down in the South Pacific, and we were a huntin' whales, and we had struck one big fellow and had a mighty hard tussle with him. And he was lying on the top of the water, and we had three boats out trying to get near him to kill him. He was about tired out with fighting with the harpoon in him. And he went down again, and the captain he went with his boat to the ship to get a gun to shoot him, and I was standing in the bow of my boat with a spear and a-waiting to see where he would rise, and the men they were just a resting on their oars. And all at once, there was his mouth right in under the bow of the boat, and his lower jaw came up one side and his great big head on the other. And he didn't close his mouth, cause if he had it would have been the last of Mister Burdette. He just felt of us and then he sank, and quick as his head went down his tail came up and smashed that boat all to pieces, but I was quicker somehow and just tumbled out of the boat backwards as his mouth went down, and the men they all got out too, that quick you couldent tell how."

"Why didn't the whale shut his mouth?"

"Be—cause it weren't ordered that way. It hadn't come to my time to die."

"Was this before the war?"

"How?" said the innocent old sailor in a way that made me ashamed of doubting him; but I repeated the query and he answered: "Oh, yes! long before the war. Why it was way back in forty-one down below the Galapagos Islands; you have, maybe, read of them. Here, miss, you see that white house way down yonder under the cliff; that's it. She asked me to show her my home, and I told her I would. Now I'm a pointin' it out and there's not a prettier place on the island," and the old man fell to work at the pump, baling out some of the water we had taken from the wave tops as we rushed along.

There is fine sport in sword fishing in these waters and we passed a boat just in from a two days' trip. There was a plank out over the bowsprit on the end of which the harpooner stands, held safely by a semi-circle of iron fixed upon a vertical rod so as to encircle his waist. The sword fish is a glutton, and after a hearty meal he likes to float at the surface half asleep with only his dorsal fin above water. This fin "gives him away" and the sword fisher guides his boat stealthily along side until the man in "the pulpit" can launch his deadly harpoon. A rope is fastened in the harpoon head and the handle is usually soon broken, but as the fish rushes away with fathoms of rope a keg is thrown in the water made fast to the other end of the line. Then the fishermen cruise after the keg until the sword fish is exhausted, when they approach him and cut his throat as they would slaughter a pig, only that care must be taken to exhaust him thoroughly, for he may turn and plunge his long heavy sword through the strong sides of the boat. Boating and fishing, bathing and walking, make up Nantucket time, as they do at other resorts and as for bathing I found the bath houses well managed, the water thoroughly wet and the swimming fine. On the ocean side of the Island at Siasconset, or Sconset, as the natives call it, there is a regular Jersey summer resort, with everything but the big crowds of excursionists, and the mosquitoes. Of these two things Nantucket knows little. The latter are blown away

by the strong winds, and the former cannot well get there in good time. There is a fine surf at Sconset, though the beach looks rather too steep for good bathing. It is reached by a nine mile railroad from Nantucket, and the cars rattle along over a narrow gauge road of very wobbly rails, which help to make the ride interesting, and produce the old slappety bang of the railroads of a score of years ago. After two nights at Nantucket, I started homeward at eleven in the morning and landing at New Bedford had a chance to explore this other old whaling port before the train left for Fall River. New Bedford displaced Nantucket, Cape Cod and the Vineyard, and gained a monopoly of the whaling business in the last years of the last century. Crossing more of the roughest of Yankeeland—picturesque with jungle and swamp and sluggish creeks, I at last reached Fall River and the steamer Pilgrim. We had a pleasant trip down to Newport on this floating palace, but there the fun ended for a time. It would be hard to imagine any scene more beautiful than Newport harbor on this stormy night with its thousands of gleaming lights and their reflections in the water, and the mystical shifting outlines all about us. A sail comes smoothly towards us and a yacht sweeps by, close reefed and snug but with a merry party on board singing, as we may tell by a few faint notes we catch from the gale as they pass near us. As the Pilgrim gets out into the deep water she pitches and rolls fearfully, and very soon the decks are cleared and your correspondent is left alone on the lofty deck save for an officer who cheerfully imparts the information that we will be in the mouth of the sound in three or four hours. So for three hours at least I fight with sea sickness and gain victory. Candor compels the confessions that it is not pleasant to be almost sea sick. Having sought the seclusion of my cabin and arisen bright and early, the passage by New York city was pleasant enough to make a fine climax to a few days' travel—for the writer was home six hours later after an absence of eight days. In passing the Brooklyn navy yard two Englishmen stood by me. The Atlanta and the little Yorktown were lying there, and with their fresh coat of white paint attracted much attention.

"They aren't much," commented a Briton, and they glanced around on the group to note the effect of the remark. "No, but that is," said a passenger pointing to the Brooklyn bridge as we passed beneath it—and the smile was on our side. We have been great in war, we are great in peace, and the traveler, North and South, finds it out.

C. S. F.

Nantucket Journal Oct 24/89

Street Railroad.

It really looks as though another season would witness at Nantucket, in addition to electric lights, steam cars, two boats a day and other luxuries incident to its growth as a summer resort, a street railroad in full operation, with possibly a direct line running to Siasconset. At their meeting Wednesday evening, October 9th, the Selectmen received a petition from a company of New York capitalists, represenied by Mr. Thomas G. Macy of this town, for permission to construct, maintain and operate a street railroad in town, to be run through Main, Centre, Federal, Orange, North Water, North, North Beach and Easton streets and Brant Point road, the same to be operated by animals, electricity, or other motive power. There not being the full board present, the petition was laid on the table for future action.

Meantime it appears other parties were moving in the same matter, and at the next meeting of the board last Friday evening a similiar petition was presented from parties interested in the Electric Light company represented by Mr. P. A. Underwood, the latter petition contemplating in addition to the street railway in town, the establishment of a direct line to Siasconset. Both parties are prepared to begin work at an early date and each contemplates, if granted the right, to have the road in operation next summer. Each fixes the rate of fares within the limits of the town proper at not to exceed ten cents, and the parties proposing to run to Siasconset fix the rate from or to town at twenty-five cents. While both ask for the right to employ animals or electricity, it is understood that Mr. Macy's petition contemplates a horse railroad and Mr. Underwood's an electric one. Both parties claim priority of inception in the movement, and to have been "working quietly" in the matter some time.

Of course it is inexpedient to grant more than one of the petitions and the Selectmen are in somewhat of a dilemma to decide which. Hence a citizens' meeting is called for next Saturday afternoon, when an opportunity will be afforded each party to present the respective merits of their case, and to procure a general expression of public sentiment preliminary to the final hearing.

N.Y. Times Oct 27/89

WHERE NONE DIE YOUNG

NANTUCKET AND ITS MANY OLD INHABITANTS.

THEY ALL BELIEVE IT THE HEALTHIEST SPOT IN THE WORLD—A LIFE-GIVING PUMP—QUEER SIGHTS.

It is said that nobody dies young at Nantucket, and people invite you to visit the old graveyard upon the hill behind the bluff to prove the truth of this assertion. Assuredly one must be convinced, after reading the old headstones, of the longevity of the inhabitants of this island, for the closest scrutiny even of the most worn tablets fails to discover that any of the sleepers beneath was younger than sixty when the angel touched the lids and stopped the journey of life.

It must be remembered that Charles O'Conor, the famous New-York lawyer, came to this spot when he felt the hand of age upon him, and by so doing prolonged his existence fully five years. Yes, the inhabitants, who take the tourist in hand, usually inform him within the hour that Mr. O'Conor was apparently dying when he reached Nantucket, but that the elixir of the atmosphere upon the point where he lived checked the decay of nature and enabled him to enjoy his books and set his house in order before he was summoned to appear at the bar of bars on high. Indeed, the closing comment on

Nantucket Journal Nov 14

as they did then, without a coat of paint, long, low, weather-beaten structures, moss-grown and uninviting on the outside, but furnished snugly and as neat as wax on the inside. These places rent for more than $200 a season, just as they stand, fitted for housekeeping, nay, fitted to dwell in all the year round. They are like the craft of the fisher folk who were born in and regularly occupy them Autumn, Winter, and Spring, and only vacate them to catch the money the tired city man will give for such hospitable, peaceful, and restful shelter. The owners go across the moors into Nantucket City to lodge or live with friends until the season is over.

Other speculative persons who found these fishers' dwellings by accident when they sought a vacation and good fishing, bought land for a song, and built other cottages similar in formation and outfit to the fishermen's homes, and they have attempted even in the matter of furniture to imitate the fishermen's dwellings.

Nantucket is celebrated among the ladies who summer East for its singular old furniture. There are clocks, settles, lounges, settees, tables, chests of drawers, chairs, bedsteads, and other articles of household ware which must have been made 200 years ago. Last Summer, and for one or two years previous, the strangers have been so wild to possess these articles that the natives have been doing a splendid business in disposing of their household goods. The funniest feature of this traffic, however, is the quantity of old, that is, antique, things that have come to the surface in Nantucket during the past two seasons. It has become quite an industry. People have pulled out their old stools and benches and have made them look as ancient as possible to attract buyers. There is a place on the island not far from the "city" where old furniture is made to order. People stand the manufacture because they want the patterns, or, more properly speaking, they like to buy things that look as old as the hills and come from Nantucket, which seems or has come to be regarded as a link between the present and the discovery of America. The prospect of the celebration of 1892 may have had something to do with the birth of this "fad," which swayed and emptied the pockets of wealthy ladies and otherwise shrewd housewives last Summer.

There are odd characters to be found in Nantucket. Billy, the town crier, who has a voice like a Stentor, is one of the most notable. He prides himself on being a public necessity, as well as a nuisance. He must have been a whaler and cultivated his voice on the "look-out" at the masthead by shouting regularly to the deck below, "There she blows!" No boatswain's mate in the American Navy of 1860 could hold a candle to Billy as a shouter. It is no exaggeration to say that he can be heard half over the city when he is roaring that there will be a ball here, a dance there, or a sale at the other place to-night, to-morrow, or next day. It was whispered that Billy was drafted during the war, but that he got out of serving Uncle Sam by pleading weak lungs. They are as potent as those of the Bull of Bashan now, and serve to frighten refractory children from the mainland for the first few days after their arrival on Nantucket's seagirt shore.

Coxe, the only Irish coachman in the place, is another character. He knows, or thinks he knows, that his nationality is against him. Yet this is very strange, since Coxe and his father before him were born on Nantucket Island. "But," as he puts it himself, "I never had a square chance because I am Irish, for no matter where you were born an Irishman's son is an Irishman to the Nantucketers, who think that they not only discovered America, but that they also framed the Constitution of the United States, and are chiefly responsible for the Nation's prosperity since the Declaration of Independence. And what do you think? They still have the nerve to pride themselves on their English extraction. That's what makes me mad! Git up!"

After this ebullition Coxe usually whips up his Bucephalus and wants to take the listener to the marble on which are inscribed the words of tribute to the memory of Randall, the old British man-of-war's man, who was brought there a prisoner, and who died in the workhouse proclaiming his own and the superiority of every Britisher over any colonist that ever was born. This may be a sly commentary on the falsity of the native Nantucketer's pride.

In the season the blue fishing off the great rip is splendid. But the skippers of the catboats which take you thither across the bar are as odd as Billie, the town crier, Capt. Baxter, or the old Portuguese, who seems to have a lien on the windmill, from the upper chamber of which he will show you the ocean and try to sell the ladies old straw hats, which he claims were made by his relatives at Fayal or one of the Azores and have been imported by him. Catboat Captains and the old Portuguese are jolly fellows, who can tell fish stories and Western Island yarns for hours, or just so long as there is money in lying. They are like the ancient mariner Gilbert, found at Yarmouth, who proclaimed himself "the cook and the Captain bold," &c., weedy and long and boastful. But in this latter respect they resemble all the natives, who think there is only one place positively beautiful and entirely satisfactory on earth, and its name is Nantucket. They are not far astray.

Editor of the Journal:—

In the Commonwealth of October 9th, Hillary Bell ~~states~~ "I am indeed aware that the popularity of the place ('Sconset) is owing almost entirely to my pen."

I did suppose that the climate advantages of the island had something to do with attracting visitors; that Bellamy's novel "Six to One," Northrup's 'Sconset Cottage Life;" "The Picture Book of the Patchwork Village" and The Credible Chronicles," each of which had a circulation of from 1000 to 3000 copies and did not have an ephemeral existence, did something to attract attention to the place. I also supposed that the influence of the local papers of the island which have a considerable circulation on the mainland, and week after week and year after year told of 'Sconset's growth, helped it along. And I was under the belief that the Nantucket railroad which brought thousands of visitors from the town to the Bank had not been without its influence. Whether the 2000 circulars that I have printed and given out each ~~year~~ for seven successive years was of any service I will not say. But that you may see exactly what Bell did, I furnish a list of the journals to which he contributed from 1884 to 1888, and as he took pains to send me the copies of each paper, I presume it included all that he did to advertise 'Sconset.

1884, Watertown, (N. Y.) Post; 1885, Watertown Republican (a poem); Boston Commonwealth, The Journalist, (N. Y.). 1886, Boston Commonwealth, (2); 1887, Boston Commonwealth, (2); World's Travel Gazette, Home Journal, ~~New York~~, The Journalist, ~~New York~~; 1888, Boston Commonwealth, (6), World's Travel Gazette, ~~New York~~, The World, ~~New York~~. Making 19 letters in seven papers.

To and including 1888, I have letters printed in Magazines and journals written from Siasconset or from Nantucket in which Siasconset is most favorably mentioned as follows, and which Bell did not write.

1873, Harper's Monthly, June; 1875, Harper's Monthly, June; 1880, Raleigh, (N. C.) News; 1881, Elmira Advertiser; 1884, ~~New York~~ Herald, Graphic, (~~New York~~), San Francisco Chronicle; 1885, Springfield Republican, Atlanta Constitution, ~~New York~~ Sun, World, (~~New York~~) Christian Register; 1886, Demorest's Monthly, Boston Journal, World's Travel Gazette, Graphic, (~~New York~~) ~~New York~~ Tribune, Boston Courier, Baltimore American, Berkshire County Eagle, The Christian at Work; 1887, ~~New York~~ Sun, Graphic, (~~New York~~) Hartford Times, Pilgrim Land, ~~New York~~ Herald, Richmond, (Va.) Times, Home Journal, (Baltimore) (2), Boston Commonwealth, Boston Transcript, Troy Press, ~~New York~~ Herald, San Francisco Chronicle; 1888, New. York. Star, Springfield Republican, Medford Mercury, ~~New York~~ Evening Post, (2) Boston Herald, (3), Philadelphia Telegram;

Detroit Free-Press, Home Journal, (New York) New Bedford Mercury, Horseman, (Chicago.)

The above made 46 letters printed in 36 papers which came to my notice. Doubtless four times as many papers printed communications from the place. I do know that in two instances a syndicate letter of Prentice Mulford appeared in 200 different journals, I am afraid that, in the judgment of the readers of the JOURNAL, the popularity of 'Sconset is not almost due to Bell's pen.

But in 1889 letters in respect to the place appeared in the following papers, copies of which I have, and most of them were written from the village.

1889, New York. Tribune, Pilgrim Land, New York Star, Washington Star, (2), Newark Daily Advertiser, Norwalk Gazette, Pittsburgh Journal, Indianapolis Journal, St. Louis Post-Despatch, New York Mail and Express, Boston Globe, Hartford Courant, Nashville, (Tenn.) American, Milwaukie Sentinal, Pittsburg Gazette, Topeka Capital, Cleveland Plaindealer, Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Chicago Times, Denver Republican, Philadelphia Inquirer; Washington Herald, Lawrence (Mass) American, Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer, New York Times. Making 27 letters in 26 papers.

During the season Bell wrote two letters, one in the Home Journal, N. Y., praising the place, and two in the Boston Commonwealth running it down and he foisted on Truth an article of the same tenor and also containing a malicious libel upon me. When informed of the facts, they notified Bell that Truth should not be made the vehicle for his spiteful lies and that at any time they would cheerfully print a correct statement in respect to 'Sconset,

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1889.

Inquirer & Mirror Nov 30/89

Another old Bible was brought to the island on Wednesday, by E. F. Underhill. It is a copy of the famous "Breeches" bible, printed in 1607, four years prior to the earliest imprint of King James' Bible. Its name comes from the translation of the 7th verse of the third chapter of Genesis, which is rendered thus: "Then the eyes of them were opened and they knewe that they were naked, and they sewed figtree leaues together and made themselves breeches."

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A BALLAD OF NANTUCKET.

I.

O, Margaret Bradford, sitting there, think you you're doing right,
A-stringing on your kitten's tail those spools that fit so tight?—
Pause in your mad career, my dear, and listen unto me,
Let go of her tail and I'll tell you one of the ever-sounding sea.

II.

'Tis a bit of Nantucket's gospel truth, which I heard in the Captain's Room
From a grizzled sea-dog, harbored there in the evening's gathered gloom;
He talked in low, confiding tones, while his clear, cerulean eye
Bespoke him an unaffected soul, unable to tell a lie.

III.

In the summer of Eighteen Sixty-two—the day he remembered well—
A pedler down from New-Bedford came, with a number of clocks to sell,
They were patent alarm, self-winding clocks, which couldn't get out of repair,
For a thorough self-cleaning clock was each, as the pedler did declare.

IV.

But, alas, his peddling bore no fruit, he couldn't dispose of his stock,
That was the year when the bluefish failed, and he never sold a clock;
So after a week he gave it up, with a sigh as long as a mile,
And he carried away as many clocks as he brought to the beautiful isle.

V.

As he took the steamboat to quit the town he uttered an awful curse,
And at sight of his spurned but superior wares his temper grew worse and worse;
Till all of a sudden he sprang at the clocks with a laugh of maniac glee,
And he pitched them, like he was pitching quoits, far into the vasty sea!

VI.

As they flashed and fell they caught the eye of a huge man-eating shark,
Who was out that beautiful summer day for a casual coastwise lark;
A typical rash and hungry shark, of his diet careless he
On two of those lovely clocks he seized and bolted them merrily!

VII.

That was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the alarms were set for 9,
And prompt on the hour they rattled away, while the shark did sore repine;
He stood on his head and he waltzed on his tail in a wild, convulsive way,
But the clocks held fast in his great big throat, and had certainly come to stay.

VIII.

If the clocks had been of the common sort the alarms had soon run down,
But they were not built in a slip-shod way, as the pedler assured the town;
O, no, they were patent self-winding clocks, which moth nor rust could reach,
For they all were thorough self-cleaning clocks and a guarantee went with each.

IX.

Was ever shark in such a plight?. Since Eighteen Sixty-two,
At 9 of morn and 9 of eve each day the long year through,
Two inward voices blent in one as loud as a foghorn rise.
No wonder then if he swims aghast in his never-quenched surprise.

X.

And O, what makes the matter worse, what makes the shark declare
That he has taken up a cross beyond his strength to bear,
What makes him for his last, long sleep most fervently to wish
Is to be hailed on every side "the sea's most striking fish."

RICHARD SCUDDER.

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New York, December 19, 1889.

Dear Sir:--

I send with this a copy of the report of Messrs Waring, Chapman & Farquhar in respect to the sanitary condition of Siasconset with their recommendations at the foot. Whatever action shall be taken to ensure improvement must be determined at an early date, as the Town meeting will be held in February.

The members of the committee are not of one mind in respect to the publicity to be given to the report, some fearing that a disclosure of the facts set forth may be detrimental to the prosperity of the village. At first, to some extent, I shared in that view, but on further reflection I have changed my mind. If anything is to be accomplished, it must be by the presentation of the facts as they exist for the intelligent consideration of the citizens of Nantucket. 'Sconset, so far, has been marvelously healthful, despite its imperfect means of sanitation and that the rules of the board of health have not been enforced. Certainly, by whatever measures shall be taken, according to their thoroughness, the sanitary condition of the village will be improved. It is an open secret, that, for years past, Nantucket has been even more seriously menaced by imperfect sanitation than is 'Sconset, for, with a more dense population living within it the entire year, with its many narrow streets and lanes, and the inevitable privy vaults cisterns and wells, often in close proximity, the condition of the place is such as to invite disease even more than is Siasconset with but few families residing in it fully three quarters of the year, and if disease shall come, it will be with more disastrous results. The reasons for the necessity for improvement in the condition of 'Sconset will apply equally well to Nantucket and as its interests are the interests of the Town it is not to be supposed that residents of Nantucket will give undue publicity to the defects of other places to their own detriment.

My own conviction is that the report of the engineers should be made known, not in the local papers, for they circulate on the main land, but that a copy be sent to every voter on the Island accompained with a strong, crisp, but brief appeal to favor the petition which the property owners of 'Sconset shall offer at town meeting. This presents the question of what we should ask of the Town and on this subject, after reading the report, I ask your views. When I shall learn the prevailing sentiment of property owners I will formulate a petition in which I shall hope that, not only the committee will unite, but all who have interests to subserve in the village.

An early answer is solicited.

I am respectfully yours,

Edward F. Underhill

Eng. & Mining Jan 1890

To Messrs. E. F. UNDERHILL,
J. W. SMITH,
J. O. WILSON,
R. B. COFFIN, and
CHARLES PITMAN,
} *Committee.*

Gentlemen:—At your request, the undersigned have made a careful examination of the sanitary condition of Siasconset, and beg leave to submit herewith their report.

Siasconset is located on a bluff on the east side of Nantucket, some thirty to fifty feet above high tide. The ground is of a loose gravelly and sandy nature, with a scanty covering of loam. The ground water, as observed in the wells, is about thirty-seven feet below the surface of the ground.

Better natural conditions could not be found, and it is only necessary to maintain the good old sanitary rule of "Pure air, pure water, and a pure soil" to insure its future healthfulness.

The water supply is obtained from wells and cisterns. Nearly every house is provided with a cistern. Some were found to be in excellent condition and above suspicion, others were found to be very dirty, and still others were found to be unmistakably contaminated by the waste from the kitchen sink. In two cases examined the sink wastes had run through the crown of the cistern, and in one case it had run on the surface of the ground until it entered the cistern under the cover.

Properly located and maintained, there can be no safer water supply than cisterns. The cistern should be thoroughly cleaned, and if the rain water is made to pass through a proper filtering material before entering the cistern all impurities will be arrested, and the water will be wholesome and pure after long usage.

We have used a natural filter with very gratifying results. The filter is an impervious tank set in the ground, its bottom furnished with a pipe delivering into the cistern, and its top open to the sky. It is filled to a depth of about three feet with a loamy soil, and the top covered with sods. The sides of the tank are extended above the sodded surface of the ground, thus excluding surface water, and forming a rim for the accumulation of water during very heavy rains. The water from the roof is delivered above the sodded surface.

All the impurities are rapidly destroyed by the natural process of oxidation and the resultant elements are taken up by the grass roots.

This natural process keeps the filter in perfect condition. Any covering of straw sufficient to prevent freezing continues the filter in full usefulness throughout the winter. Once built, it requires no further attention beyond an occasional cutting of the grass.

The main water supply, and that used almost exclusively for drinking and culinary purposes in the old village, is obtained from the Village pump. Most, if not all, of the horses and cows owned about the village are also watered there.

It is of vital importance that every possible precaution be taken to prevent the contamination of the water.

It does not at all follow that because the water is now wholesome it will always remain so. The greater the use and the greater the amount of organic wastes deposited in the vicinity of this pump, the greater the danger of contamination. In this soil it is not improbable that the contaminating influences would extend for at least a radius of two hundred feet. There are many privy vaults and cesspools within this radius.

Analyses made by Prof. Norton of the Institute of Technology plainly show the danger from this source. An analysis made last year showed the water wholesome. Those made this year showed the presence of nitrates, or, in other words, it showed there had been a communication between the well and the household wastes, but that the purification was complete. The danger lies in not knowing how long the purification will so remain.

To guard the well from contamination from the droppings of animals and surface water, it should be tightly cemented on the outside for a depth of five feet. The top should be raised well above the surface of

Inquirer Mirror Dec 28/89

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Having received a circular (rather peculiarly worded in some respects) showing the tremendous importance of an elaborate system of Sewerage at the village of 'Sconset, same report being the production of a committee of smelling savans, evidently imported for that purpose, to show the property holders of Old 'Sconset, more particularly, the great need of such a system, same to be inaugurated at an expense of some $1500, more or less—but if begun, assuredly far more—would it not be well to pause and consider this matter a little on its true merits. By reading I discern that the old village appears to be the place chiefly intended to be afflicted by this most urgent reform, while the newer part is an Elysium, unnecessary to be disturbed. Now for another view of the matter. Under the bridge, and surrounding the hotel, the garbage and swill has been offensive for a long time; also certain dirty pig sties. Whose business is it to regulate these matters? Certainly not some hireling experts, imported from abroad to agitate a comprehensive system of sewerage in the portion of the villlage that has ever been, so far as I have known, kept as neat and in as good order as any village of its proportions anywhere to be found. The old famous well that our ancestors have drawn water from for nearly two centuries appears to strike dread from the wise savans. Yet I never remember to have received any ill effect from drinking its pure, cool water. Another singular proposition is that to sewer toward the beach, unless an elaborate system of pipes, with an underground receiver somehow or somewhere placed in the beach sand, with high elevators to chimney tops (specially mind, in the Old village), with a supervisor or salaried smeller at some $200 per annum, would be quite the thing. Great stress is laid on the smell emanating from privies, cesspools, and all that sort of thing, which all know never to be over inviting as an aroma, in any part of the world.

Now, as a frequent visitor in the old village, and being more or less interested in one of its oldest houses, wherein my ancestors have passed many happy months, and where the most fastidious of the delightful summer travellers could their expressions have any weight on retiring, I would state that, with a few exceptions, no filth is allowed to accumulate in the old village; none whatever in any case in such houses as are occupied by the humble people to the manor born. Yet I could name, even in old 'Sconset during summer, certain houses rented to strangers, where all sorts of slops, swill, and other uninteresting products are poured out by the Flora McFlimseys therein residing, or their unwatched, uncared for help. My humble idea would be to appoint a smelling committee in midsummer, to look about the old place, and they, if unbiased, would find that the nuisances, in about every case, arise from the renters of houses, which too often are left in so shameful a state as to be hardly worth renewing. Were the wiseacres who desire all these wonted reforms a little more particular over the rights of property holders, of whom for a few months they chance to hire cottages, these wondrous complaints would cease, and the idea would not go forth that Nantucket and 'Sconset had become so dangerous as to health as to require all the expenses proposed in this already—between the various philosophers who visit it for six or eight weeks—expensive and costly place, for those who by fate or fortune are compelled to remain here as their fathers have done, without fear, with ordinary care, of either malaria, or the other countless new diseases, everywhere apparent, were we to believe one-half we are told.

JOSEPH W. CLAPP.

Nantucket, Dec. 26, 1889.

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Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I regret that my old friend, Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, should take a dispairing view of the situation of affairs in 'Sconset, because gentlemen who have large interests there, both natives and off-islanders, suspecting that measures for the sanitation of the village have not kept pace with its growth as a seaside resort, urge that efficient methods be adopted to ensure the wholesome character of the place in the future. During the past summer, I was myself startled at the disclosure made by intelligent visitors and residents in respect to the condition of the place, and I reproached myself for not having investigated for myself, for I found that I had myself, to a certain extent, been an offender against sanitary laws. Very sensibly the residents concluded that it was best to have an examination made by men of scientific and practical knowledge, to ascertain to what extent the prosperity of the village was menaced by imperfect drainage, and the defects were found to be such as to make it imperative, if the village is to retain its popularity, that measures be taken for better methods of disposing of the kitchen waste and excremititious matter.

'Sconset has thus far been a wholesome place in which to live, because of its air and its porous soil, and not because of what has been done in the line of experience and intelligent investigation to make it so. The same may be said of the town. With rare exceptions the most primitive methods are followed in both places. It will not do to assume that the wholesomeness of the past in Siasconset will continue in the future. A few years ago a case of diphtheria was developed in the Surfside Hotel, and the Board of Health was compelled to order the building closed, and it has never been reopened. It was believed that the case originated in defective drainage. Nor can Capt. Clapp fail to recollect that late in the season of 1889, a child died of a malignant disease at Wauwinet, and that its death was followed by the exodus of nearly all the residents at that well situated place. It was then discovered that the privy vault at the hotel was in such a condition as to invite disease and it came. One such experience was sufficient, and there is no doubt that those interested in the success of that place will guard against the recurrence of a similar calamity.

The truth is, that all over the island, residents have left matters to take care of themselves. There is, of course, a health officer whose duty it is to investigate the condition of every house and its surroundings, but his territorial jurisdiction is too extensive. He has the care of a town of 3000 inhabitants in which he lives, and Siasconset with its near 2000 residents during the summer season, and also Wauwinet, now having its scores of visitors. The contract is too big for one man to efficiently cover the ground. There is a vital necessity that an officer be assigned to duty at 'Sconset, to act as a peace officer and to look after the sanitary condition of the village from the middle of June to the middle of September. It may be, as Capt. Clapp says, that in many instances, the tenants of the houses in 'Sconset are the ones who are culpable. Admit it, and there is a still greater necessity to have some one in the village who can speak with authority and notify offending parties of the penalty that awaits them for the infraction of the health laws.

A comprehensive system of drainage will, with the increase of population, become in time a matter of necessity, and I believe long before Capt. Clapp will be discoursing music from celestial harps in realms of the blessed, for I don't want him to leave the island before his time. Without him the Cap'ns room will be a dreary waste.

The committee appointed by the residents did well to get advice of eminent sanitary engineers, as to the best plan to insure the healthful condition of the village which it has been its

good luck to have in the past. I know it is common for Nantucket men to speak with indifference of summer visitors, who have increased in number from year to year, until in 1889, there were nearly 15,000 who came to the island. Yet it is by reason of the presence of the visitors that large numbers of Nantucket people are prospering as they had never hoped to do on the island in the '70's. The acreage devoted to garden products, the demand for poultry, milk and eggs, the necessity for stores for the distribution of meats, fish and groceries have become so great that now there are three grocery stores, two meat markets, and two fish markets, to say nothing of stores for the sale of nick-nacks that are wanted in every family; whereas, in 1880, Mr. Frank Crosby was able to supply the whole village with groceries on his daily trips with his wagon from town. Bluefish, which ten years since sold at 25 cents apiece, now readily sell for a dollar or more. The wage of unskilled labor was then ten cents an hour; now it is fifteen cents and even more, and hard to get at that. The compensations of skilled workmen have increased correspondingly, and with the demand for their services, such as the island has not known since the decadence of its principal industry. Teams could be had in the '70's for $2 per day. It is seldom now that a horse and wagon is let for less thad $3 for a half a day, and $5 is the usual price where it is taken for the day.

If the prosperity of the island has not come from the summer visitors, to what is it due? If the health of its different localities can be made doubly sure by the adoption of proper sanitary methods, it will be the best advertisement to increase the number of visitors, and the cost of the improvements made in the outhouses of the houses on the bank, either at the cost of their owners or by taxation when a more comprehensive system shall be adopted, will be hardly felt, and the benefits will be permanent.

I do not like to see Capt. Clapp in mental depression for fear it may become chronic. "Let him take heart o' grace." His little house on the bank "is a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and though it is old, I think he could sell it today for $1200, whereas, in the '70's it is doubtful if he could have disposed of it with its furniture for a quarter of that sum. This increased value is all because summer visitors have created a demand for dwellings on the bank; and that Siasconset has advanced in prosperity and population, is very largely due to the existence of the despised little railroad which carries us to and from the town and cures us of torpidity of the liver.

I do hope that Capt. Clapp will "brace up", and "cast that shadow from his brow."

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1889.

Inq & M. Jan 4/90

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

The Critic Criticized.

Mr. Editor:

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Reading your last Saturday's paper I was more than pleased to find a communication signed JOSEPH W. CLAPP, and doubly gratified to find the sanitary condition of Siasconset made the theme of the article. It appears that a committee of gentlemen interested in the prosperity and health-giving qualities of the ancient village, employed civil engineers, at their own expense, to make examination of the sanitary condition of Siasconset; and that the gentlemen experts so employed have made a report to the committee. It was this report that Joseph William Clapp has seen fit to criticize, and it is Joseph William Clapp's criticism that will here and now be criticized.

After using such phrases as "hireling ex-pe..., "sa... "smelling savans," "Flora McFlimseys," wel... smellers," etc., in designation of the ... at Siasconset during the summer season, Joseph William Clapp can have no claim to any different consideration from the critic who here assays to analyze the article in question, and the motives which actuated it, and the personality of the actuary.

If there is anywhere in Nantucket a scarred and battered, cut-in-the-ring, chronic grumbler, without benefit of Schenck's pills, Joseph William Clapp is that man. He has systematically opposed every movement looking to the development of the resources of Nantucket as a watering place, with two single exceptions, viz; the care of the village pump at Siasconset by the town, which saves assessments on the property owners to keep it in repair; and the building of an electric road to Siasconset by exclusively foreign capital, which proposes to carry passengers for half the fare the other road charges. The village pump scheme was an economical one, generally acquiesced in, but there is just as much necessity for another railroad to Siasconset as there is for another Custom House for the port of Nantucket. And this is the character of the man who criticizes the efforts of respectable citizens of Siasconset who seek to avert danger and disease by timely examination of the sanitary condition of the village. If a company should be formed of exclusively foreign capital to repair all the sidewalks about town, without assessment on the abutters, I think I know one man who would be among the first to call for an improvement of his sidewalk. This sanitary improvement of Siasconset must of necessity cost something, and Joseph William reverses the Eastern maxim so that it may read: "Things which cost nothing are worth everything."

I have read the report of the sanitary engineers made to the committee, consisting of E. F. Underhill, J. W. Smith, J. O. Wilson, R. B. Coffin and Charles Pitman; and it commends itself to my deliberative judgment as worthy of most earnest consideration by every person owning property at Siasconset. With such a system of sewerage every house in the village would be enhanced in value. Joseph Watson speaks of the houses occupied by the "humble people to the manor born," as being free from filth "with but few exceptions." It is the exceptions that need looking after. No doubt there was a time in the history of Siasconset, when all the water used in a dwelling was brought from the village pump in a leaky quart pot, that cesspools were unnecessary. But that hour has passed; the great clock of time has sounded a new alarm, and the thoughtful people will profit by the change. Not a dwelling exists, either in the old village or outside of it, that will not be rendered more desirable for a summer residence if the proper sanitary regulations are instituted; and it is not the part of wisdom to await the grip of any fell epidemic, before the subject is well considered.

The committee are entitled to the thanks of every summer resident at Siasconset for their timely consideration of a subject the importance of which cannot be overestimated. Every property owner, not including cranks and constitutional obstructionists, will share in the general approval of the project. How the improvement can be most satisfactorily constructed will require further consideration. My personal preference would be for the sewer to be constructed by private parties, under the Public Statutes, enough coming into the agreement to keep the price reasonable. Then as fast as others desire to avail themselves of it they could do so by paying for the privilege.

MODERN COTTAGER.

Inq. + Mirr Jan 11/90

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For The Inquirer and Mirror.

1.

Mr. Editor:

I had not thought that I should have occasion to answer two different articles on the matter that I thought fit to notice in your former issue, namely, the unfairness of the proposition to sewer at an expense of $1500, to commence with, what is termed the old village of 'Sconset. "*Modern Cottager*" comes out in this article about as he usually does in every performance that he undertakes, with invective and statements that are not correct. Firstly, I never have expressed any opinion how the 'Sconset pump should be cared for, and have ever, while a resident of the village, cheerfully paid, whenever called on, for such repairs. So that whether the town assumes the care of such matters, really has given me very little concern. Secondly, I was in favor of the electric road to 'Sconset, though it has no bearing on this matter, having no doubt that it would be a safer, better-cared-for arrangement to proceed to 'Sconset by, than the poor old affair that we have been of late using. I also believe that our people travelling on the road, have paid for more than they would be required to on the new one; and furthermore are not asked to take stock in the concern, which I imagine, both stock and bondholders in the old road would really be very much pleased, as the result has proven to this date, had they kept entirely clear of it. The allusion to the new alarm clock of time, et cetera, is nice, but does not strike me as bearing especially on the matter. My idea was that the Old Village ever was and ever has been kept as clean and nice, by its native occupants, also by many of our summer visitors, many of whom are by all means as desirable acquaintances, and as pleasant, agreeable people as I ever met—and among them are some of my most intimate personal friends. My allusion to the people who are dirty about their premises, abusive in every way, so far as care of property rented to them is concerned, is I think, entirely correct; and I really view it as a hardship to entertain any idea of a proposition to sewer the old village, merely because a very few thoughtless, indifferent people, are uncleanly. Why should there be any trouble in removing any offensive matter at any suitable time without all the ponderous labors and wearisome efforts of a committee, which bring home a report that the field of operation should begin about 200 feet south of the Hamlet property, of course exempting that closely-built portion of the village as well as the adjacent property, as far, about, as Mr. Crosby's store, or nearly there, and as I understand it, continuing to the south end of the village. Well, I am not much surprised at anything that may happen in these days. I should think, with common care in removing the offal from the public houses and private dwellings, all might be readily accomplished, without saddling on this town the cruel and unwarrantable expense called for in the submitted estimate. I should think it very hard if residing for six or eight weeks in Boston or New York, where there are certainly all the various troubles complained of, in full bloom, were the city authorities to get out a schedule of expensive matters to amend the cleaner portion of the city, and leave the dirtier. The whole affair is already tediously strained, and I have throughout, kept to my original topic—the uselessness of incurring a great expense in the old village, when ordinary care will answer to make it all that is desirable. As to my chronic grumbling, and the other allusions so happily put by "Modern Cottager," knowing the party quite well, I feel that it were of little use to reply to that sort of thing, as it really has no bearing on what I have said in my article, not one word of which would I alter, believing it to be entirely true. I have no desire to continue this matter further, but will add, that all these proposed reforms are harder to bear on the greater part of our community, than perhaps they would have been in the quaint, simple days of our ancestors, who, after all, by toil, industry and reasonable economy, made the town and village quite endurable as a residing place; and the opinions may, and will differ in these matters. They were to my judgment as a race of people, in evey respect, correct in their ideas of the public welfare. They are gone, even their immediate posterity are aged, and so far as I can see, each and every step and device is being taken to add to the taxes and expenses of about, say for argument's sake, 2000 of our permanent residents, leaving perhaps a balance of some 14 or 15 hundred who are in each and every channel of trade, benefited by this visiting business. To bear this burden in the main, in a town with very little remunerative business for the greater portion of the year, and a community who for the more part are not increasing in wealth—well might Dr. Franklin say: "Larger boats may venture more, but little boats best keep near shore."

"Modern Cottager" styles me a chronic grumbler, opposing every movement developing the resources of Nantucket. Now I may not see everything as M. C. does, but not being entirely devoid of sense, I know that the visitors are of great benefit to our home in many ways. All, I think, know that fact; there can be no duubt of it. But really, if we are to be called on to revolutionize everything, pay for everything, to suit the whim of parties that I have frequently heard speak of these matters very smoothly, many of the ablest talkers not owning a nail or shingle on the island, it occurs to me that our conservative people, the elders who have to economize every way owing to our decline and decay, to live decently, and our young men, many of whom I notice with pleasure, erecting houses to live in, with a hope for a happy future, all parties should reflect before rushing into the many fantastic and expensive whims, mooted in our midst, all of which must increase the load that plenty of our people find quite hard to carry. Thanking you for your courtesy, and scarcely expecting my ideas in these so-called progressive days to be popular,

with those who have all to win and naught to lose, I close with this hope, that all will as far as possible, take reasonable care of their own obnoxious matters, and not saddle the load on those who have striven to thus do, and who as a rule, will continue to in future.

J. W. CLAPP.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

2.

Mr. Editor:

In reading over the remarks of Edward F. Underhill, Esq., who for many year I have considered a very intimate personal friend, not only of myself, but of my entire family, not excepting those that have gone away from this sphere, I find that in many respects we differ on a certain subject, wherein with my feeble train of thought I assume there is no actual help for the difference. Knowing this—that if Mr. U. does not view matters as doth Mr. C., all that is provent is that C. differs from U., our personal relations need not be strained thereby, and I thank him for his courteous letter—couched in different language from Modest Cottager's. I can only say as regards my entire knowledge of Mr. Underhill, and it has ever been a pleasant matter to me, as Burns said of Maxwell: "Then Maxwell sleeps, the poor man weeps, but canting bigots blamed. But with such as He, where'er He be, may I be saved or damned."

Mr. Underhill tells many truths in his article and on many points is very accurate in my feeble opinion, and yet we differ in our estimate of some of his assertions. Now as I have some other cares, I have thought well to write him my views on that difference, as I do not care specially to fill the columns of the MIRROR with such differences, thereby invoking such an anathema as Modest Cottager saw fit to bestow. The fact is, on Nantucket, we are all known, and every one has his friends, and if of any status whatever, a fair proportion of enemies. That being the case, I think everywhere, I have concluded to write my friend, and it will not be the first letter that I have written him, and probably not the last. I am not generally considered a vain man and by no means one desirous to see my name in print. But I think when my friend receives my letter he will understand my ideas better than Modest Cottager does. My only views as expressed in my communication were to arouse a reasonable spirit of cleanliness among certain parties renting and using certain houses in and about the old village; the orderly, cleanly persons cannot be offended thereat, and I very little care for the opinion of the other class. A complete system of cleansing whatever imperfections may exist, is I think within every person's reach without any fearful outlay, and I am of the opinion yet that the true friends of my native town are those who do not seek to add to the load that the majority have to carry. I think my motive has been a good one. If warped and misinterpreted I cannot help it; and with this remark, thanking you for your courtesy, I withdraw my attention, to renew it on some more agreeable subject.

J. W. CLAPP.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

3.

Mr. Editor:

Now that I am about to withdraw from the discussion of the subject of sewering the old village of 'Sconset, said affair to commence with a 6-inch sewer laid in Shell street, and another in Broadway, the head to be placed about 200 feet *south of the Hamlet property* (as the report reads), same statement reading that in the new part of the village (with a *few exceptions*) slops and kitchen wastes are properly taken care of. But in the *Old Village* all is very different, thereby showing that the committee, to say the least, saw things very differently, and also smelt them very differently, than your deponent happeneth to do. Now, while in reading over this valuable report of automatic flush tanks as recommended, and ventilation, with tightly-cemented joints, extending above the roofs, and a numerous lot of other wearisome recommendations, summing up with an outlay of about $1500 to begin with, with a careful addenda, that this is exclusive of house connections, and the value of the land for the disposal field, I must admit, confining myself to the subject, that the whole scheme is to me perfectly amazing, and somewhat bewildering—firstly, from the space included *in extentio*, and secondly, in all candor, for the reason that through my perhaps want of knowledge, I can certainly see, with ordinary care, no sort of need, in the place advised in the report (the old village) for such radical reforms, at the expense of the town of Nantucket; and, of course, as an integral part of the village of 'Sconset. Now, though any idea of mine, in these days of lavish expenditures will be found to possess no value whatever, allow me to state what I think were fairly well; and though not a Solon, nor quite a fool, let's see if we cannot arrive at a solution. Firstly, the cleanly, decorous portion of my townsfolk using houses at 'Sconset, I believe, as stated in my first article, are as cleanly a race of mortals as God looks down on, when His vision is attracted this way; also the decent, respectable portion of our visitors, many of whom are property owners, and nearly all of whom are most reputable persons. None can excel them. Among them are and have been present and absent, many of the most genial, pleasant, honorable people to be met anywhere this side of the grave, and I have never thought differently and so think now, as many, *most*, *even*, are among my personal friends, foremost everyway. Of such I have no fear that they will need to inflict upon this people the care of the matters spoken of aforesaid. My whole desire is to have the other class, the *dirty* house hirers—the objectionable and frequently best-dressed portion of our visitors—those who in the *old village*, and, as I well know, in the new, are indifferent, reckless and careless persons to every interest save their own, well looked after; and I would suggest that at expense of the town (*for that is where everything lands*) a large cart be purchased, and a suitable person employed to remove the daily garbage outside of the village, and also to cover it. Not place it in filthy pig pens, to send its scent everywhere as the wind listeth; and to regulate by law a penalty on all who do not strictly attend to these matters, all of which can be regulated by firstly, individual cleanliness of housekeepers; secondly, by a public conveyance; and rest assured the native islander will, with few exceptions, never be complained of, although I believe as a rule, they will and have ever had a due respect for sanitary laws. As to the recommendation that no hogs should be kept in the village, why not apply the rule to cows, and even hens; they are all irresponsible creatures. The effect of which is ever apparent. So that by banishing all of that sort of animal production, we can, I think, some generations hence, secure to the descendants from abroad a very different state of things than at present—a sort of New Jerusalem. How nice it must be for the exquisite portion of our growling friends,

when they leave old, dirty Nantucket, and filthy 'Sconset and Surfside, to again inhale the pure balmy air of South street, Five Points, Pearl street, and in fact, any of the streets of New York and Brooklyn; or, in fact, any of the larger towns and cities of our continent. And yet, I really have never suffered terribly from the varied scents of many of the largest cities n this world. Finally, let every one be determined to be neat and cleanly, or be compelled to be so, and all will be right enough. I find in the terrible tirade against me by Modern Cottager, a few objections to my article, which I must not quite let go by unnoticed. Firstly, he objects to the "hireling experts." *Dreadful!* I have been all my youthful days somebody's hireling. Secondly, the term "salaried smellers" is objectionable. Now by all that is fair, I do hope that by subscription and otherwise that the gentlemen who attend to this matter have read the parable "A certain sower went forth to sow." Now a smeller would probably go forth to smell, not to sow, or taste. A committee of such persons would by all that is fair, be a committee of men sent out to smell, therefore, as smellers, I see nothing very horrible in that remark, ever assuming they did it well. The "Flora McFlimsy" remark I cannot alter. If M. C. ever read of Flora in *Harper's Magazine*, he will find that she was only an idle, dressy, silly woman, who, with Mrs. Harris, did dress and did walk, and grumble in Paris. There is no record that she was a bad person, only a shoddy, wealthy, idle, fashionable creature. I can't alter my expression of Flora. The next choice morceau, is the chronic grumbler part, "Schenck's pills," "cut in the ring," "opponent of every movement to benefit Nantucket, except pump at village of 'Sconset and electric road." Ye Gods! What bearing on the subject has the pump, electric road, my grumbling, or worse than all, the curious fact that my predecessors chanced to name me Joseph William, instead of Waldo or Walcott (I had a mother and aunt with the two latter additions instead of William. How important!) Next comes a fling as to sidewalks, and Custom Houses. But how much they bear on my subject, alas, my poor, feeble powers of reflection cannot solve. This, Mr. Editor, can only weary you, so with a few remarks, I will close. I thought, perhaps, in opposing this scheme, and some others, that the large conservative element of our dear old island might, perhaps, had I adherents, see matters of retrenchment in a more favorable light, than headlong rushing into utopian schemes of extravagance, which, with all our care, keep growing apace. The future will decide all. As the older residents drop away, and their property is carried off, these grand reforms and improvements must eventually come as a burden on the younger, and for nine months out of the year, we all know about how much there is to warrant reckless expenditures in our midst. Again thanking you for your kindness in extending your columns, I subscribe myself as usual,

JOSEPH W. CLAPP.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

4.

Mr. Editor:

Excuse me. In looking over the ponderous communication of Modest Cottager, I find he has made a mistake, thusly: In his zeal for promulgation of my name, which was signed in full, as it generally is, to aught that I may write or sign, I find this error, which, in event of any future bearing on other subjects more important than smells of various nature, had before withdrawing from this profound topic, better be explained. I am of no known relationship with the *Watsons*. They were only my friends. I knew many of them, as useful people, living correctly and esteemed in this community. I have not the honor to be a Watson. That, unfortunately, appeareth not in my family record, nor in any church record. Alas! I have never been baptised, sprinkled or dipped; have never suffered particularly thus far from the lack of that ordinance. I am simply what I am—neither more or less; but in case I shall contract some debt that I could not well pay (*I have none now, of any nature, in this world*), a note or bill with Watson in it might complicate matters in this profound affair, in all of which, with my conservative ideas, I have been misunderstood by some, or misjudged.

JOSEPH W. CLAPP.

Nantucket Journal Jan 2/90

For the Journal.

The Nantucket Railroad.

No. 1.

When the project for a railroad in Nantucket was first mooted very many of our good people looked upon it as a hugh joke; and even after the track had been graded and ties and rails laid, they tried to laugh it down. The road to Surf Side was completed in 1881. The following year tracks were extended half a mile to the eastward when the hotel had been erected, In 1883 the road went through to Siasconset, and has continued to run ever since to the great advantage of Siasconset, and, possibly the town of Nantucket has derived a share of benefit by supplying the increased number of families with the necessaries of life.

I have noticed that some of the most pronounced opponents of the Nantucket Railroad-those who laughed immoderately at the scheme, and regretted that the ties were cut so short, because, while utterly worthless as ties, they would be too short for fence posts—are now whooping up the electrical railway project, with too evident animus. What has come over the spirit of their dreams?

The service of the railroad is not first-class, it is said by people who once said it could never have any service, and made computations as to the value of the rails as old junk. One of the reasons why the service has not been better is because of the croaking opposition to it by these same persons which impaired its credit naturally; and yet the service has been as good as on any road that is operated only three months out of the year. The road has not been largely patronized by permanent residents of Nantucket. Its patronage has been principally from the summer residents, and the service has been reasonably satisfactory to them. Complaints are only heard from persons who ride out once a year at excursion rates, and some few other persons who have been favored with dead-head tickets. The last season there were no just grounds for complaint from any regular summer resident of Siasconset.

The Railroad Commissioners made due examination of the road. Connections were made with regular steamboats with regularity and precision, and the mails were transported to the satisfaction of the Post Office Department. The spirit which has assailed the Nantucket Railroad is disingenuous and altogether local.

From the report of the Railroad Commissioners for January, 1888, it appears that the amount of capital stock paid in is $95,000, and the number of stockholders, 75. The total gross debt amounts to $77,675.63; while the total property and assets are $173,048.53. The total annual income from all sources was $6,568.55; total expenses, $5,978.65. A record

has been kept of every day's earnings since the road was first started, from which it is plain to be seen that no large profit has yet been possible owing to the great expenses incurred from washouts, &c.

A plan has been prepared for a new location of the road which will be presented to the Legislature as soon as it convenes. This new route will pass in the rear of the several small ponds lying between Weweeder and the Tom Nevers headland from whence it passes on to the beach. The right of way has already been secured, and the route will be far preferable on account of the firmer soil on which the track will be laid, and will no longer be subject to washouts, on this part of the track.

With the Commissioners' report for January, 1888, bofore me I am enabled to make comparisons with other roads, and the showing of the Nantucket Railroad is by no means last nor least on the list.

The injuries to persons and property by street railways for the year, cost $114.-286.66. The number of persons injured, 123; the number killed, 8. Just how the deaths and injuries occurred does not appear, but as only a small number of miles of street railway in Massachusetts are run by steam as the propelling power, the large remainder must be propelled either by horse-power or electricity. And whether any of the accidents were incident to the propelling power does not appear as in the statistics of the steam railroads, hereafter shown.

By reference to the tabulated statement of accidents on steam railroads in Massachusetts for the year ending Sept. 30, 1887, the whole number of persons killed and injured is shown to be 802, of which number 265 proved fatal, and of which latter number only 37 were passengers, 79 being employes, and of the other 149 there were trespassers, 126. But not a single death or injury is reported on all the steam railroads incident to steam as the propelling power, thus showing beyond a cavil that of all the motive agents steam is the safest and under the most thorough control.

This report also gives the number of "train accidents," in the United States during the same period, and not a single accident is there reported as incident to use of steam; and further, that the whole number of deaths in the United States from train accidents was only 621.

To find a death on the railroads traceable to steam as a motive power, it is necessary to go back to the year 1881, when, by the explosion of a locomotive, two employees were killed in Massachusetts. And it will thus appear that for the last eight years no life has been lost upon the Massachusetts railroads incident to the use of steam as a propelling force.

How different the history of electricity as an illuminating and propelling agent. All of the recent tragic deaths caused by electricity have been incident to that force as the primal cause. And all of the numerous accidents and fires caused from the use of electricity have been the immediate result of this death-dealing force which has thus far baffled the electrical experts. It is only requisite to read the different explanations of the Boston fire and the New Bedford fire, as given by different electricians, to be satisfied that they know but little in advance of the multitude concerning the the hidden potential force which will produce death without a second's warning if one comes in uninsulated contact with a metallic show-case, an iron street-grating, or the bell knob of your neighbors door.

Against the Nantucket Railroad, operated with steam, the Selectmen have proposed, so far as they can, to grant a franchise to a rival company, operated by electricity, to run to Siasconset, and this not over the company's way, but over the town's highway, after the town has spent thousands of dollars upon the said road. The prodigality with which the Board has dispensed franchises to corporations is equalled only by the giving of a paving contract to a bidder who was about $300 higher than the lowest. The right to correct the misuse of powers fortunately, resides in the town, and it is to be hoped the right will be exercised at the next annual town meeting.

Nantucket Journal Jan 9/90

Forthe Journal.

The Nantucket Railroad.

No. 2.

The question of electrical railroads occupying the streets of Nantucket being yet an open one, the relation which the Nantucket Railroad sustains to other projected roads is important to the citizens of the island, and one in which they ought to take interest. This railroad obtained its right of way over the public streets which it occupies, (the same being infrequently used by carriages) without opposition. One of the abutters on Whale street, where the survey first located the track, objecting, the route was changed to Candle street. Only at the crossings of the several streets where carriages pass is there ever any annoyance to the travel by carriage, and those places have been known so long, and flagmen being stationed there, the risk to life and property in consequence of such railroad occupancy is certainly reduced to to the minimum chances. No accident has yet occurred at the crossings, although several parties have represented that they came near being struck by the passing train. The fault may have been in the drivers of the carriages taking chances which they ought not to have done.

The Nantucket Railroad having occupied the field and given the best accommodation to the travelling public which its limited capital and unfortunate losses from the frequent disturbance of its tracks by the elements over which it had no control would permit, good faith on the part of the town would not sacrifice the use of other streets by a grant to an irresponsible rival railroad project which seeks only the rights of a franchise

to sell out to any unsuspecting victims it can unload upon. And I have selected my words to express the import of my meaning.

The day for purely disinterested parties to invest capital in a railroad at Nantucket, for the sole benefit of Nantucket, has not yet arrived. The electrical lighting project is a venture, which must inevitably prove a failure, unless it can supply more users of its commodity than at present, and, under the present universal apprehension as to the safety of its use, it is doubtful if its customers will be greatly increased, especially when it is understood that the cost of producing any given quantity of electrical light is far greater than the cost of producing the same quantity of gas light. The present prices charged constitute no guarantee that the same prices will be continued, no more than the former price paid for water was a guarantee against a rise. Beware of corporate power.

The Nantucket Railroad is entitled to a fair consideration from the people whose interests it has served thus far without profit. Generally speaking, the people at large take no interest in enterprises of this kind. They are satisfied if the service is reasonable and at moderate rates. The tariff of prices has been, in my opinion, higher than it should be; and I think a lower rate would insure as large an income. The management has considered the subject at different times, and one year it reduced the rate to twenty-five cents a trip when a large number of trip tickets were taken. This gave to the frequent travellers rides at a reasonable rate, while the patron of a single trip paid more. This plan is adopted on most railroads. It was no sooner put in practice here than purchasers of the cheap tickets commenced speculating on them by selling to transient patrons their low-priced tickets at an advance of ten cents each, whereupon the management shut down on the plan, as it would not consent for its favored patrons to make ten cents on each ride of the less favored, at the expense of the railroad company. No doubt some plan will be devised so that the frequent and resident patrons of the road can be accommodated with cheap rides without interfering with the transient tariff.

That our streets ought not to be further occupied by railroads is potent, from the remonstrance against allowing the right of way through Orange street to the electrical railway company. With but few exceptions the entire street remonstrates against allowing tracks to be laid thereon. But while they object to its running through Orange street it does not appear that they would object to its running through some other street on which they do not reside or own real estate. But what is true of the residents and property owners on Orange street, will be true of the residents and property owners on every other street. And the Electricity may become the motive power of the world, but not this year. I remember when it was thought that caloric would supersede steam, but it never did. And I remember the time when there was the same kind of a craze about it that is now made for electricity. People are prone to take to new inventions and discoveries, and they often pay dear for their experience.

The danger from electricity is so great that the Governor of Massachusetts has raised the question for the Legislature in his recent inaugural address. He says: "The report that the Boston fire was caused by an electrical wire, and the accidents almost daily occurring from the same cause, admonish us that, while electricity has been made so largely subservient to the uses and conveniences of civilization, it is adding to the insecurity of life and property. A. C.

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Nantucket Journal Jan 16/90

The Nantucket Railroad.
No. 3.

The route of the Nantucket Railroad tracks through the streets of Nantucket from the head of the Commercial wharf is through Washington street till it strikes the marsh, whence it proceeds on it own land. This route was granted without objection. The track taking the extreme eastern side of Washington street, there was width enough remaining for carriages to pass without difficulty. When the Electric Railway Co. asked for permission to locate a railway track it designated Orange and Union streets as the route it desired to pass. A large number of the owners of real estate on Orange street remonstrated against it going through that street, and the Selectmen voted that it should not go through. Union street then being the only other street named in the original petition, a supplement petition was presented asking for the right of way through Washington street or any other route the Selectmen might designate. A remonstrance more nearly unanimous than the one against Orange street was presented against the use of Union street, by the owners of real estate and occupants thereof. And against the use of Washington street the remonstrance was unanimous with one single exception—that exception being the heirs of an estate not resident on the island.

The supplement petition required the Selectmen to advertise a hearing. The hearing was held last Friday evening, at which the remonstrants against Washington street presented their remonstrance. Remonstrances against Orange and Union streets were also presented. But as Orange street had already been acted upon, (as I am informed the records show,) only Union and Washington streets were open for consideration, and the Selectmen determined to grant the right of way through Washington street.

This action is most remarkable because it is against the remonstrance of every person owning estate abutting on that street, (with the single exception of the absent heirs to one lot,) and at the request of a company of non-residents, (except as enough single share Nantucketers were included in the company to make it po sible to organize here). Still more unaccountable is the action of the Selectmen when it is remembered that they called a meeting of the town to see what expression the town would make on the general question of granting the right of way to an electrical railway company to go through our streets, and the town at a regularly called town meeting voted against the electrical railway in general.

If the Selectmen did not intend to be governed by the clearly expressed will of the majority at their called town meeting, why did they put the town to the expense of a town meeting? Why was the hour for the meeting changed from afternoon to evening to accommodate the non-resident friends of the electrical railway? Why have members of the board of Selectmen manifested so great an interest in this non resident company, and so little consideration for the tax-paying interests of Nantucket? Why did the full Board of Selectmen attend a seance of the representatives of the electrical company at the Springfield House *and smoke a cigar*? [And was it not a little fortuitous that, while the electrical magnates were proclaiming the beauties of electricity around the festive circle, the electrical lights should go out. But then it was only an overheating of the crank or linch-pin which disarranged the dynamo.]

Now as to the rights of the abutters on Washington street it is safe to say, there being no urgency for another railway along its route from the head of the Commercial wharf to the marsh, the action of the Selectmen in granting the right of way, thereby creating double tracks of rival companies, and making the pass of carriages impossible, is a stupid blunder. So far as this action interferes with, and was intended to interfere with, the rights of the Nantucket Railway Co. along this route, the merits of the case are well understood. Nevertheless, such action will find no parallel in the history of railroad franchises; neither will it find a parallel in the history of Boards of Selectmen in other parts of the Commonwealth. It can find its parallel only in Nantucket, and that only within the few years that a majority of the present Board have officiated. This action smacks of the police regulations which instructed the police to tell a drunken man three times that he must go home. It partakes of the conduct of the Board in asking its legal adviser how it could pay an illegal bill. It coincides with the making of a draft as County Commissioners to pay an officer of the town an illegal demand. It is consistent with the giving of a contract to a foreign contractor at a higher figure than our own citizens offered to do it for. It is compatible only with "boodle."

As there exists no necessity for another railway in Nantucket; as almost the entire population in that quarter of the town through which the electrical railway proposed to run—the third fire district—has protested against it by their several remonstrances; as the town voted against it; as only non-residents are to be benefitetd by it; as the method of propulsion is yet in its danger period, and electricians themselves are unable to account for its many freaks and constantly occurring accidents; as the Nantucket Railway Co., occupying the field has, given reasonable satisfaction to the passengers and traffic between Nantucket and Siasconset, the action of the Selectmen is certainly past comprehension, except as above indicated.

The remedy is in the hands of the voters of the town. If the voters approve of such action they will have an opportunity to signify their approval. If they prefer to have public servants who will respect the public will they will have opportunity to substitute others in the places of the present Board. By a union of all interested in opposing an electrical railway, the scheme can be defeated and a creditable board of Selectmen chosen. Unless other events call for further consideration, Finis.

A. C.

The Nantucket Journal

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1890.

The Electric R. R. Franchise.

The action of the Selectmen in granting the Electric R. R. Co. a right of way through Washington street, despite the remonstrance against the same, is denounced or commended accordidg to the standpoint from which it may be viewed, as in fact is their entire action in the matter of street and electric railways and the numerous petitions and remonstrances relative thereto upon which they have been called to decide the past month. Their having granted the company a right of way from a given point in town to Siasconset would have been but a farce had they denied them the privilge of reaching that point, and the only available routes, were through Orange, Union and Washington streets. Against all three there were strong remonstrances, but the latter route, while the least desirable to the company seemed the least objectionable as far as public interests were concerned. Washington street is but sparsely settled, a large portion of it lying between open pasture fields on one side and the harbor shore on the other. Again through that portion occupied by the Nantucket R. R. there is an average space most of the way from 30 to 35 feet between the railroad track and the fence, or double the width of

Union and Orange streets in many places, while both the latter streets are thickly settled. To be sure there are two or three narrow places which present obstacles, but these the petitioning road will have to devise means of surmounting.

Regarding the right of way granted to 'Sconset the milestone road is laid out 100 feet wide to the 6th milestone. Thence it narrows to 50 feet, until it enters the village. One of the conditions in granting 9 feet on the extreme south side of the road will be that the R. R. Co. shall level off and maintain to the satisfaction of the Board of Selectmen a driveway 30 feet wide on the extreme north side of the road.

Inquirer & Mirror Jan 25/90

WILL GO THROUGH UNION STREET.—The Selectmen, at their Wednesday evening meeting, after a lengthy session, voted in favor of granting right of way through Union street to the electric street railway company.

Inquirer & Mirror Jan 25/90

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

I have read the four synoptic gospels of the apostle Joseph, translated out of the original Nantucket. They draw their inspiration from the lamentations of Jeremiah, and came to my soul redolent with the mould of the middle ages. Joseph was one who went down to the sea in ships, and has a vigor of statement that characterizes youth, but a youth that was born old and looks admiringly at the retrospect, unconscious of the fact that we are hustling forward in a live age and not existing in a period of dry rot. Next to the prophet Wilhelmus Baxterus the charioteer (whose call to me as one of the unconverted I shall never forget), the apostle Joseph was my earliest friend whose acquaintance I made on Nantucket—to me the half way house to Elysium. It does grieve me that he will borrow trouble, and I am going to lift him out of the slough of despond or perish in the effort!

For nearly 200 years nobody seriously thought that Siasconset would be a popular resort. It has come to be within the last ten years. Its primitive dwellings, begun by long-forgotten projectors, were added to until all the available ground about each was covered, and to-day the houses are in some cases not more than two feet apart. They were built for temporary occupancy during the fishing season or for a visit of but a few days by their owners in town, with no thought that the time would come when they would be occupied by strangers and that the village would so increase as to teem in summer with a population of near 2,000 souls. With the enormous increase of wealth in the United States within the past generation, there are a large number of families from the interior who seek a residence during the summer to breathe the wholesome air of the seaside. I have no idea that the Lord will make any more shore land on our coast for several years to come. When Nantucket Island was completed, he rested. From Bar Harbor to Old Point Comfort there is no place the equal of our Island, in respect to the beauties of which, Wyer's exquisite poetic tribute does not exaggerate. Elsewhere on the coast, summer resorts have been built up, with populations in some instances amounting to scores of thousands, and the surrounding districts have been enriched by the patronage. Atlantic City in New Jersey has a resident population of 10,000, and a summer population of 80,000. I saw its beginning late in the fifties on a beach possessing no better advantages than the fringe of sand that fronts the bank at 'Sconset. Gravel and loam were brought at an enormous expense to make a site for a city. From the beginning care was taken to provide for proper drainage. Other places were projected on Long Island and the Jersey shores. They possessed advantages which attracted visitors. Scores of cottages were built, but the places outgrew the methods to ensure the health of residents. In the natural course of events diphtheria or typhoid fever, or both were developed, and their presence was followed by a hegira of transient guests at hotels and boarding houses, and in many instances by the departure of cottagers. The facts were given to the world in the newspapers, and in some instances the places have never recovered the prosperity they once enjoyed.

Last year a gentleman informed me that in the columns of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, a journal printed in this city, which circulates largely among wealthy people, was an article which was pointed at the defective drainage that menaced Siasconset. I looked over the files and found the article in the issue of June 1st. Under the head of "Causes of Unhealthy Summer Resorts," the writer says:

"The people think that it is the water that causes all the trouble. It is not the water but the contamination of the soil. Take, for example, one of the most popular resorts on the Massachusetts coast where a little collection of fishermen's cottages huddled together, have come into great demand as seaside residences for city people. In the winter the population does not number fifty. Last August (1888) there were more than 1500 summer visitors. There was no system of drainage for these cottages, which were so close as to elbow one another. The beautiful fresh seabreezes and the sandy soil have proved sufficient to do the work of scavengering up to this time. But the time is not far distant, (unless a reform is instituted) when typhoid fever will be a trophy carried back from the summer trip which will shortly efface the beautiful memories of ocean waves dashing on the sandy beach and glorious sunsets over picturesque moors."

The language clearly points to Siasconset. In time it may prove to be prophetic. Under any circumstances, it is not pleasant reading. Foresight is better than hindsight. I did not originate the movement which resulted in the employment of Messrs. Waring, Chapman and Farquhar to make an investigation into the sanitary condition of the village. I was not informed until the noon of the day on which the meeting was held, that it had been called. I was startled by the statements made by Prof. Norton, of the Boston Institute of Technology, Prof. Wilder, of Cornell University, President Taylor, of Vassar College, Prof. Harrison Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. D. W. Burgess and others, of facts which I was not aware existed. An examination of my own property, in the light of facts then discussed, satisfied me that I was, to some extent, a sinner, and I determined that those about me should not have their health endangered by defects in drainage that I can cure. Against my wishes, I was put on the committee, and at its head, and Mr. Robert B. Coffin and myself have held the laboring oars. The meeting did wisely in authorizing the committee to memorialize the town for an appropriation to pay for a resident health and police officer during the summer season, to see that the rules of the board of health are enforced. Mr. Gray's jurisdiction covers too great a territory. It is as much as one conscientious and vigorous health officer can efficiently do, to look after the condition of things in town, even with the aid of a half dozen police officers. There is enough for one man to do for three months at Siasconset as a health officer and to do general police duty.

But my friend Capt. Clapp is making a mountain out of a mole hill. The committee appointed by the residents at 'Sconset secured the

best advice they could in reference to what should be done to insure the continued wholesomeness of the place. Whether the recommendations of the eminent gentlemen for a system of sewerage are practicable is a question for discussion at a time when all parties in interest can be heard.

But suppose that the town should vote to expend $1500 in accordance with the estimate of the engineers for sewerage at Siasconset, let us see to what extent Capt. Clapp's bank account will be depleted thereby. For convenience we will suppose that, in the ordinary course, the tax ~~rate~~ for 1890 will be $30,000, though it will probably be short of that sum. Add $1500 as the cost of the sewerage recommended, and the increase of taxes will be five per cent. to be wrung from the impoverished property owners by that fiercest of tax gatherers, Capt. Starbuck, who will never take no for an answer. I do not know what Capt. Clapp's taxes will be this year, but I find in the printed report of 1886, that he paid that year $3 on property assessed at $300. I hope that by the enormous increase of his income through the grace of Grover I., (whom we, as good Democrats, both admire,) and by the favor of Benjamin I., (whom we both must tolerate,) Capt. Clapp will this year be assessed $4, which he will be willing to render unto Cæsar, instead of $3, four years ago. If, perchance, the town shall vote $1500 for Siasconset sewerage, then my friend's taxes will be increased five per cent., equal to TWENTY CENTS in addition to the $4, which the inexorable Starbuck will make him pay into the coffers of the town!

And has it come to this? Great Heavens! Twenty whole cents taken by force and arms from my friend Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, in a single year, that the village in which he owns property may be improved in its sanitary condition and its popularity continued as a seaside resort? Is it this gloomy possibility that has made my friend's life wretched with the perturbations of sadness by day, only to be followed by horrid visions in his dreams at night, and has caused him to pour out his soul in the four gospels of the new dispensation printed for the first time in Saturday's INQUIRER AND MIRROR of the 11th.

It goes without saying that I do not want to see my old friend in this morbid condition of mind. There is another aspect in which he can look at the matter of his increased tax. Establish a proper system of drainage in Siasconset, and that enormous twenty cents that he must contribute towards the expense will compound in the increased value of his property at the rate of 50 per cent. a year, during his declining years, and his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns will rise up and call him blessed. The least that the town at the coming meeting can do is to make an appropriation for the compensation of a health officer to reside in the village. If I recollect aright, 'Sconset property owners pay taxes to the amount of $1,500. How much of that sum is laid out for the benefit of the village? There is each year a reluctant appropriation for a few street lamps in the old village, while south of the gulley and north of the head of Broadway, there is not enough of light to make darkness visible. A school is maintained to the advantage of the children. Some years ago several thousand dollars donated by Mr. Charles O'Conor were devoted to making a good road eleven miles long between town and the village, when 'Sconset people wanted a road four miles shorter improved. Each year a small sum is appropriated to improve the old road. It is done in the interest of the Society to Discourage Profanity among Teamsters. But the fact remains, that not more than two-thirds of the taxes paid by 'Sconset is used for its interests, and I doubt if that much.

The boom that Siasconset is having will not be confined to its limits. In the lives of many now in middle age, houses will stud the entire shore from Wauwinet to the Life Saving Station, and the shore lines of the inner harbor, and the north and south shores to the westward of the town, to Madequet. A gentleman who passed last summer at Siasconset, and has travelled in all parts of America and Europe—a practical and sagacious man of affairs—stated to me that there is no place on the continent comparable to Nantucket Island as a health-giving summer resort, and that the time would come when it would have a summer population of 200,000 souls. I think he is over sanguine. ~~in his ideas.~~ But divide his estimate by four and what is the significance of 50,000 people to entertain, and 50,000 mouths to feed during the three months of the year as affecting the prosperity of the Island? The town authorities should see to it that ~~our~~ favored spot have no set-back by a neglect of those precautions which experience has shown to be necessary to maintain the health of its residents. If this be done, Capt. Clapp and I, young fellows though we be now, will discuss in our old age the affairs of church and state, and his words will scintillate more brilliantly with the wisdom that will surely come from the friction of ~~the~~ criticism ~~of~~ one who cannot always agree with him, though his friend ever. EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

New York, January 15, 1890.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

The Critic Criticized Again.

Mr. Editor:

"Laugh when I laugh. I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game."
—*Byron.*

"Night hung low" on the placid bosom of the harbor and calm were the waters between docks when the Custom House glim was doused, on Friday night, three weeks ago, after Joseph W. Clapp had read aloud, with copious interpolations and feigned indifference, the story of "The Critic Criticized," in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

Joseph Waldo had determined to write once more on the sanitation of Siasconset, if the newspaper editor would give him space; and, having been assured that he could have all the space he desired, he retired to the seclusion of the "high office" under a heavy mental strain, lighted his taper, and commenced slinging the official ink in a very unofficial style, so that in a short time he had spoiled considerable fair white paper. "The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse." Joseph, without pain or labor, brought forth a scripture (in four parts) devoted to "Modern Cottager," "Edward F. Underhill," "The Hamlet," "Old Village," and "Joseph Walcott Waldo William Clapp, without any Watson." There were nine parts Clapp to one of the other ingredients—a flux of words with *la grippe* of sentiment—a heap of washings to small pannings.

Not alone did Joseph wrestle with the theme of Siasconset's sanitation. He received much volumee advice and boundless sympathy all along the line of his daily walks. And whenever a new idea was broached to him that struck his fancy, or a bright thought dawned upon him, he reduced it to writing, for had not the accommodating editor promised him all the space he desired to reply to his critics. In this way four articles—two signed "J W. Clapp," and two signed "Joseph W. Clapp,"—were produced in attenuated elongation, to the extent of nearly three columns.

A learned scientist once remarked that whenever he desired to produce a perfect vacuum in his mind he read Capt. Marryat's novels until the result was obtained. Avaunt Capt. Marryat! To the fore, Joseph Walcott! Henceforth the perfect vacuum business is monopolized.

If the prolific author of three columns (in four parts) had written his second batch of contributions first, and boiled the four parts down into one, he would have found his views somewhat in accord with the recommendations

of the sanitary committee as to the needs of Siasconset. But in the matter of detail as to the remedy, the "large cart," to be provided "at the expense of the town," for the removal of "garbage," as suggested by the sapient critic of the committee's report, would be found more expensive than the committee's recommendations, while effecting only a temporary relief. Whereas the committee, in accordance with the best engineering skill and the most successful and approved sanitary experiments in other parts of the world, propose a permament relief, at a moderate expenditure.

But Joseph neutralizes his scattered suggestions of a practical turn as to the proper sanitation of Siasconset in his second scripture in four parts, by explanations and apologies for his first scripture in one part. A compilation of the several literary contributions of Joseph in five parts, with the directions for the use of Schenck's pills as a key to the same, would prove mighty entertaining reading for feeble-minded youth.

Here is a digest of it: "There is no filth at 'Sconset. The filth at 'Sconset should be removed at the town's expense. The old village is not as filthy as the new parts. Only filthy people need their premises looked after. No filthy people ever come to 'Sconset. Smellers are very much needed. There is nothing to smell at 'Sconset. The old pump is good enough. A garbage cart is a necessity. Flora McFlimsy has been at 'Sconset. Only sensible people come to 'Sconset. Taxes are burdensome. Mr. Underhill is my friend. Mr. Underhill knows nothing about 'Sconset. I have never been sprinkled. Am not a Solon nor quite a fool," etc., etc.

The proper regard for the sanitary improvement of Siasconset is commendable, and the committee has done a valuable service in calling the attention of the people to its defects, and the remedy therefor. Joseph W Clapp's criticism of the report was unkind, ungentlemanly, undignified, and the slang phrases applied to the committee and the summer sojourners at the ancient village was an exhibition of coarseness and vulgarity that demanded a rebuke at the hands of some one. If the rebuke has been sufficient, and the three column explanations satisfactory to the parties interested, it may be well. But no such diatribes can be permitted to go unnoticed, less the uninformed reader might suppose the islanders were made up of such smallness.

MODERN COTTAGER.

Nantucket, Jan. 11, 1890.

Inq and Mirror Jan 4/90

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

My Isle of Dreams.

Afar from the strife
Of the worldly life
Lies the Isle that my boyhood knew;
By each sandy cape
Her hammock shape
Is swung o'er the ocean's blue.

Secure from harms
She stretcheth her arms
To the weary ones of earth,
And to all who reach
Her tranquil beach,
She giveth a newer birth.

In her balmy air
Is a perfume rare
As from heavenly gardens blown,
When in summer hours
Troop hosts of flowers
To her moorlands weird and lone.

Like a mirage bright
To my longing sight,
Illumed by the sun's last beams,
Under glowing skies
The gray town lies,
Enwrapped in its old-time dreams.

My fancy greets
In its silent streets
Each old familiar face;
Sad memories throng
As I stroll along
By each time-worn dwelling-place.

In this realm of dreams
The sunlight seems
To fall with a chastened glow.
And they who dwell
'Neath its magic spell
Dream ever of Long Ago.

The wild surf roars
On the outer shores,
Where it beats on the yielding sands,
And there sounds a moan
In its undertone
As it rolls from distant lands.

God speed my bark
Through the midnight dark,
Till the homeward beacon gleams;
Safe port I'll make,
And refuge take
In my beautiful Isle of Dreams!

H. S. W.

Nantucket, Nov. 17th, 1889.

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Mg. Sun Jan 5/90

Allusion has been made of late to the large sea clam, called the "skimmer," which is found off Nantucket. This is the same as the "skimogue" of the Long Island coast. It is claimed for the Nantucket variety, that it is a migratory bivalve. The Long Island sort does not possess that quality, owing, perhaps, to an environment of leisure, more conducive to a sedentary life. The skimogue combines the flavor of the hard and soft clam, and of the scollop. Only what is called the eye is eaten, a large disk of thick, firm flesh. It is found in quantity only during the winter months, when the beach is frozen hard; then when it is driven on shore, in the heavy storms, it is unable to exercise its most vigorous function; the power to burrow into and disappear almost instantly in the soft, wet sand. When the skimogue is thrown up on the frozen beach the large winter gulls enjoy a feast. For days previous not one of those may be in sight; but so soon as the clams are *en évidence*, they suddenly appear by the hundred. The gulls do not wait for the skimogues to decay in order to banquet on them, but carry them in their bills two or three hundred feet in the air, and drop them on the frozen beach. This breaks the shell and enables the bird to secure its contents. The skimogue is seldom seen in our markets, inasmuch as the opportunity for taking it is rare, and the conditions of the weather are such that it quickly freezes and becomes unfit for food. The most perfect purée ever eaten is made from the skimogue. Its combination of the flavor of the hard and soft clam and of the scollop imparts to the soup an especial delicacy of flavor. The only objection is a slightly sweet taste, which cannot be overcome without impairing the integrity of the dish.

Nantucket Journal July 6-90

Important Real Estate Sale.

Through the real estate agency of Almon T. Mowry, Esq., the entire tract of Coatue and Coskata has been sold to a syndicate of New York gentlemen represented by Messrs. William F. Kidder and Robert Appleton, Jr., of that city, who in connection therewith have also purchased steamer Island Belle. It is rumored that the purchasing syndicate comprises twenty capitalists, each of whom is under agreement to contribute $5,000 for the development of the property. A hotel and number of cottages are to be erected the coming season. An avenue 100 feet wide will run through the centre and entire length of Coatue, with building lots staked off on either hand to the water's edge. Negotiations are pending with the Electric Light Co. to run a wire across, which it is thought can be done by means of a submarine cable, and as the place is built up it is proposed to have a regular ferry boat, adapted for transporting both passengers and teams, ply to and from town. The operations of this company will be watched with interest, for the development of Coatue simultaneously with Monomy Heights, on the opposite side of the harbor, cannot fail to establish a "boon" in Nantucket lands.

Inquirer + Mirror Feby 8/90

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IMPORTANT REAL ESTATE SALE.—New York parties arrived here last Saturday, representing a syndicate of twenty, and on Monday purchased through A. T. Mowry, real estate agent, the property on Coatue belonging to the Coatue Land Co. The claim is made that a hotel and some twenty cottages are to be commenced immediately. The transfer also includes steamer Island Belle. Among the other improvements said to be contemplated, is a ferry boat, capable of carrying several teams and passengers, and the building of a boulevard a mile or more in length. If one-quarter of all these changes are realized, it will be welcome, and it is the duty of everybody to encourage as much of this sort of thing as possible. The introduction of fresh capital in any enterprise is sure to draw attention, and promotes growth in other directions. We hail with gratification this sale, and wish the purchasers good luck.

Nantucket Journal Feby 6/90

For the Journal.

Street Railway.

By the Public Statutes a "street railway" is a railroad or railway usually operated by animal power, and a "railroad" is a railroad or railway usually operated by steam power. In the construction of the two chapters of the Public Statutes relating to street railroads and street railways, viz: chapters 112 and 113, it is particularly declared that the phrase "railroads and railways" shall include all railroads and railways, whether operated by steam or by animal power, Such construction cannot possibly include any other motive power. In fact, electricity as a motive power was unknown to the world when the statutes were enacted. Since their enactment there has been no general legislation on the subject, but all legislation concerning electricity as a motive power for street railways has been special. Until there is some general legislation conferring upon the board of Selectmen of towns the power to grant the right of way through the streets of a town, no such power exists. Section 39 of Chapter 113, is limited by the construction put upon the terms "railroads and street railways" in Section 1 of Chapter 112. The two chapters must be read together.

A horse railway, as to the abutter, may not be an intrusion on his property rights, where it is so constructed that he sustains no material injury in his use of the highway different from that in which it affects the public generally. Horse railway cars are mere omnibusses on a track. The motive power is the same, their size not much larger, and their speed about the same. Horses are not frightened. The rail used does not materially alter the surface of the street. No increased danger attends their use.

Under the statutes which recite steam as a motive power it is a question of uncertainty whether selectmen may grant the use of a street for street railway purposes without special legislation carrying with it the right to condemn on the principle of eminent domain, because it would be subjecting the street to additional servitude not contemplated by the term "usually operated by animal power." [Lewis on eminent domain, section 125.]

It may be laid down as a principle of law fundamental as the hills that town organizations have no power to grant franchises in the streets without express legislative permission. Where can the selectmen of Nantucket find permission to grant a company the right to use any of the streets of Nantucket for railway purposes with electricity for a motive power?

The whole public has an easement in the street, and, before it can be surrendered to an individual or a corporation, it is necessary that there be express action by the only power that can speak for the whole people—the State. The State has not yet spoken otherwise than by chapters 112 and 113 of the Public Statutes, and that before electricity as a motive power was born. There is a want of legislative power fatal to the use of the streets of Nantucket by an electric railway company. But I trust the electors of Nantucket, at the coming annual town meeting, will so dispose of the whole matter of electric railway by the choice of a board of Selectmen who will so respect the voice of the town that costly expenses of litigation for the town will be avoided, and general safety secured.

A. C.

Inquirer + Mirror Feby 8/90

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

I noticed in the last issue of the Nantucket *Journal* a communication signed A. C., in which the following question was asked: "Where can the Selectmen of Nantucket find permission to grant a company the right to use any of the streets of Nantucket for railway purposes with electricity for a motive power?"

In answer I will quote from Public Statutes, Chapter 113, Section 39: "A street railway company may use such motive power on its tracks as the board of Aldermen of cities, or the Selectmen of towns, through which it is located, may from time to time permit."

N.Y Star, Feby 16-90

The Coateau Bought.

By United Press.

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—It is reported that gentlemen connected with the New York Yacht Club have purchased Coateau, the long and narrow Peninsula lying between Nantucket Harbor and Vineyard Sound. It is said that the club will make it a rendezvous during the yachting season, and that an elegant hotel will be built on it.

Nantucket Journal Feb 13/90

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The Floating Beacons

ON NANTUCKET AND VINEYARD SHOALS.

There is a fatal spot on the coast of Massachusetts, but a few hours' sail from Boston, where many a brave heart and many a gallant ship lie buried in one common grave. The Shoals of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard are known and dreaded by every navigator on the Atlantic seaboard, and among the great number of "missing" vessels recorded at the insurance offices there are doubtless many that have been swallowed up in these treacherous quicksands. It is the common practice of navigators, bound from Southern ports to Boston or other ports on the New England coast, to run into Vineyard Sound and between Gay Head and the island of Cuttyhunk and lie up at Vineyard Haven, Falmouth or Edgartown, rather than take the risk of a passage over the shoals, if there are indications of fog or heavy weather. Providence has, by a law of nature, placed a mark on these dangerous sand bars, which is eternally useful to the mariner. The rapidity of the tides, which sweep along the sides and over the uneven surface of these shoals causes what are termed the tide rips which are in effect breakers, running confusedly together and sometimes of such magnitude as to be dangerous to coasting craft. Nothing can be more terrific and grand in appearance than the pyramids of foam that are piled up on the south shoal of Nantucket after an easterly storm.

The group known as the Nantucket Shoals extend off to seaward from the island of that name, 6 to 20 miles. The group comprises about 50 shoal spots, single and in clusters. They are composed of sand, with depth of 16 to 18ft, at mean low water, and are scattered over an area of 350 square miles. The direction of the current through the group is entirely around the compass at every successive flood and ebb. The velocity of the tide is about three miles an hour, with a rise and fall of nearly 3ft. In common with all parts of the Eastern coast the entire group is enveloped by fog many days at a time. The course from Sandy Hook to the seaward face of Nantucket Shoals is about E. 3-4 N., and thence due north or nearly to a right angle to the mouth of the Kennebec River.

The limited depth of water over the shoals, their number and small size, and the great velocity and ever-changing direction of the currents, in almost every instance running across the shoals, and the prevailing fogs, coupled with the prominent position of the group, will show at the same time the relation these shoals hold to the course of a large portion of the commerce of the country; the great danger to which it is exposed in passing them; the necessity of marking their seaward face: and the extraordinary difficulties which lie in accomplishing so desirable an object. Vessels engaged in the foreign trade approach this locality under reduced sails or steam. The coastwise trade, for the most part, passes between Nantucket and the mainland, and in these contracted waters are found sandbars, rips and currents, which are only second to the great south shoals because they are more accurately lighted and buoyed. Some thirteen light beacons are maintained in or on the coast of Vineyard and Nantucket sounds, besides a large number of important buoys which mark the ends of the lesser obstructions. One-half of these beacons are floating lights, which are indispensable to navigation. This thoroughfare is only rivaled by the English Channel in point of number of vessels that ply through its waters annually, and on no other coast in this country are so many lightboats in use as on the sound side of Cape Cod.

Of all the homeward bound commerce, to that from European ports is the making of Nantucket south shoals of the greatest importance. To fully understand why this is the case, it is only necessary to state that the usual course of this most valuable trade is to make Cape Race, the eastern point of Newfoundland, and then run down the coast inside the Gulf Stream, which, by the jutting out into the ocean off Nantucket and its shoals, he approaches nearest the land. The passing of the shoals is, therefore, a proceeding of great peril, causing a corresponding anxiety to all those engaged in the trade. Nor are the peril and anxiety confined to the navigators of sailing vessels; they are largely shared, notwithstanding the more perfect means of "dead reckoning" in the absence of the usual observations to determine a vessel's position, by those in charge of steamers.

New South (Davis) Shoal is the most seaward of the Nantucket group. It lies out of sight of land, S. by E. 1-2 E., broad off from the island of the same name, 20 miles distant. It is composed of fine white sand. The least depth of water on it at mean low tide is 8ft. The The extent of the shoal within the two fathom curve is 1 1-2 miles. It falls off rapidly into deep water particularly on the seaward side. The nearest harbors to this shoal are, Nantucket 40 miles, Edgartown 42 miles, and Vineyard Haven 46 1-2 miles.

No work of solid character placed on a submerged sand bank at so exposed a point as the South Shoal, were it possible to build one, could long withstand the power of the ocean. Instances are not wanting of beacons founded at positions exposed to the violence of the ocean, which have triumphantly defied its power, among which may be mentioned Eddystone and Minot's. These structures were founded upon a rock, they are less distant from land and a harbor, and open to the sweep of the ocean through a smaller arc. Where it is possible to erect a solid structure on these shoals, it might withstand the direct assaults of the sea, but it would be overthrown by the wasting of the sands,

through the insiduous working of the waves upon the mass. So the government had recourse to a floating light to warn mariners of the hidden dangers.

A lightboat, as these beacons are styled in sea parlance, is a boxy-looking craft devoid of gingerbread work and the graceful lines of a sailing vessel; she is constructed to withstand the ceaseless battering of heavy seas, the crounching of drift ice and the wear and tear of time. As these vessels, when at their stations, generally lie with their bows to the wind, it is impossible to air the hold sufficiently to prevent dry rot in the timbers, and about every five years they require repairs that cost nearly as much as new vessels. They range in size from 100 to 500 tons, the larger ones being placed on the most exposed stations. They vary in cost when ready for sea from $4,000 to $7.000. These lights, however, are never adopted for any situation in which a lighthouse can be built for any reasonable sum, for they are not only driven from their moorings, often when most needed, but in the frequent repairs and in the number of men kept aboard they are two or three times as expensive as lighthouses of the first class. This branch of the lighting service of our country has in times past been very defective, and until quite recently, properly modeled, equipped and moored floating lights were far between. Forty years ago most of the lightboats were kept by men (landsmen) who had farms within their vicinity and who employed others at low wages to attend to their duties, or wholly neglected them.

Nautical men as a rule are now employed to superintend these matters that belong more exclusively to the profession. Floating lights are placed for the convenience and safety of seamen, and none but seafaring men are capable of appreciating the importance of a proper vigilance in the management of these indispensable guides. There are numerous contrivances and modes of communication known only to seamen, by which the masters and pilots may be directed in times of anxiety and danger. The salaries of keepers range from $300 to $600 a year, and the crew and cook receive wages equivalent to those paid at the nearest maritime port. The rations are of the quality used in the navy.

The Nantucket South Shoal lightboat is one of the best on the coast, and the greatest precautions are necessary to keep it anchored over the sandbank it is intended to mark. Of the various instruments employed in anchoring the screw mooring is undoubtedly the surest and best. It is constructed on the principle of a screw, but differs in form; for while the spiral thread makes little more than one turn round its shaft it is extended to a very broad flange, and the hold which it takes on the ground is proportional to its breadth of disk. The method of laying down the mooring is briefly thus: A strong mooring chain is so attached to it as to allow the screw to turn freely without carrying the chain around with it; a powerful iron shaft is then fixed firmly to the upper part of the mooring, which is formed square for that purpose, fitting in the same manner as a key to a watch in winding it up; it is then lowered by the mooring chain, joint after joint being added to the shaft till the mooring has reached ground. Levers are applied to the shaft after the manner of a capstan, and the operation of screwing the mooring into the ground commences. Two boats or barges having been anchored head and stern close alongside each other and the upright shaft rising between them and amidships, men place themselves at the bars and walk from one boat to the other, the two giving a convenient platform. When the screw is firmly imbedded a buoy is shackled to the mooring chain, and the job is complete.

A lightboat must ride easily in a seaway or the heavy pitch and roll will seriously affect the quality of the lights. The severe shocks received in heavy weather are modified by a rope cable attached to the mooring chain, which "gives" instead of bringing the craft up all standing when riding over a running billow. The hawse pipes, through which the cables enter the hull, are cut just below the waterline, enabling the boat to ride more easily than an ordinary sailing craft when exposed to similar conditions.

The vessels are schooner rigged, with short masts which give the lanterns an elevation of 40 feet. A deck house encircles each mast, and in the daytime the lantern is lowered into it for cleaning and filling. There is sufficient space to pass around it and for ventilation from below. At the mastheads are hoop iron balls which serve as day marks. On the forward deck house are the fog bell and whistle, which are used as signals in thick weather, the intervals between the blows or notes indicating the location of the shoal in the stormiest night or densest fog almost as plainly as the letters upon her sides in clear weather.

A suit of sails is bent ready for use in case of disaster or when the boat gets adrift, as she frequently does. There are two crews to each vessel, one of which is always ashore ready to go aboard in case of emergency. For a number of months these men face the ocean in all its moods, and for weeks at a time they have no communication with the mainland, except through the occasional visit of the buoy setter Verbena with headquarters at Wood's Holl. The man who is brave enough to ship on a lightboat in the winter season is courageous indeed. At times the boat is encased in solid ice and the spray freezes as fast as it comes aboard. The stays and rigging become many times their original size, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the lantern windlass and weights are kept in order. For hours during extreme weather the crew pound ice, when the question must must be decided whether the ice be thrown overboard or accumulate and sink the beacon.

Another danger is that of collision. The mooring chain is often paid out several hundred fathoms in times when big seas are running. Perhaps a vessel has been driven to leeward and fouls the

ain. As the heavy hull of the drifting craft presses down upon the cable and drags broadside toward the formidable bow of the pitching lightboat, the latter gathers headway, and the two come together with a crash that opens the planking of the helpless sailing vessel as if an iron steamer had crushed into her. Very likely the blow and strain will part the cable and the lightboat, at the mercy of the gale, is born away from the sinking vessel.

The monotony of this existence is unknown to the man of cities and every day life, yet there are many applications for a berth on the most exposed stations. The chief amusements are basket making, the building of toy boats and card playing, which become very monotonous in a few weeks, and then reading and even fancy work are indulged in.

Cross Rip lightboat, in Vineyard sound is not only invaluable as a beacon, but of immense use as a buoy by day. This station was established in 1861. The floating light on Pollock Rip, off Chatham was established in 1852, and is of great importance to vessels passing north of Cape Cod. Shovelful Shoal lightboat was established in 1852 and marks a very dangerous bar in the path of coastwise commerce. The Handkerchief lightboat is stationed over the dreaded shoal of that name, and was established in 1865. There are floating lights over Succonnesset Shoal and at the western entrance to Vineyard Sound. A number of relief boats are tied up at the Government wharf in Little Harbor, Woods Holl, and in case of repairs upon a boat one of these are substituted, so the light is rarely missing. At the Woods Holl wharf is a large variety of buoys of various kinds under the superintendence of Capt. Gibbs, of the Verbena.—[George S. Hudson, in Forest and Stream.

Nantucket Journal July 27/90

The Coatue "Boom."

EXTENSIVE BUILDING OPERATIONS TO BE COMMENCED AT ONCE.

A statement appeared in one of the leading New York papers a few days since that the Coatue project had been abandoned. So far from such being the fact no such thought has been entertained. One of the syndicate who have purchased "Coatue" has already returned here and was interviewed yesterday by the JOURNAL.

The names of the syndicate, we understand, are W. F. Kidder, 83 John street, New York, Alfred M. Crommelin, 5 Bond street, New York, Charles Heath, Warren street, Newark, Henry W. Richardson, 569 Hudson street, New York, Isaiah Ball, 58 and 60 Worth street, New York, Robert Appleton, Jr., East Orange, N. J., Charles B. Matthews, 219 N. J. R. R. Avenue, Newark, N. J. These gentlemen have also interested 20 other friends who have each agreed to build a house this season. This with the 7 members of the syndicate who will each build one or more houses will make a total of 27 houses that we can rely on being erected forthwith.

It is proposed to run what is called a double-ender ferryboat with suitable slips on each shore. An avenue 75 feet wide will be run from the Coatue slip for a distance of about 2 miles. This will be graded and curbed, and in all probability asphalted. Mr. Underwood has met these gentlemen in a liberal spirit and has agreed to supply "Coatue" with the electric light, so that the avenues, streets and houses will be thoroughly lighted. An efficient water supply has also been provided for.

A large plot of ground has been set aside for a hotel site and 100 bath houses will also be erected on the beach during the next few weeks. As soon as the survey is completed maps of the property can be seen at the offices of all the real estate agents in Nantucket, and we presume that there will be a big demand for building lots on Coatue as there is no better beach on Nantucket island and there is no part of the island that is so free from land breeze as in Coatue.

Annual Town Meeting.

The annual Town Meeting convened at Town Hall on Monday morning, pursuant to the following warrant:

X X X X X

Under Article 41, $50 was appropriated for paving around the old pump at Siasconset.

Under Article 40, $200 was appropriated to maintain a police and health officer at Siasconset during the coming summer.

X X X X

Upon Article 39 a brief discussion ensued relative to appropriating a sum of money for a preliminary survey with reference to a general system of sewerage. Two sums were suggested—$250 and $600, but the whole subject matter was disposed of by indefinite postponement.

X X X X X

The committee appointed to investigate the subject of street lights reported having conferred with the Electric Light Co., and Nantucket Gas Co. The former would furnish any number of arc lights desired at $100 each per year and the same number of incandescent lights as there are now gas lanterns at $1000 per year. The gas company offered to renew their contract of last year. A long and animated discussion ensued, but it was finally voted to light the streets in town and Siasconset in the manner as last year, with the addition that the Siasconset lights be continued one month longer than heretofore.

Inquirer & Mirror Apr 26/90

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(From Mailing)

Appropriations for the remaining departments were then made. We give below the entire list:	
Decoration Day	$125
Quince street	175
Military aid	500
North Beach street	300
Road to Walsh street	200
Paving around 'Sconset Pump	50
Health and Police officer at 'Sconset	200
Highways	3,000
Fire Department	4,815
Hose Carriage, &c	600
Lighting streets	1,000
Night and Evening Watch	2,000
Building Sidewalks	500
Curbing	500
Repairing Sidewalks	500
Schools	6,000
Poor Department	5,500
Lighting 'Sconset streets	160
Salary of Auditors	30
Salary of Street Supt	500
County Expenses	2,500
Contingent Fund	2,500
Indigent Soldiers and Sailors	600
Assessors' Salary	400
Interest on Loans	200
Town Treasurer's Salary	150
Town Clerk's Salary	100
	$33,105

COATUE.—The recent purchasers of Coatue, representatives of whom are now in town, are preparing to commence business as soon as possible in developing their property on the "peninsular." The gentlemen interested are W. F. Kidder, A. M. Crommelin, Robert Appleton, jr., Charles Heath, Henry W. Richardson, Isaiah Ball, Charles B. Matthews. These gentlemen have interested friends who will erect some twenty cottages the present season, making in all about twenty-seven cottages that it is claimed will be built this year. A lookout for a ferry boat is being kept, one that will accommodate seven teams besides the passengers, and a slip will be built at Coatue and another at the Steamboat Company's dock, the Coatue Company having agreed to extend the Steamboat Wharf fifty feet in consideration of the privilege. The water company and electric light company have been approached and agreed to furnish light and water. The two low pieces of ground are to be filled in and graded, an avenue a mile or two in length built with concrete walks, and curbed. A nice club house will be erected near Coskata this season, a piece of land set off for shooting purposes, and stocked with game. When the survey is completed, maps will be issued showing the lay-out of the property. The gentlemen claim that the work they have laid out for will be done, including one hundred bath houses the coming season. If the improvements contemplated are made, Coatue will be a picturesque spot. Mr. Kidder expects to remain in New York about a fortnight on his return, and then come to Nantucket permanently, to superintend the contemplated improvements.

[Reprinted by request.]

THE OLD SEA-KINGS.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE OLD SHIPS.—HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS VESSELS OF THE LAST THREE GENERATIONS.—FATE OF THE CHINA AND INDIA TRADERS.—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF SEA-GOING ENTERPRISE.

Some time ago, an inquiry appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*, signed "A Boston Boy," asking where all the old ships go to, and leaving an inference that, at the present day, they do not last their appointed time, but come to unnatural ends at the expense of the underwriters.

It is very true that it is rare to find a ship sailing the seas more than twenty years; nor do we find many of the bones of these "old sea-kings" lying along our shores. Where, then, do they go? While the tonnage of our sea-going ships has not increased, the number of them must have very much decreased when we consider the greater size of those built within the past thirty years. It is but a few years since the largest ships in the mercantile marine did not exceed 600 tons burthen; while at present the average of sea-going ships is probably near 1000 tons, and many as large as 2000 tons. The Great Republic of 3500 tons, was an exception. Thus the large fleet of steamships have taken the place of the sailing vessels, and seem to be fast driving these jewels from the ocean.

But the inquiry, Where do the old ships go to? is an interesting one; and the writer has some means at his command to partially answer the question. On the discovery of gold in California, it will be remembered that an innumerable crowd of adventurers flocked to its shores, hoping to wash out fortunes from the golden sands. Small, old and cheap ships were sought for, and crowded with passengers, sailed for the blissful land. On arrival within the Golden Gate, the ships were abandoned in haste by their passengers and crews for the mines; and the ships thus left were converted into stores, piers and dwellings, some allowed to decay and wash to pieces about the river and bays, while a part were purchased by the Celestials and broken up for the metal that was in them, the wood being sold to the citizens for fuel, while the metals were shipped to the Celestial empire. Quite a number of these old palaces went in this manner under the writer's eye. During the year 1850 more than a thousand ships were observed in the Bay of San Francisco, a large portion of which never passed without its gates. Many of these had a history worthy of remembrance. There were some of the London, Liverpool and French liners, comprising the famous New York and Havre packets and renowned China ships, with hundreds of others, smaller, but of equal interest, taken from the whale fishery, as well as many others of less note. There was the Cadmus, which brought the patriot Lafayette to this country in 1824, as also a host of others: the Utica, Francis de Pan, Alhambra, Silas Richards, Splendid, Superior, Rome of Salem, Byron, Robin Hood, Charles Carrol, General Jackson and Balance, the two ships taken by James de Wolf's privateer True Blooded Yankee, in the war of 1814. The latter ship was near one hundred years old. They were built in Calcutta, of teak timber, and the Balance had some masts in her which were put into her in Calcutta almost a century before—ninety years. She was named Balance to balance a ship lost by De Wolf a short time before, taken by a British cruiser. There were numbers of old whalers, English and American. The celebrated Lady Amherst, an English whaler of great repute, belonging to Samuel Enderbury & Sons of London, which in six consecutive voyages, with an average time of thirty-four months to each, obtained 16,000 barrels of sperm oil, a catch never equalled by any ship from our own ports.

Among the New England whalers was the ship Equator, which had peculiar interest for the writer of this article, for it was in this ship, and through her intelligent commander that we were introduced to the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, 1824. These were the first missionaries who went to those islands, having been landed there in the spring of 1823 by Capt. Reuben Clasby, then in the ship Thames, of New Haven, Conn.

It was at this time we saw Boston Boy, then only just out of his teens and in command of Mr. Thomas H. Perkins's splendid clipper Nile, of Boston, from China on his way to Peru laden with silks, teas and frankincense—sandal-wood—seeking a market first among the Peruvians, and again back to the Celestials. There were also the Mayflower, Olympia, Martha—a London packet from Nantucket in 1809,—Japan, Elizabeth Starbuck. Franklin, Mount Vernon, Montana—a French packet from New York in 1824,—Henry Astor—one of John Jacob Astor's famed northwest fur-traders to China early in the century,—Ellen Brooks, Deucalion, Hiber-

nia, Ontario and York of the Liverpool packets, Thomas Bennett of Charleston, S. C., Ann McKim, the Baltimore clipper, Architect and Grey Eagle of the same port. The Inez, Kutnsoff and Strelitz, formerly of Boston, traders to St. Petersburg, Memnon, Kensington, Windsor, Fay, Niantic — Goodhue & Co.'s China ship from New York, moved up into the centre of the city and was for a long time a famous hotel, —Minerva, George and Martha, Aurora, Nile, Olive Branch, Friendship—of Salem when she was cut off by the Malays, and for which our government sent out the frigate Potomac under Commadore Downes in 1832, to chastise the natives,— Saratoga, Panthcon, Gold Hunter, John Adams, Rose Rowena, Clematis, Columbus, Ann Parry, Isaac Hicks—for years a Liverpool packet under the charge of Josiah Macy, the now retired merchant of New York, still living in his 87th year,— Mentor, Morrison—built by Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, and one of his tea ships from that port, but more recently the property of Spofford & Tileston of New York,— Lawrens, St. Lawrence, Sabine, Plymouth, Palladium — one of Thorndike's ships of Boston, with scores of others thrown aside, the rage for the pursuit of gold being so great, everything else was deemed and became worthless.

In the "stone blockade" of Charleston, S. C., in 1862, there were sunk a fleet of ships formerly engaged in the whaling business, and before that, many of them in the European trade from the various commercial centres of our country, and not a few in the China trade. Among these were the Garland, Maria Theresa, Harvest, Potomac, Kensington, Leonidas, Amazon, Cossack, Courier, Frances Henrietta, L. C. Richmond, Archer, American, Rebecca Simms (once a China ship belonging to the Quaker merchant, Woodruff Simms, of Philadelphia), and lastly the Herald, almost a century old, and once the pride of Boston. Then the Anglo-rebel privateers destroyed numbers which it is hoped will, ere long, be paid for by "Perfidious Albion." Among the ships burnt by the rebel Semmes was the Alert, once the property of Bryant & Sturgis, of Boston, in the California and San Diego hide trade, commanded by Captain E. H. Faucon, when joined at San Diego by Dana, who gave us those graphic descriptions of sea life from his forecastle. Among the interesting old ships was the Barclay, built in 1796, for William Rotch & Sons, by George Claghorn—the same who built the frigate Constitution (Old Ironsides). The Barclay was gallantly cut out of Callao, from under the guns of the Spanish fortifications in 1813, by Commodore David Porter, then in the United States frigate Essex, with our glorious Farragut, at that time a midshipman under his command. After an eventful career she was broken up at New Bedford in 1864. Also the ship Canada, famous in her day, when in the Liverpool trade, making her passages from New York in from thirteen to sixteen days, when commanded by Captain Seth G. Macy, of Hudson, and delivering General Jackson's messages in Liverpool, as promptly as the steamers do others in these days. This ship was seized by the Brazilian Government, while ashore near Pernambuco, in 1856, and was since paid for, every dollar. Large numbers of noted old ships, when the requirements of commerce demanded those of larger size for transportation of cotton, grain and other merchandise, were transferred to the whaling business, and have since laid their keels in some of the numerous groups of the Pacific seas, or been crushed in the ice of the Arctic floes, or by the leviathan of the sea. Among these we have in mind, the Boston China ship Houqua, long commanded by the gallant Josiah Sturgis of that city, who figured so largely in the government revenue service, and died while on duty, some years ago. This ship was driven ashore and wrecked in the Okotsk Sea in 1851. Then among our own was the Essex, once of Salem, but when lost, of Nantucket,—stove by a huge whale in the Pacific Ocean in November, 1820. Captain Pollard, who commanded her, sailed again in the Two brothers, and in less than five months she a wreck, having struck a reef west of the Sandwich Islands. The ship Harmony (also of Nantucket), Captain Abel Rawson, late in the last century, had a whale breach out of the sea in the night across the deck, breaking in the decks and sinking the ship below the water in a few moments. The crew escaped in the boats just as they came out of their berths, and were picked up by a consort ship, the Leo, and brought home. This is the only case of the kind we have any knowledge of in the experience of all our people for a period of 175 years. The ship Ann Alexander, of New Bedford, was destroyed on the coast of Peru, in August, 1851, in a similar manner to the Essex, and the crew taken off by ship Nantucket, of Nantucket. The whole affair was vividly noticed at the time by the London Punch, in verse.

There is a ship now sailing from Holland, built in 1568, when the Prince of Orange was fighting Philip II. of Spain, then at the zenith of his power. She was sailing to the Indies when the Hollanders organized themselves into the "Beggars of the Sea," and as privateersmen, earned a reputation which astonished the world. This Dutch ship is called the Commissaires des Koming von der Heine. She passed the Cape of Good Hope, October, 1864, from Batavia for Holland, then 594 years old! A few numbers back in the Boston Daily Advertiser, is a notice that the whaleship Rousseau (another of Stephen Girard's ships, built at Philadelphia, in 1801) was then undergoing repairs at New Bedford. Her planking is being removed, the first time for seventy years. The live-oak timbers underneath, are reported to be as sound as they were the day they were first put together. Late in the last century, Mr. Samuel Parkman was closing up his East India business in Boston, and offered his ships then employed to his old captains from here, who had long served him. They purchased the ships Criterion, John Jay, Weymouth, and others. We had no more successful ships than these from our place; and after long service they were broken up at home.

Since the foregoing was written, another fleet of thirty-five sail of ship have disappeared among the ices of the Arctic Ocean, abandoned by their captains and crews, and left to perish and be broken up by the winter storms of that region. The value of the property, ships and cargoes, cannot be much less than two millions of dollars. The coral beds and rocky shores of the Pacific Ocean have made—with those which have foundered at sea—sad havoc in our marine ventures, and in our homes; and with these losses in property and life our people have reason to be reminded that they live near the mutterings of old ocean. I would like to tell your readers of a few of the splendid darling ships we have had, in those that have gone down in the waters and will be seen no more. Among them were the Samuel Russell and Oriental, belonging to the Messrs. Low of New York; the Natchez, belonging to Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall, which made the passage from Hong Kong, China, to New York, in command of Robert S. Waterman, in 78 days, which has never been matched by any other craft, before or since. Land and Dumaresque were among the heroes of the splendid deeds of that day. The record of the old ships might be much extended, but we fear is now as long as your columns and patience will permit.

Some Famous Voyages.

The courteous admission of my communication of Jan. 16, relating to "Some Famous Ships," and the commendatory letters received from some of your subscribers expressing the pleasure they derived from that article, induces me to send you my reminiscences of "Some Famous Voyages" which now occur to me, hoping they may be of much interest to others who, with the writer, remember with just pride these and other American ships and their gallant commanders.

In 1846 Capt. John Land sailed from New York in the celebrated ship Rainbow, with a full cargo of cotton drills, bound for China. The ship encountered a fearful gale when entering the gulf stream, and was thrown on her beam ends. By his own orders Capt. Land was lashed to a gun-carriage near the main rigging, from whence he gave instructions to the crew. When the ship righted she had nine feet of water in her hold. On examination it was discovered that in the confusion attending the hasty despatch of the ship, by the imperative demand of her owners, hatches had not been placed over the main hatchway. It had merely been covered with the usual tarpaulin, duly and carefully battened to the combings. The cargo, which had been wet, was broken out on the voyage, dried and delivered in China in fair condition. This ship with a full cargo of tea, was the first of the fleet to arrive in New York. Capt. Land had the pleasure of personally reporting to her owners the first advices they received from this ship, from the time she sailed from New York, on her outward bound voyage to her return to that port. She was lost off Cape Horn in 1846.

In 1842 Capt. Robert S. Waterman, in the ship Natchez, made a voyage from China to New York in 78 days. In 1849 he walked into the Astor House from the Sea Witch, and reported himself 74 days from Hong Kong. Some of his compeers questioned the truth of this remarkable passage, which had never been performed by any sailing craft, but the sturdy old commander settled all doubts by quietly producing newspapers published in Hong Kong the day on which he sailed.

In 1851 Capt. Creesey, in the Flying Cloud, made the passage from Sandy Hook light to San Francisco in 89 days and 21 hours. On a third voyage he shortened this time by seven hours, and these voyages have never been beaten. One of these clippers, the Flying Cloud, was lost on the Englich coast, and the Sea Witch on the island of Cuba.—*F. C. Sanford, in Boston Advertiser.*

Some Famous Old Ships.

Since my "Reminiscences of Famous Old Ships," to which you gave a place in your esteemed columns, I find I have omitted some which justly ought to have been included in that communication. In 1827, when Cooper wrote the "Red Rover," he laid the scene at Newport, R. I. The young men of that city desired to recognize in a fitting and tangible manner the honor he had conferred thereby on their native city. In the harbor, deeply imbedded in the mud, was the keel of the celebrated ship Endeavor, in which Capt. Cook made his first voyage around the world in 1768-71. At the expiration of that voyage she was freighted with merchandise at London and consigned to Dr. Channing's father of the firm of Gibbs & Channing, merchants of Newport. On her return voyage, while beating out of the harbor, she struck on Brenton's reef, and when hauled off, was so badly damaged that she was condemned and broken up. The keel referred to, of sturdy British oak, from Richmond, or some equally noted park, was exhumed from its long resting place. A piece taken from it was manufactured into a beautiful box, ornamented with a silver plate on which, finely engraved, was a representation of an old ship with only lowermasts and bowsprit standing, over-shadowed with the rays of a gorgeously setting sun. This, bearing the inscription, "To the author of the Red Rover," was sent to Cooper, and duly and appropriately acknowledged. A letter received recently from a son of this eminent American novelist informs me that this box is now in his possession at his home in Albany, N. Y., and cherished as a veritable heirloom from his distinguished father. In 1824 a correspondent wrote:—

When we entered the harbors Cook, Dr. Solander and Sir Joseph Banks had visited, and stood upon the shores on which they had trod, we had with us descriptions and maps of every important place at which they had touched with their ships. Wherever we went we found every headland, shore, river, rock, even the very trees seemingly just as those eminent navigators and scholars had so accurately delineated fifty years before. Nor were the natives but little changed from what they were when these distinguished Europeans were so happily received in all these places now so familiar and well known.

The Centurion, Lord Anson's ship, in which he made his remarkable voyage round the world in 1739-44, built in the time of old Pepys, now lies at the English dockyards in London. She is 175 years old. She is built of white larch (hack-me-tack) and will never decay. One of her anchors lost in the voyage has just been recovered at the Ladrones, and has been on exhibition. The next remarkable ship that comes to mind is the Resolution, in which Capt. Cook was sent by the English government to explore the Australian continent. Capt. Cook was killed at the Sandwich Islands in 1778. This sloop of war, in which he made his third voyage, is now at Alexandria, Egypt, owned and used by the Oriental & Peninsular Steamship Co. as a coal hulk. On his voyage around the world Secretary Seward went on board this famous ship. Lord Nelson's old 74-gun ship Victory, lies at the dockyard on the Thames, just as she returned from her immortal fight. The place where her gallant commander fell is marked by a silver plate bearing appropriate inscriptions. She was built in 1762. Another ship that may be justly claimed to be historic, is the True Love, of Hull, England, noticed in the *Daily Advertiser*, Aug. 25, 1873. She was built at Kensington, now within the present precincts of Philadelphia, in 1764, for parties residing in Hull, and hails from that port at the present time. Reports of her whaling voyages from Hull and Dundee are to be found in the newspapers of 70 or 80 years ago.

The American custom house records, of course, do not contain any account of her, as she was built 12 years before the American Revolution. For 47 years she was employed in whaling in the northern latitudes. I understand that this ship has never required any extensive repairs, and her timbers are as sound as when she came off the stocks, a century and a quarter ago. The ship Maria was built at Scituate, in this state, in 1782. When she came to Nantucket her interior was not finished. Her owners also owned the ship Bedford, which had been laid up seven years. She was immediately thoroughly overhauled and promptly dispatched to London, under the command of Capt. William Mooers, with 488 casks of sperm oil, arriving there Feb. 3, 1783. This ship, as well as her gallant commander, is ever to be remembered as having on this voyage the great honor of first displaying the American flag in England. She was built at Scituate in 1772.

On July 1, 1785, Capt. Mooers took command of the ship Maria, fitted for a whaling voyage, and went to London. After landing Mr. Rotch and his son, he proceeded on his voyage. Mr. Rotch was not well received by the consul, and repaired to France, where a merited and most cordial reception welcomed him. Under command of Capt. Mooers this ship made many successful voyages. In 1785 she was at the Falkland Islands. I have her journal that reports her in 79° S. lat. in 1788. I consider her career very remarkable. She was lost on Vancouver's Island in 1782, being then 90 years old. In conclusion, I refer to two ships with notable records from my own dear island—the Beaver and Dartmouth. After they arrived in Boston from London with their cargoes of tea, which were thrown overboard, Dec. 16, 1773, they proceeded to Nantucket, where, the following spring, they were fitted for sperm whaling. They returned in due time with full cargoes April 4, 1774, the Dartmouth laden with 1800 barrels of sperm oil, sailed from Nantucket for London. On her return voyage she was disabled. Capt. Shubæl Coffin took the entire crew from the sinking vessel and landed them in Boston.—*F. C. Sanford, in Boston Advertiser.*

N.Y. Tribune June 1-90

NANTUCKET WAKING UP.

A NEW RAILROAD TO 'SCONSET AND MANY OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

Nantucket, May 31 (Special).—The outlook for the coming season, according to Nantucket's own prophets, is more than usually encouraging. A hot summer is predicted, times on the main-land have been "main good," and summer visitors are expected to be thicker than honey bees on honeysuckles, and many changes and preparations have been made to increase their comfort and pleasure. The spirit of progress has struck the island in a gigantic wave, and land booms are as numerous as in a new Western metropolis, but the land is much more profitable when invested in. Monomay Heights has attracted the attention of New-York and Boston parties, who, finding the location, just southeast of the town, on the harbor side, one of the most interesting on the island, have already erected half a dozen pretty cottages. Others are in the near future.

A syndicate of New-Yorkers has purchased Coatue, a narrow neck of land, about six miles long, on the northeast side of the island. Mr. Kidder, of New-York, is at the head of the company. It is proposed to buy a ferryboat and run it from the town, half a mile across the harbor, to Coatue Point.

The famous Surf Side Hotel, which was moved from Riverside, on the Providence River, but has been closed for some years, is again to be opened under the management of C. W. Cooper. Mr. Appleton, of Brick Church, N. J., a nephew of one of the publishers, is determined to make it worth while for visitors to stop at Surf Side. The house is being put in the best of order, while experts declare the bathing there the finest about Nantucket, and, owing to the shoals, the safest place for surf bathing.

For months the electric light company has been fighting for a chance to run a railroad. They have the chance, and the next thing is the railroad. It will run along the mile-stone road to Siasconset, and will be one of the greatest improvements that could be made to Nantucket. At 'Sconset more than half the cottages to let are already rented, and this place, which is nowhere surpassed for quaint houses, promises to be crowded by Western people, who find it particularly to their taste.

In town, the Springfield House, which is the most popular with young people, and is the only hotel open all the year 'round, has already a large number of guests, and the house is well engaged for the season. Mr. Mowry, the founder of the house, was one of the most popular hotel men in New-England, owing to his bluff geniality and the common sense which he used in handling guests. His son, Charles A. Mowry, has the same tact, and shows his intention to furnish his guests with everything for comfort. The house has just had electric lights put in. The Nantucket House, under the care of Mr. Tupper, last year's manager; the Sea Cliff Inn, and the Ocean House, where Mrs. Harrison and her sister stopped last year, will all open about July 1.

Mr. Cady, of New-Jersey, and Mr. Schaefer, of Chicago, will occupy their cottages on Brant Point. Mrs. Chase, of Elizabeth, N. J., will come to Captain Swain's house, "Glen Cottage," while Judge Breckinridge, of St. Louis, will be at his house, on the cliffs, which once belonged to O'Conor, the great lawyer. More engagements of houses will be made in the coming two weeks. Hotel keepers are flying around, horse owners are fattening up their steeds for the summer's campaign, "antique" collectors are getting up choice assortments of old china and tall clocks, and there is serious talk of immediate improvements to the roads all over the island.

The

Patchwork Village,

'Sconset

SEASIDE COTTAGES, FULLY FURNISHED, FOR housekeeping, at Siasconset, Nantucket Island; rent $120 to $275; ocean views and surf bathing; no hot days, malaria or mosquitoes. Circulars, DOUBLEDAY, 39 Ann st.

By

The Sea.

PERSPECTIVE VIEWS OF 'SCONSET COTTAGES.

No. 1 Bank Edge.

No. 2 Bank Edge.

No. 3 Bank Edge.

No. 4 Bank Edge.

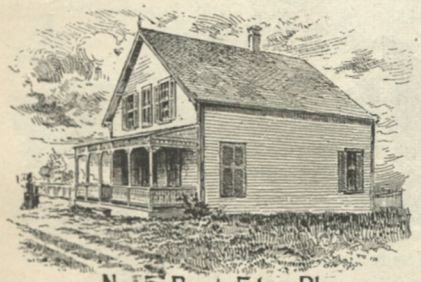
No. 5 Bank Edge.

No. 1 Bank Edge Place.

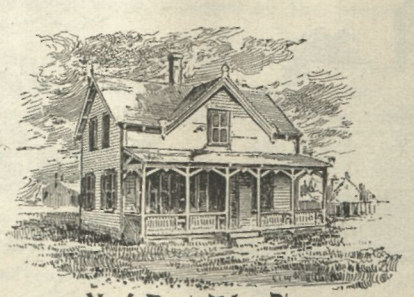
No. 2 Bank Edge Place.

No. 3 Bank Edge Place.

No. 4 Bank Edge Place.



No. 5 Bank Edge Place.



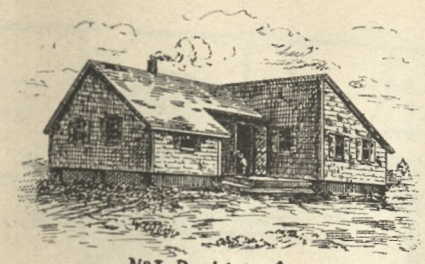
No. 6 Bank Edge Place.

No. 7 Bank Edge Place

No. 8 Bank Edge Place.

Store House

No 2 Pochick Street.

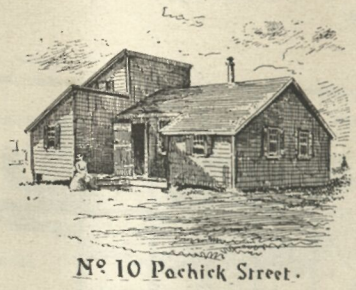


No.3 Pochick Street

No.4 Pochick Street.

No.5 Pochick Street.

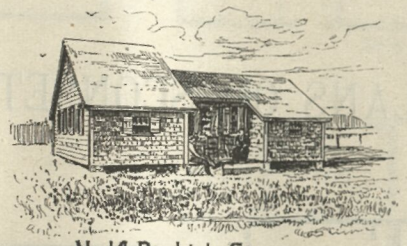
No.8 Pochick Street.



No.10 Pochick Street.

No.11 Pochick Street.

No.13 Pochick Street.



No.14 Pochick Street.

No.1 Evelyn Street.

No.3 Evelyn Street.

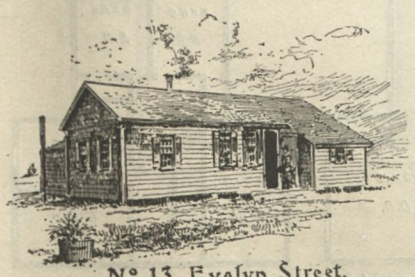
No.4 Evelyn Street.

No.7 Evely Street.

No.8 Evelyn Street.

No.11 Evelyn Street.

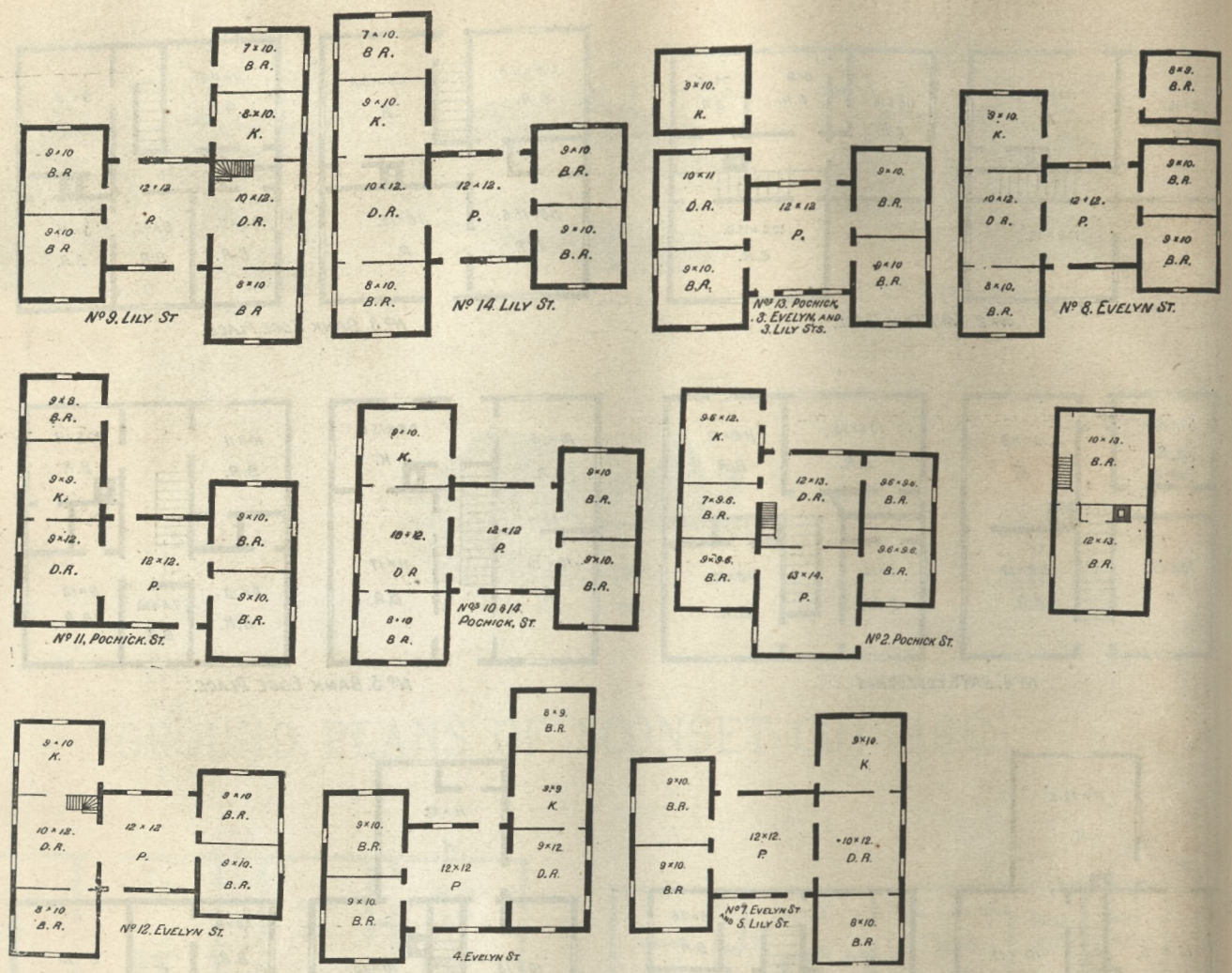
No.12 Evelyn Street.



No.13 Evelyn Street.

No.2 Lily Street.

No.3 Lily Street.



A sixth bedroom, in Nos. 4, 5 and 8 Pochick and 2 Lily Streets, is a small attic. Two, in 13 Pochick, 3 Evelyn and 3 Lily Streets, are attics. Nos. 10 and 14 Pochick, 7, 8 and 12 Evelyn, and 5 and 9 Lily Streets have each a 10x12 bedroom over the dining-room.

RENTS FOR THE SEASON OF 1890.

(Houses marked off are taken.)

Houses.	Bedrooms.	Rent.
No. 1 Bank Edge,	4	$250 00
" 2 " "	4	250 00
" 3 " "	4	250 00
" 4 " "	4	250 00
" 5 " "	3	200 00
" 1 Bank Edge Place,	5	225 00
" 2 " " "	4	200 00
" 3 " " "	6	235 00
" 4 " " "	5	225 00
" 5 " " "	6	235 00
" 6 " " "	3	175 00
" 7 " " "	3	175 00
" 8 " " "	6	235 00
" 2 Pochick Street,	6	275 00
" 3 " "	4	175 00
" 4 " "	6	190 00
" 5 " "	6	200 00
" 8 " "	6	200 00

Houses.	Bedrooms.	Rent.
No. 10 Pochick Street,	4	$160 00
" 11 " "	3	140 00
" 13 " "	5	155 00
" 14 " "	4	155 00
" 1 Evelyn "	5	155 00
" 3 " "	5	140 00
" 4 " "	3	130 00
" 7 " "	4	140 00
" 8 " "	5	150 00
" 11 " "	3	115 00
" 12 " "	4	140 00
" 13 " "	2	115 00
" 2 Lily "	6	170 00
" 3 " "	5	140 00
" 4 " "	4	140 00
" 8 " "	3	120 00
" 9 " "	5	150 00
" 14 " "	4	135 00

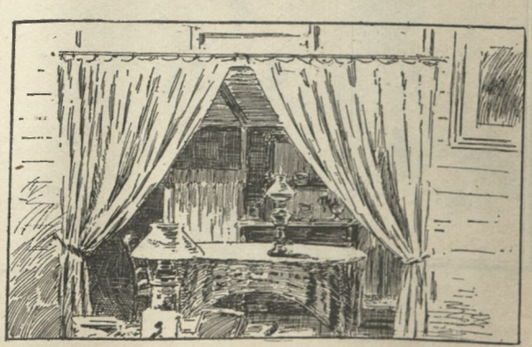
TERMS.

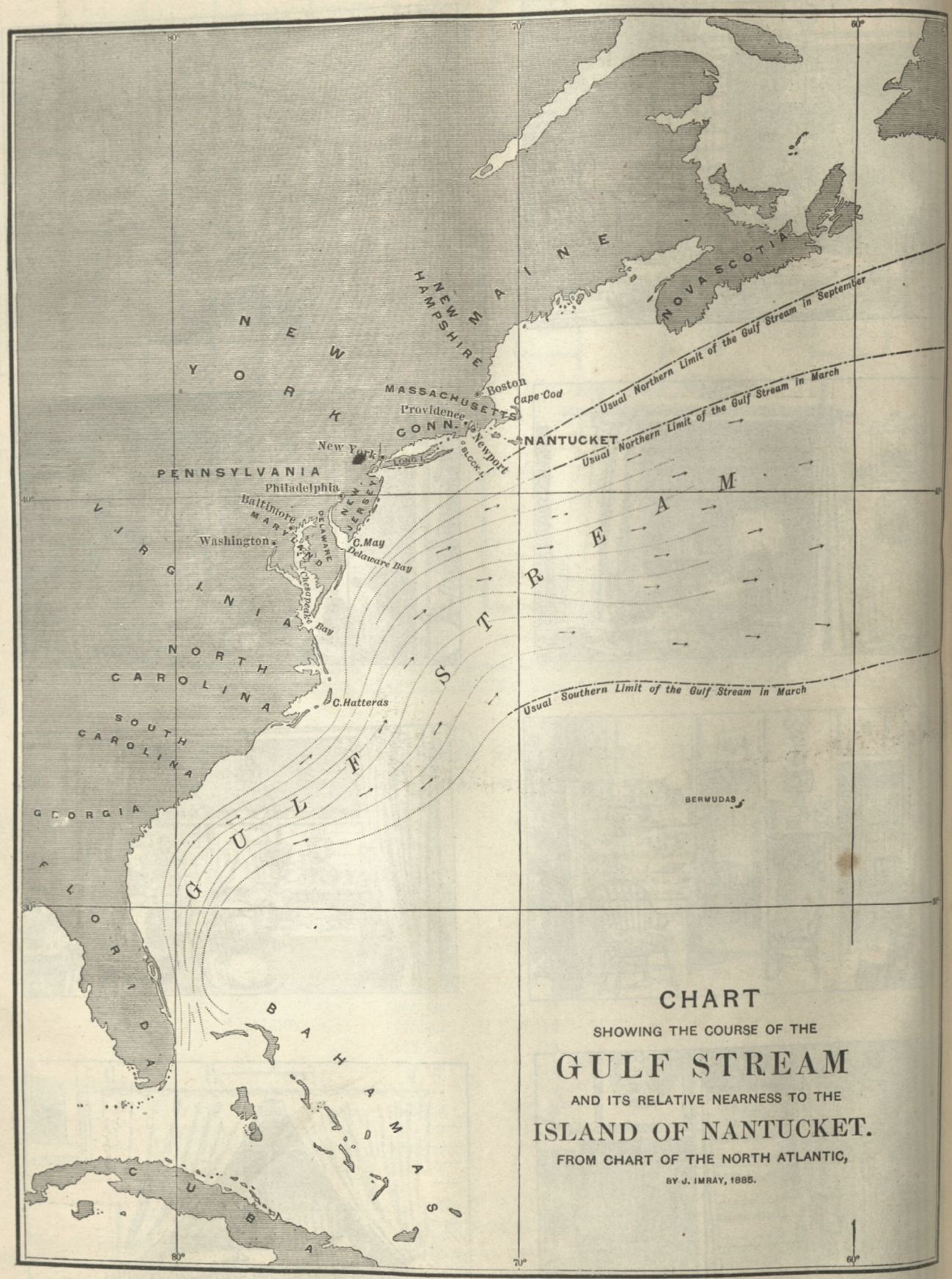
The rent is payable, one-half on the signing of the lease, the residue on or before July 15th. A house cannot be sublet without the permission of the owner, and the lease terminates when it is vacated by the tenant.

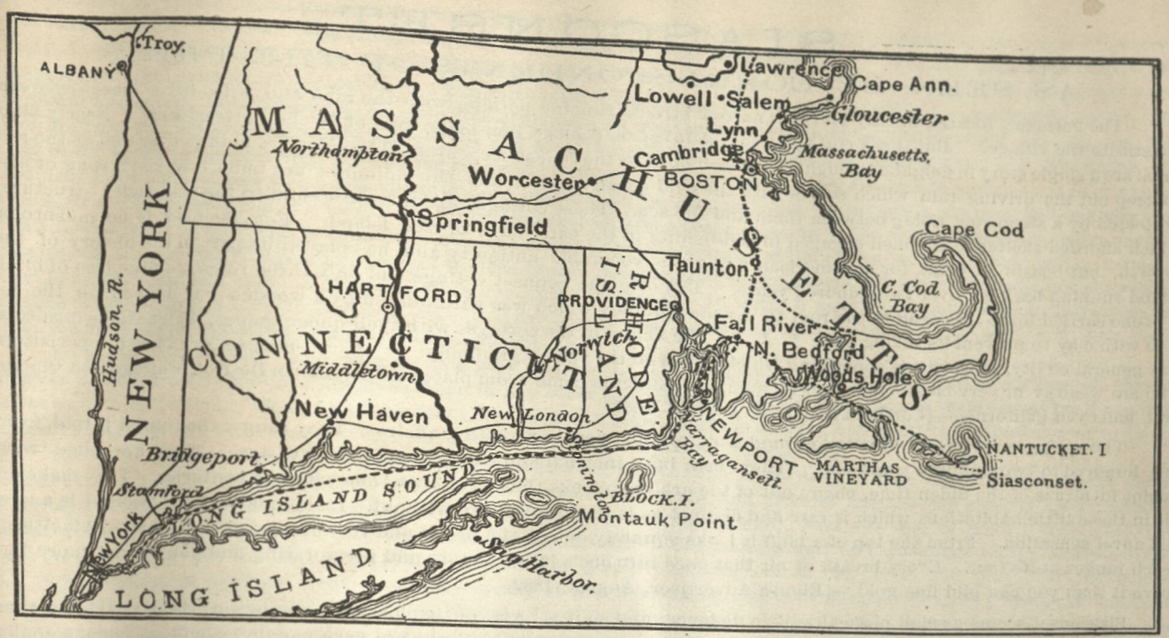
A reduction of 5 per cent. in the amount of the rent will be made to tenants who furnish their own bed-clothing, bed, toilet and table linen, plate and cutlery. Applicants should state their wishes in this regard, that the correct amount may be specified in the leases.

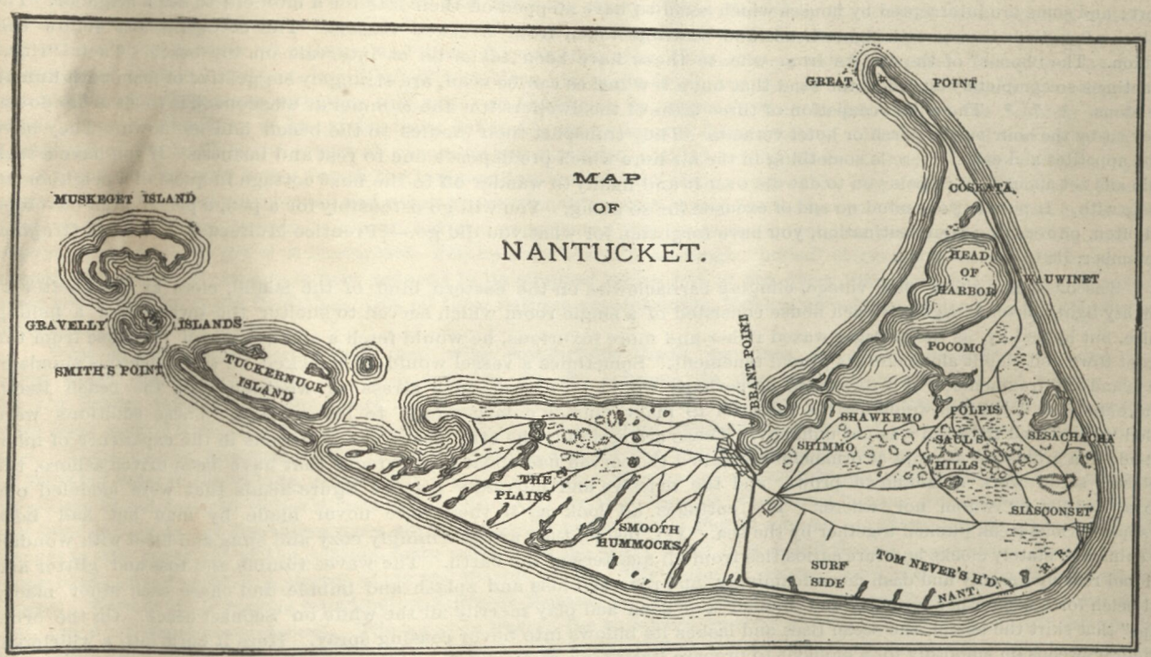
INTERIORS OF 'SCONSET COTTAGES.

MODELED AFTER THOSE OF THE FISHERMEN.

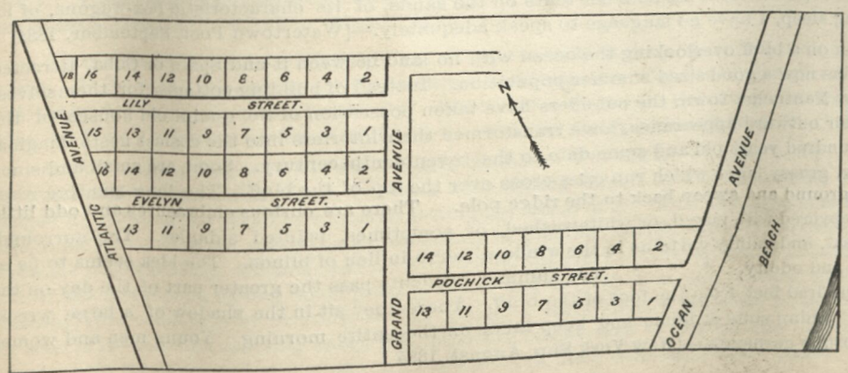


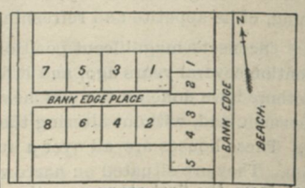

80°
70°
60°
NEW YORK
NEW HAMPSHIRE
MAINE
NOVA SCOTIA
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston
Cape Cod
Providence
CONN.
Newport
NANTUCKET
New York
LONG I.
BLOCK I.
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia
Baltimore
MARYLAND
DELAWARE
Washington
C. May
Delaware Bay
Chesapeake Bay
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
C. Hatteras
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
GULF STREAM
Usual Northern Limit of the Gulf Stream in September
Usual Northern Limit of the Gulf Stream in March
Usual Southern Limit of the Gulf Stream in March
BERMUDAS
BAHAMAS
CUBA
CHART
SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE
GULF STREAM
AND ITS RELATIVE NEARNESS TO THE
ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.
FROM CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC,
BY J. IMRAY, 1885.





PROPERTY OF E. F. UNDERHILL, AT SIASCONSET.





BANK EDGE AND POCHICK, EVELYN AND LILY, STS, ARE TO THE SOUTH OF Ancient Siasconset.

SIASCONSET

AS SEEN BY CORRESPONDENTS OF THE PRESS.

The cottages, located mostly on three narrow streets running parallel with the bluff and with little lanes between, constitute the village. But these cottages, to the lover of 'Sconset life, make one of its chief attractions. Nearly all of them are a single story in height and might have been built by the rudest carpenter. The sides are shingled as well as the roof to keep out the driving rain which comes with the wild ocean storms, and the chimneys are built low and strong or else protected by a steep roof rising between them and the sea. These cottages are the successors to the still ruder structures which afforded shelter to the men engaged in cod-fishing in the early days of the island. For 'Sconset is no mushroom growth, but boasts of what, for an American village, is venerable antiquity and has played its part in the history of the island running back for over two hundred years. The original 'Sconset cottage had only three rooms, a fire-place of brick o stone carried up to he peak of the roof in a rude chimney which was surmounted by a wooden box daubed on the inside with clay to prevent its taking fire. * * * The charm of the cottages with their queer shapes, their antique furniture an i general oddity, however, is something which grows on the visitor gradually. * * * 'Sconset draws to it few visitors who are wealthy or very fashionable, yet its summer residents come from places as distant as Detriot, Chicago and Cincinnati, and even California.—[Cortland Standard, August, 1881.

The cottages sprawl all over the ground and are most peculiar looking affairs. They rang', the tourist is told, from one hundred to two hundred years old. They bear both internal and external evidences of age. They are filled with quaint furniture of the olden time, chairs out of the ark and clocks that have kept time with the centuries. They make an air in these little habitations which is rare and distinct as is the atmosphere without. Inside and outside 'Sconset is a new and novel sensation. From the top of a bluff it looks squarely out on the broad and restless ocean, and an almost faultless beach ranges at its foot. Every breath of air that goes into one's lungs is pure and invigorating and you can no more improve it than you can gild fine gold.—[Elmira Advertiser, August, 1882.

Siasconset seems a small place at a little distance, and so it is; yet, on exploration, one is surprised at the number of streets and their intricate convolutions. Some meet you unexpectedly; some are very narrow; some are phenomenally short; and some are intercepted by houses which seem to have stepped off their lots for a moment to see a neighbor. The natives adorn their houses with figure-heads and carvings taken from wrecked vessels. The cottagers also follow this fashion. The "bones" of the wrecks from whence these have been taken lie at intervals on the beach. Their "ribs," sometimes so completely buried in the sand that but a few inches can be seen, are strangely suggestive of mammoth human skeletons. * * * The chief occupation of three-fifths of the dwellers for the summer at Siasconset, is to sit or lie down. They sit by the hour on the porch or hotel veranda. They transport their bodies to the beach and lie down. They have good appetites and eat. There is something in the air here which predisposes one to rest and laziness. If you have a task to do and set about it, it impels you to dawdle over it and finally to wander off to the next cottage in quest of a neighbor to gossip with. It puts in your mind no end of excuses for so doing. You will go ostensibly for a pen, a pencil or an envelope and often, on reaching your destination, you have forgotten for what you did go.—[Prentice Mulford in New York Graphic, September, 1884.

Siasconset is a queer small village, clinging barnaclewise on the eastern bluff of the island, close by the shelter of Sankaty light-house. Originally each house consisted of a single room which served to shelter the owner after a fishing cruise, but by and by, as the cottager waxed richer and more luxurious, he would fetch a small barn or outhouse from the parent town and clap it alongside his primal tenement. Sometimes a vessel would be wrecked on the dangerous shoals of the island and fragments of it drift ashore or perhaps would be driven, in a stress of weather, upon the beach itself. Whereupon the fisherman would use the material to make clumsy enlargements to his cottage. These additions were called "warts" and the term was not unhappy. These are certainly the strangest looking houses in the experience of man. Outside in a grotesque attempt at ornament are nailed the carven nameboards of wrecks that have been driven ashore, the fantastic scroll work of unknown prows, and the massive and hurriedly painted figure-heads that were modeled one knows neither by whom nor where. The cottages all look as if they were never made by man but had been by some curious freak pitched together by the sea. Yet, inside, they are charmingly cozy and snug and filled with wonderful china and stately clocks and rare curiosities from all quarters of the earth. The waves tumble and toss and glitter and roll and rear up greenly and dash down foamingly, and roar and hiss and splash and bubble and chase each other madly and belch forth each other furiously and thunder and dash and play merrily all the while on 'Sconset beach. On the cruel "rips" that skirt the island, the ocean rises and lashes its billows into never ceasing spray. Here it curls into a whirlpool, yonder it sweeps on smoothly for a moment to prepare itself for a quivering leap into the air—then, on the troubled billows roll until they dash over and glisten and foam again on the yellow sands. Of the other delights possessed by this queer, quaint island, of its peculiar veiling mists, of its original character studies, of its grotesque roads and its amusing and never-to-be-forgotten railway, of its hospitalities, of its summer tents on the sands, of its characteristic box-wagons, of its fishing, of its appetite and refreshing sleep, I have no language to speak adequately.—[Watertown Post, September, 1884.

'Sconset's magnificent position on a bluff overlooking the ocean with no land between it and Spain or Cuba, attracted attention several years ago, and it has now a good sized summer population. Instead of building cottages for themselves, as others have done on the cliff near Nantucket town, the outsiders have taken possession of the quaint old houses of the fishermen, and, without altering their outward appearance, have transformed their interiors into the cosiest nests imaginable. These houses are all over a hundred years old and some date to the seventeenth century. Some are small and some large. They are situated on narrow, grassy lanes which run criss-cross over the top of the bluff. The long slanting roofs start from the first story near the ground and sweep back to the ridge pole. There are curious embrasures and odd little wings, and all, roofs and sides, are covered with naked, or whitewashed, or, sometimes, painted shingles. The surroundings of the houses are extremely neat, and dainty curtains in the windows serve in lieu of blinds. The idea seems to be to preserve intact the air of antiquity and oddity. * * * The summer residents pass the greater part of the day on the broad beach which extends three hundred feet from the foot of the bluff. There they sit in the shadow of a large wreck, or under tents. They put on their bathing suits at home and keep them on the entire morning. Young men and women lounge on the beach in their picturesque garments.—[New York Sun, August, 1885

Summer visitors from all parts of the country have done much to modernize and make luxurious the interiors of these queer little cottages. Yet still they remain ancient and of another age, another history. The tall old clocks still stand ticking slowly in the corner that they have known for a hundred years and are not to be put out of countenance by the gew-gaws and light ornaments of later days. The curious little casements are veiled sometimes by costly curtains, but still are quaint and queer; and the clumsy figure-heads of impossible gods and goddesses grow into stranger uncouthness and more ungraceful shapes in contrast to the slender and beautiful girls that lean carelessly against them and flirt under the noses of the figure-heads that long ago snuffed the ocean storms. Nothing would make Siasconset modern. It is like some venerable old woman whose youth was spent in hard battle with the elements and whose age is too grey and too wrinkled to be softened by unaccustomed nnery. But this agedness doth add a rarer pleasing to the damsels whose summer charms invest it with laughter and with loveliness. It is one of the prettiest pictures of life to see a half dozen merry maidens lingering around the old village pump to read notices posted thereon, and to laughingly drink of its waters; some in white, some in cream color, and some in blue, and all in sweetness and grace. In faith, it were no ill fancy to look on them as the nymphs of the pump and to believe that at the end of the season they disappear like truth into the well, and only come up in the springtime.—[Boston Commonwealth, August, 1885.

So I am at Siasconset. And with me is a vast number of artists, authors and other unhappy victims of nerves. There is more peace and quiet at Siasconset than in any other spot outside of Nepenthe. None of us are ready for Nepenthe · so we came here instead. We eat prodigiously; we drink—eh bien—there is nothing but milk; we slumber twelve hours of the twenty-four and the other twelve we are drowsy.—[The Journalist, August, 1885.

Above all, at Siasconset, lazy, breezy, queer, antique, the world's end of the sea-girt isle, attached by a narrow gauge railroad that resembles the camel in its motions, environments of sands, and oriental habits—this ancient fishing hamlet, Siasconset, metamorphosed into a summer rest for tired nerves, has not its like. Nowhere else is such a combination of ocean coolness absolutely pure, of piny wood and healthy moors, of the dashing surf and gleaming waves and the white caps on the distant rips, the blue gems of the fresh water ponds that are set in the green and purple of the moors, the ruddy flashes of Sankaty light, guardian sentry of the Siasconset coast, sending never failing cheer to the thousand watchers far out at sea, beautiful landmark and never hid—the gorgeous sunsets that make the heavens above the moors a sea of glass encircling golden islands and fringed with purple headlands and blue mountains, while moon and stars shine out in the clear Siasconset atmosphere that gives the starry night reflected by the silvered sea an oriental splendor; these are all unrivaled. Dull, however, is it not, this same old Siasconset? The ancient village is dull in just the way that makes it attractive to those who love it and make it, year after year, their chosen summer home. The grassy lanes, like the streets of the new Jerusalem, are filled with children playing in them, and the awnings on the beach are always picturesque with the little ones scooping the sand or holding on to mamma's hand in the edge of the foaming waves, or astride of papa's shoulders as he carries them out in his strong arms in deeper waters. At all hours of the day, a long line of awnings on the beach is the resort of gazers on the changeful sea, who with books and conversation while away the happy hours inhaling with every breath the invigorating coolness and tonic purity of the ocean breeze. There is at Siasconset an abandon in respect of clothes and other conventionalities that cramp humanity upon the mainland that is conducive to repose of mind. The woman who said that she experienced the peace which religion gives, only when she was well dressed, might fall from grace at Siasconset. Flannels are the rule, although "boiled" shirts and bonnets are worn by some persons on Sunday. Home life is here reduced to its simplest terms, but in the queer little shingled houses of the 'Sconsetters which they let ready furnished with all their antique appointments, there is abundance of good cheer.—[Springfield Republican, September, 1885.

Why do college professors and men with comfortable bank accounts and weary brain-workers come from nearly every conceivable town in the country to fill the cottages in this far-away and quaint old fishing town? The old fishing town is still the heart of 'Sconset, and its streets are as narrow as ever, and not a few of the cottages retain their ancient flavor and diminutive proportions; but on either hand are new and, of course, more pretentious cottages. These are not, however, of the Newport pattern, and old 'Sconset retains its popularity. Its one pump supplies all the drinking water of the village, and its handful of permanent citizens are still an essential part of the summer community. But people do not come to 'Sconset because of either Old, or New 'Sconset; they come because warm water and a cool air meet here as they do not elsewhere meet along our entire coast line. This is a broad assertion, but the facts sustain it. Sconset is only thirty, or, at the outside, forty miles from the warm water of the Gulf Stream, nearer than any other point on our coast, except possibly a stretch along the Florida coast. The water is warmer here than at Cape May, absolutely warmer. Warmer water may be found below Fortress Monroe, but not north of it. Rival beaches may challenge the statement, but it will stand nevertheless. The water is warm; the east wind bracing, and the southwest wind soft and wooing. There are no fine drives here, no iron pier, no Gilmore, no cottages that cost a fortune, no Casino, no polo, no fuss and feathers of any kind. There is rest and health in the air, pleasure in the water, and ease and peace and many whist parties in the quaint cottages. We went last Sunday in flannel shirts to hear our fellow-citizen of a summer, Moses Coit Tyler' preach. A dude in a claw-hammer is unknown, and living is reduced, or rather elevated, to the realm of comfort and common sense.—[Atlanta Constitution, August, 1885.

'Sconset is certainly the quaintest bit of village comedy that my eyes have ever seen. Such Lilliputian streets and houses. If there had been no invasion of summer residents, one might easily imagine that a race of dwarfs or gnomes had built themselves this microcosm by the sea. But the men we saw on the steep-shelving beach, fighting the sea that was trying to wrest away their hard-won spoil, were not of the pigmy sort.—[Rev. J. W. Chadwick in the Christian Register.

And after these charms of the waste comes 'Sconset. The reader who has never looked on it has missed one of the queerest corners of the earth. It is, or was, a little fishing hamlet of box-like cabins, perched on a mighty bluff, forever engaged in buffeting the ocean and forever getting the worst of it. Now two large hotels and near a hundred modern cottages, inhabited during the season by a little colony of pleasant people—literary, artistic, and otherwise—have subtracted somewhat from the fishy, old-man-of-the-sea aspect of the place. Still the quaint picturesque element holds its own well, some of the newcomers having taken pains to foster and develop it in new houses built after old style. A stroll down Broadway, (the name is given in irony, for the way is so narrow that a dray-load of fish or furniture—the only commodities ever seen in it—can with difficulty pass), will introduce one at once to this feature. Most of the houses here are minute cottages, with the eaves so low that one can readily touch them with upstretched hand. Most of them bear the name of

ILLINOIS.—Prof. Wm. C. Richards, Mrs. William Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham and Miss F. Williams, and G. P.

WISCONSIN.—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Glover, Messrs. Geo. C. and Leslie Glover and Miss Florence Glover, Hudson.

MINNESOTA.—Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Waring, Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Squires, St. Paul.

TENNESSEE.—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fletcher, Nashville.

KENTUCKY.—Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Bloom, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Caine, Miss Ida Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McGuinness, Louisville.

MISSOURI.—Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Ingraham and Miss Bessie Ingraham, Mrs. W. W. Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Paddock, Mrs. W. R. Cave, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rumsey, and Mr. and Mrs. James Green, St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Gould, Kansas City.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clements, Yarmouth.

AUSTRALIA.—Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Smyth, Melbourne. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sands.

COMPARATIVE THERMOMETRICAL RECORD.
MAXIMUM.

JULY, 1887.					AUGUST, 1887.				
Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N.Y.	Signal Station, Equitable B'ld'g, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.	Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N.Y.	Signal Station, Equitable B'ld'g, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.
1	95	90	76	74	1	92	88	83	76
2	95	89	73	72	2	85	85	74	70
3	95	86	74	74	3	84	84	71	69
4	92	86	77	74	4	82	80	70	66
5	80	74	79	73	5	84	79	74	68
6	82	80	76	72	6	86	86	78	71
7	92	89	74	72	7	79	76	68	67
8	93	93	78	73	8	79	77	68	66
9	88	83	78	64	9	83	78	73	67
10	85	83	75	70	10	84	81	72	68
11	84	82	73	70	11	84	80	74	70
12	90	89	69	66	12	89	87	80	79
13	96	92	84	80	13	77	75	71	64
14	90	89	76	73	14	80	77	70	68
15	82	81	78	74	15	73	71	74	72
16	99	94	74	69	16	81	78	68	66
17	91	91	78	70	17	85	84	72	70
18	90	89	75	68	18	86	84	69	68
19	78	78	72	70	19	89	85	75	74
20	86	80	69	63	20	76	76	72	72
21	76	73	71	65	21	85	80	72	68
22	83	82	71	67	22	84	83	72	70
23	86	83	78	73	23	87	82	72	72
24	83	78	80	74	24	75	75	70	68
25	90	84	81	68	25	76	74	66	66
26	91	90	76	70	26	72	71	68	66
27	90	87	75	70	27	75	72	70	68
28	92	85	77	66	28	75	73	67	66
29	93	87	79	74	29	77	75	66	65
30	93	86	82	76	30	76	75	69	64
31	93	89	82	78	31	76	74	65	66
Av'ge.	88	85	76	71	Av'ge.	81	79	71	68

N.Y. Com. Advertiser
May 14/90

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ON A LIGHTSHIP ADRIFT.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE ON THE LONG ISLAND COAST IN A GALE.

Torn from Its Moorings on the "Cross Rip" Bar, the Beacon-Bearing Vessel Is Carried Far Out to Sea by Fierce Winds—Her Crew Saved Just Before She Sinks.

[*Correspondence of the Commercial.*]

SIASCONSET, Island of Nantucket, May 7.—The wind has been blowing a gale from the south for the past two days, and the sea is simply furious. Great waves come coursing by in such angry haste that the bulk of the water composing them topples over itself, and a confused mass of foam and driving spume is the result. The fog is heavy and dense, and one who is at all familiar with the dangerous character of Nantucket's waters can but think on a night like this of the lightship on the shoals, twelve miles to the south'ard.

A life that largely tends to introspection a man must lead on one of those floating danger signals. An old, grizzled sea captain of one of those prison ships was casting his weather eye to windward this afternoon as I bore down on him with all sails set and drawing all the water in the channel. Without very great difficulty I rounded to and cast anchor under the lee of the house where, after years of toil and trial at sea, my weather-beaten friend dispenses, for value received, the soul-destroying ginger beer and hearthstone-wrecking "pop." There was a far-away look in his eye as he turned and rumbled out a cavernous "Good arternoon!" to me. I knew something of his history, and it was with malice prepense and aforethought that this visit or call was made.

About nine miles from the ancient village of Nantucket is a lightship on what is called "Cross Rip"—a bar of sand that menaces vessels plying up and down this sheet of water. Here our shipper put in several years of his life. He trimmed his lamps and hoisted them to the masthead, and in foggy weather kept his bell tolling, that no one of the numerous craft that passed him by might run their noses on the bar. In clear weather it was all well enough. Great steamers, throwing jets of water, as they ploughed by, from their bows, steered close alongside and heaved aboard packages of newspapers lashed to sticks of wood to give them weight. They had a couple of boats and it was not much of a row to the land. "Grub" was good and life easy, so their lot was a comparatively happy one.

But along in December the captain and two of the men went ashore. This left the mate, our now grizzled friend, on board with four men. Unfortunately for those on board, it came on to blow, somewhat as it is blowing here to-night, except that then the wind came from the northwest.

No one on board minded a little additional discomfort such as that change in the weather entailed, however, and the mate and crew attended to their duties with their accustomed cheerfulness. But it blew harder and harder, and Father Neptune, realizing that he ought to be up and stirring, began to kick the covers off, preparatory to rising and calling for his trident, car and other paraphernalia incidental to a trip to the surface of the waves.

Now, as every schoolboy knows—or if he doesn't his mythological education must have been sadly neglected—the clothes that cover the bed of the ocean, and consequently Father Neptune's couch, consist of the waters of the ocean, and as on this particular occasion he happened to be taking a nap near the lightship, the bobbery that his kicking caused was something tremendous. Great billows rose in the distance and raced down on the lightship as if they would engulf her, but the staunch vessel rose proudly to meet them and swept over them as gracefully as a sea-gull, riding easily on a single cable.

But the northwest wind, stopping a moment to catch his breath, the current caught the vessel and swung her 'round, broadside to the waves, and at the same moment the hurricane burst, heeling the vessel over, snapping the cable as if it had been packthread and tearing out the hawsehole with so fierce a rend as to send a great, yawning wound in her side. Over and over she careened until the boat that hung at her lee davits was buried a fathom under the water; she shivered, trembled and slowly righted herself, lifting the boat out of the leaping sea, and breaking her in two in the middle.

Then the vessel began to drift rapidly toward the east, urged onward by wind and tide. Through the gaping gash in her side the water began to pour. Several of the men were needed at the pumps. They bent at the clanking heart-breakers for a short time, while the mate and the rest of the men were busy clearing away the only spare anchor on board, one that with a light chain cable was intended for use on an occasion when it might be found necessary to "right" the ship and replace the other anchor, which might have dragged, in its proper position. And then all hands were called to cast anchor, and, after they had drifted three miles, their last hope was flung overboard. With a rattle and a rush the cable flew out, and the anchor for a moment held, but only for a moment. The mate and his men had barely drawn a sigh of relief and turned again to the pumps when the cable parted, and once more they drifted on.

Both anchors gone, their only boat hanging useless, with a broken back, at the davits, in a leaking vessel, their case was indeed desperate. The pitiless wind, reinforced by the salt bitterness of the stinging spray and the icy touch of December's breath, drove into their faces as they turned to make sail, chilling them to the marrow, choking their gasps back into their constricted chests, filling their eyes, their nostrils, their throats with briny bitterness, and freezing their tingling fingers until, once they had clutched a rope, they refused to unbend or grasp it.

Amid the howling and shrieking of the storm they managed, however, as other men have miraculously managed in similar sore strait, to get a rag of sail on the ship, and away to sea they flew; but not with the flight of a vessel rejoicing in its swiftness, for she was heavy with the weight of water in her hold, which the clanking pumps could not reduce.

And then to add to their misery the pumps choked and refused to work, and by the fourth day, when the gale had blown itself out, they were a hundred and eighty miles away from "Cross Rip." Then were they in their greatest danger, for the water was rapidly filling the lightship, and no means were at hand to empty her.

The day signals at her mastheads swept lazily to and fro as she rolled sluggishly in the trough of the sea, and anxious watch was kept for the sail that might save them. And at last she hove in sight, and, seeing their signals of distress, bore down on and rescued them. Scarcely were they safe on the ship's decks when the vessel they had left gave a longer roll to leeward than had been any previous one. Over and over she went until her bulwarks were under water,

and then slowly and quietly she sank out of sight and left no trace behind.

The vessel that had rescued them proved to be from Boston, bound to New Orleans in ballast, and six weeks from the wild December night when the lightship had broken from her moorings her crew was landed in the Crescent City.

Returning home with his men, the mate found a new lightship lying in the old one's berth, and to his gratification and surprise he was made her captain, his old skipper being dismissed from the service, presumably for leaving his vessel in such uncertain weather.

But, as mentioned before, the life on a lightship on Nantucket shoals is a thousand fold more unbearable than that of "Cross Rip." On the shoals lightship the crew consists of the captain, mate and ten men. From November 1 to April 1 all of these men remain on the vessel. During the latter part of December or early in January —it depends altogether on the winds and waves—the government lightship tender from Wood's Holl, pays them a visit, taking out provisions, newspapers and letters. Then she leaves them, and until the 1st of April they are as completely isolated from the rest of the world as was Robinson Crusoe on his island of Juan Fernandez. No communication with island or mainland is possible; in the never-ceasing tossing of the waves, those men—salary $30 a month—pass five months of the year with only one short link betweeu them and those they love—the short visit of the tender. Once in a very long time, it is true, the winter sea is smooth enough for them to row out and meet some vessel and put their letters aboard. Notably in an instance of not long ago, when one of the men fell sick. His mates succeeded in thus conveying the news to Wood's Holl; Uncle Sam received the appeal and listened to it; in a few days the sick man was with his family and ultimately recovered. I say "with his family," for all of these men are married. It is a joyful time for them when the 1st of April arrives, for then comes their vacation. The captain and his watch have eight weeks on shore, salaries continuing; and when their holiday is over the mate and his watch enjoy a similar outing.

But do these eight weeks recompense them for the tossing, turbulent life of the rest of the year? I think not. I agree with my grizzled friend: Were it not for the stigma and the stain, salaries being equal, I would rather be in the penitentiary; yet the captain of the South Shoals lightship has been on her fifteen years!

T. W. K.

Inquirer + Mirror June 21/90

AN INTERESTING OLD DOCUMENT.—The following list of names of Nantucket Indians has recently come to light. It was found in an old Bible recently sold to a Cliff Cottager. This Bible is bound in leather, and has two brass clasps. It is King James's version, with Royce's version of the Psalms. Imprint: "Edinburgh. Printed by Alexander Kincaid, His Majesty's Printers. 1762." On the inside of the front cover the following is written: "£ 6—10. O. T."

The sheet of paper containing the names is a trifle over twelve inches long, and nearly eight inches wide, ribbed linen paper, yellow with age. The names of the Indians cover completely both sides of the paper in two columns on each page. The copy is as exact as it is possible to make it. One name is uncertain owing to a fold in the paper.

The meaning of the heading is uncertain. Is it a list of Indians that died at nearly the same date? Is it a copy of an older record running through a term of years? Some peculiarities look in this direction, as the two ways of spelling certain names: "Elisabeth" and "Elizabeth;" "Dorcas" and "Darcus". Possibly these are two names. There is a tradition of a fatal plague among the Indians. Did this occur about the time of this record?

The few elderly people to whom this paper has been shown have recalled anecdotes about some of these Indians. Among these is one about the whipping of one of the women at the public whipping-post upon her body naked to the waist. Very likely there is more sentiment lavished upon the Indian of to-day, out upon the Western Plains, than the great grand-parents of the present Islander bestowed upon his dirty, thriftless and thieving Indian neighbor. Another anecdote is told about Ben Cheegin's unsavory remark to one of the Island kings of his day.

Some of the names will be recognized as now attached to certain localities, as Tashma's Island in Gibbs's pond, and Tom Neavers Head. The INQUIRER AND MIRROR will open its columns to any matter that will give light upon this record.

AN ACCOUNT OF INDIANS DECEASED. . 1 OF AUGUST, 1763.

Sarah Tashma	Oald Esors wife
Susanna Ease	Second Smug
Abigail Jehoop	Jo Poppomer
Hannah Easake	Sarah Wossey
Abigail Tittus	Abigail York
Hannah Robin	Easter Ease
Sarah Challange	Darcus Homney
Ales Jude	Christian Tashma
John Taudy	Hannah Junkin
John Taudy's wife	Dorcas Levi
John Taudy's boy	John Titus
Jee Tittuss Wife	Eben Small
Saml. Panchamas wife	Richard Reape
Saml. Panchama	Marthar Junkin
James Panchamas wife	Hannah Spotso
	James Pock
Jee Tittus	John Arons wife
Benja Jobe	John Mooneys wife
Ticcoma	Old Squah Rafe
Jemima Bright	Old Josiah
Betty Titus	Patience Dick Jacob
Betty Eager	Ben Cheegin
Patience Munke	James Netawar
Saml. Cheegin	James Panchamas Daug and wifes daughter
Rose Toto	
Amsi	Jo Sampsons wife
Jonathan Smalls Wife	Jo Harcaluss wife
Jeremiah Netawar	Darcus Qual
Betty Sampson	Hannah Bonney
Betty Sampsons Daughter	Patience Bonny
	Sarah Josiah
Hagar Jusap	Darcus Jacob
Eave Poppomer	Patience Panchama
Betty Panchama and wife	Hannah Benja
	Hitta Aaron
Janathan Spotses	Abigail Ishena
Zachara Neavers boy	N——ls wife
Peleg Manus wife	Zacheus Hoop
John Sauls boy	Jo Quadys wife
Jonatham Pinkhams boy	Nortuna
	Abiah Quawk
Barney Spotsor's widow	Saml. Poppoiners daughter
Oald Chance	Simon Peteray
Susanna Poppomer	Martha Potter
Jonathan Neaver	Daniel Cheegin
Abigail Smug	Jo Potters daughter
Jonathan Spotsors boy	Jo Bonney
Tom Fosters son	Betty Cordody
Oald Betty Sampson	Oald Titus
Margaret Junkin	Oald Taudy
Charity Jethrow	Eben Sandy
Zachara Neavers boy	Eben Sandys wife
Daniel Taudy	John Saul

Mary Sandy
Peter Zacharas wife
Sarah Qual
Simon Peterays wife
Oald Nonish
John Tory
John Mordeca
James Poppomer
Jonathan Spotsers wife
Jonathan Spotsers child
Susanna Neaver
Moll, a stranger
Peleg Wany
Jo Potter
Elisabeth Ease
Betty Topsha
Saml. Poppoiner
Elizabeth Eases daughter
Zachara Neavers son
Jee Sauls wife
Ephraim Nacks boy
Oald Tandys wife
Titus Harcaluss wife
Barney Fosters daughter
Smug
Hitte Arons daughter
Eave Maca
David Quail
Josiah Spotser
Boy Smug
Mordeca Shai
Hitta Benja and child
Saml. Micha
Patience Pock
Saml. Mykeys wife
Betty Neave
Simon Peterays wife
Rachel Foster
Barney Foster
Sarah, a stranger
Shabael Pinkham Sandy
Easter Spotser
Mary, a stranger
Zachara Neaver
Ruth Calep
Jeremiah Netawars child
Smugs child
O. H. Molatto
Dorcas Junkin
Abigail Netawar
Margaret Saul
Oald Shubael Serpent
Isaac Apte
Oald Eben Cane
Boy Spotser
Tom Ichabod
Tom Jaspor
Jo Sampson
Oald Mordeca Easake
Jo Micha
Ephraim Nick
Tom Ichabod
Tom Aarons wife
Dinah Sponak
Tom Aron
John Esop
John Dimons boy
Elias Echaraca

NOTE—Excepting in two cases, the possessive case is marked only by a final "s."

Inquirer & Mirror June 21 1890

BATHING AT COATUE.—The manager of the Coatue Company, Mr. W. F. Kidder, is preparing for the accommodation of bathers in a way that is sure to draw attention to the delightful bathing for which Coatue is famed. New bath houses have been erected on the north shore of the peninsula, to the number of fifty. In the centre is arranged an office, which will be supplied with a safe for the deposit of valuables by those enjoying the bath. There is a covered lookout for the use of spectators. The rooms are well lighted with ground glass panes, and ventilated in a careful manner. A large barge has been purchased (one used in the construction of Brooklyn bridge), which will be moored off the pavilion, to be used as a floating bath, on which there will be about 120 small rooms and deck accommodations for guests, besides spring-boards for deep water bathing. There will be a boat landing at the barge, as well as at the beach, for the free use of all boats that may come.

One very novel and always attractive feature will be a bathing toboggan slide, on which the bather is glided swiftly and gracefully into the water from the shore. These toboggans have proved very popular wherever used, and will be a new and novel feature in bathing in Nantucket waters. The little steamer Coskata will run constantly between Steamboat wharf and the Coatue bathing beach during bathing hours. We venture to prophesy that Coatue will be in the swim as one of the most popular bathing places on the New England coast.

The Ancient Pump at Siasconset.

THE PATCHWORK VILLAGE.

A miniature city within the sound of the breakers. Play-houses, seemingly put down by big children on the green sward of a level field, and like children's work not always arranged in right lines. So close together are the houses on the irregular little streets and lanes, sometimes not more than three feet apart, one thinks still more that they might well be the work of children. No side-walks. The streets are travelled, for there are ruts in the centre caused by the wheels of passing wagons. Elsewhere between the rows of houses the grass grows luxuriously and is only kept from reaching proportions for mowing by the footsteps of the summer residents. Such odd little houses! Exaggerated boxes they were like in their beginnings, over which roofs were placed, and in each of which a doll family might have gone to live. But with other dolls born, an addition on one end of the house was a necessity. This had a roof of the same slant, and as it was deeper than the main building, the eves sometimes extend to the height of the seeming Lilliputian owner. Then as the family further increased and other rooms were needed, further additions were made on the other end or the rear. If space were available on the ground, perhaps another and still another room would be put on; but five or six miniature apartments are the average of the little 'Sconset houses. Cease to regard the structures as toy dwellings, but, as habitations of grown men and women, and one begins to realize how incongruous they are, when considered in connection with any known style of architecture. Some were begun nearly two hundred years ago, and were added to from time to time, until they assumed the proportions that they had reached nearly a half century ago. They were the dwellings of hardy, brave and strong men, toilers of the sea who came each spring and fall to fish in the waters off the bluff on which the village is built. The houses in their beginnings were merely for shelter in stormy weather when they could not launch their boats upon the surf; and, when the fishing season was over, in which to house their little crafts. The buildings are of the rudest carpentry. Odds and ends of timber and lumber were used in their construction. Sills, and joists, and studs, and rafters, were of all shapes and sizes. Some were taken from dismantled barns, dwellings and outhouses. Scarce any new material was used. The parts were put together securely and, in time, sides as well as roofs were shingled. Doors of any pattern and nearly always second-hand were used. Old windows brought hither were availed of to admit light. If by chance they were of uniform size it was all right; if not, it did not make any difference. Little garrets over the parlors and bedrooms afforded a shelter for two or three men during the height of the fishing season. The occupants slept well, for the furnishings were equal to those in whale ships or coasters in which they had been employed. The air was always cool, and with the little windows raised a couple of inches, ventilation was perfect for the occupants in the smallest rooms.

Fisherman in Siasconset.

This was Siasconset a dozen years ago, a quaint little fishing village of about forty or fifty houses, from ten to twelve feet to the peaks of the roofs, situated on the southeast corner of Nantucket Island on a bluff from thirty to forty feet in height, with a broad beach of sand before it, and then the vast ocean with no land intervening between the village and the coast of Spain. Every breath of air which passes over the village is redolent with the odors of the ocean. With eyes closed the visitor to the village can well imagine himself on the deck of a vessel in mid ocean, were it not that there is no motion or creaking of timbers. With eyes open, he realizes that he has all the benefits of a sea voyage with the comforts of a dwelling on land.

Strangers from the mainland discovered the little village. They hired the cottages for the summer to pass a season of rest. Soon the health-giving qualities of the air and climate became known, and the demand for the little fishermen's houses was greater than the supply. Brain workers saw the advantages to them of a summer's recuperation and many have built houses in which they pass season after season with their families. But the oddest enterprise is that of Mr. E. F. Underhill of New York, who, taking a fancy to life in the little cottages, began building others modeled after the ancient dwellings, and to-day he has over two dozen besides others of more modern style. These he furnishes complete for housekeeping and lets them to summer visitors. From the beginning the enterprise has been a success. They are cunning and cosy little habitations, tastefully arranged and furnished within, so that when one enters he is at once inspired with a home-like feeling. The rentals that he receives are very low; yet as he has found profit in the investment he continues to build year after year.

A "Turnout" in Siasconset.

An Old Street in Siasconset.

Commercial Advertiser (N.Y.)
July 19-50

141

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, June 15.—I have, lying before me, the—

JOURNAL OF
A VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
KEPT BY ALFRED FOLGER,
ON BOARD THE WHALE SHIP
UNITED STATES, OF NANTUCKET.
Sailed From Edgartown, November the 13, 1841,
Calvin G. Worth, Master.

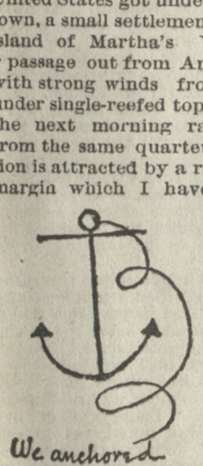
Such is the title of the "log," as written by Boatsteerer Folger, forty-nine years ago. Day by day, in storm and sunshine, the log was faithfully kept, under circumstances that might discourage more than one enthusiastic diary-keeper, who, on land, could command all the facilities that desk, pen, ink and leisure afford.

"I used to write," said Captain Folger, "when it was my watch below. My chest was my table and I made my own pens, and the ink was sometimes pale. But I never missed a day during the forty-seven months and five days that our voyage lasted."

Here is an example of perseverance well worthy of emulation. No matter if, wet and weary after a twenty-mile pull in chase of a school of whales, sleep and swinging hammock wooed him to rest, his daily entry must be made. Perhaps only half-a-dozen lines, maybe more; but the conditions of wind and weather and sea and the unusual incidents of the day were invariably noted before young Folger sought oblivion in slumber.

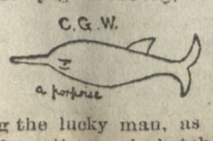
I say "young Folger" advisedly, for all this happened over two-score years ago. The man who wrote the log is now in his seventy-first year; sturdy, though, as most men of half his years, with chest and shoulders and grip that would win the admiration of a pugilist; straight as an ash oar, and as sturdy on his feet as when, those long years ago, he handled the steering oar or sent the harpoon hissing deep into the blubber of a ninety-barrel bull.

On Saturday, November 13, 1841, the ship United States got under way from Edgartown, a small settlement on the neighboring island of Martha's Vineyard, on her "passage out from America." She started with strong winds from west northwest under single-reefed topsails, and by 4 o'clock the next morning ran into fresh gales from the same quarter. Here the attention is attracted by a rough sketch on the margin which I have tried to copy accurately. In these old logs the anchoring of the ship, the meeting with a vessel, the capture of a whale, the loss of one, or the advent of anything unusual is fixed by some such sketch as I have endeavored to give. One of the first things done by an intending log-keeper was the carving out of a stamp, representing a whale, from a block of wood, and one may rest assured that the occupation of such carving was invariably accompanied by an expressed or unexpressed wish to the effect that such stamp might often be used.

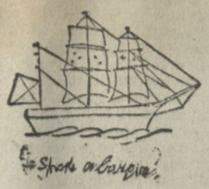


For several days nothing appears but the record of the weather, each day's memoranda concluding with the words: "So ends these twenty-four hours," and the latitude and longitude, or the remark: "No observations this day."

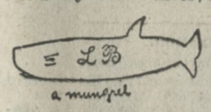
"BOUND TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN" heads the fifth page of the log, and on December 2 we find that they "saw a school of porpoises and caught one," Captain Calvin G. Worth evidently being the lucky man, as his initial appears above the rough sketch of the fish.

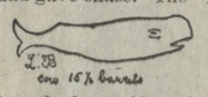


The next day also brought an incident worthy of particular note, for on December 3, "with all drawing sail set," at 5 o'clock P. M. they spoke the bark Isabella, of Fair Haven, twenty-six days out.

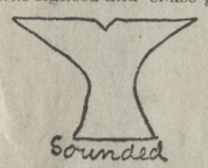


On December 9 a "fin-back" was seen, but Mr. Folger evidently despised this denizen of the waters, for he exercised none of his artistic skill in marking his appearance. but a day or two later, on the 11th, we find this on the margin, and in the text the information that they "saw a school" of mongrel blackfish, and lowered down three boats. The waist-boat struck one and lost him; L. B. (larboard boat) struck one and saved him. On that day they made the island of Saint Anthony and steered for its west point. They sailed on past the island, and on December 12 passed by it. On the 14th Captain Worth again caught a porpoise, and on Wednesday, December 15, they saw their first school of sperm whales, at 7 o'clock P. M., and gave chase. The "Larboard boat" got one, and another was "sent off spouting thick blood." The whale was towed along side and the day ended. The next day all hands were employed "cutting-in" the whale and boiling him.

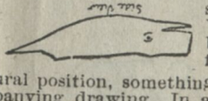




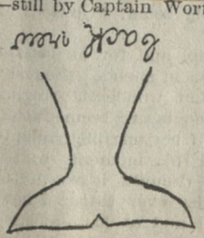
While thus busy another school of whales was sighted and chase given, but this sign or character signifies without result. They all escaped. The whales either "sounded"—dove out of sight—or outvied their pursuers in speed and disappeared. This mark is frequent all through the book, showing how numerous were the whales seen and how plenty were struck, but many of them escaped, the harpooners having "drawed."



And here is not a bad place to correct a generally false impression. The impression, or belief, that a whale's flukes or tail are like the tail of other fish as regards their position. They are not at right angles with his mouth; not perpendicular, but are horizontal. Looking at a whale's side, one would see, according to Captain Folger, something like this. Viewing the whale's back, one sees the flukes in their natural position, something as in the accompanying drawing. In a bluefish, or cod, a mackerel, a salmon, trout or any other fish mentioned, the tail, when the fish lies on its belly, is as if the hand were placed on the table, with the little finger resting on the cloth; one sees the edge. But with the whale in the same position the tail is as the hand—still, with outstretched fingers, would be seen if laid palm downward. Most of the cuts accompanying dictionaries or schoolbooks are misleading in this respect. The tail of the whale moves up and down, not from side to side.



On Christmas a porpoise was caught—still by Captain Worth—but not a word appears in the log relating to any observance of the feast by officers or crew.



On the 27th the captain of an English vessel—the Amy, loaded with salt, bound from Cadiz to Montevideo—visited them and for the first time since leaving port they had an opportunity to send letters to their homes. On the 30th they spoke the ship Martha, of Newport, fifty days out and not a drop of oil to show for it.

CHARLOTTE IS INJURED.

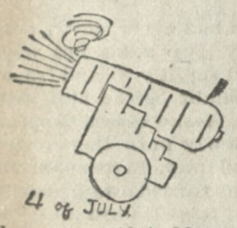
A "suspicious schooner" next occupied their attention for some days, but they finally drew away from the pirate and met her no more. The capture of a blackfish, the loss of a hundred-barrel whale and of a smaller one are noted in January, and on 12th of February we are told that "about 2 o'clock A. M. our pig Charlotte fell down in the fore-hold and hurt herself badly. We knocked her in the head and hove her overboard to put her out of misery. A sad loss to us all."

On March 2 Captain Ford, of the General Scott, of Fair Haven, thirty-two months out, 1,000 barrels sperm oil, "came on board and *got the news!*" On the 4th they chased a school into the dark, and lost them, and on the 6th spoke another vessel, five months out from Salem and "clean," *i. e.*, with no oil. Such were the risks of whaling. On the 10th a large whale spouted forty times near by, but they could not get him. Similar luck followed on the 12th, when Mr. Folger cries: "O Lord! hard luck!" On the 13th another whale escaped on account of rough weather, but on the 17th they struck, killed, cut up and boiled a forty-four-barrel bull.

Six blackfish were killed on the 24th, and on the 28th a peculiar sketch calls our particular attention to the text, where we are told that on that day they chased a school of blackfish, but did not strike. The larboard boat, however, captured a large sunfish, of which this is supposed to be a faithful likeness.

So day in and day out, with capture of porpoises, sunfish, blackfish, and speaking of vessels, they sailed on until in May, on the the third day of the month, the ship came to anchor in Tombus. She lay there ten days and then began to cruise off the coast of Peru, toward the Gallipagas Islands.

On the Fourth of July, 1842, the ship was on the "off shore" ground, and that the boatsteerer's patriotic feelings were not dimmed by time or distance is shown by the sketch that accompanies the remarks written on that day.



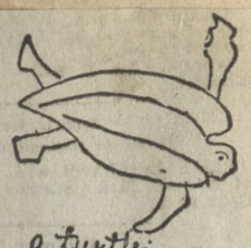
Cruising toward the "Line" brought them to the 1st of August, and on that day, about 10 A. M., they "fortunately discovered a dead whale to midward, and joyfully brought him alongside, for this was a windfall indeed. The sharks had left his head and a small proportion of his body. We cut him in, making about fourteen barrels, and that was a great prize to us after going so long without getting a whale."

On August 4 we are again confronted by the stamp of a whale, which was a thirty-barrel cow. Encouraged by this, the starboard boat followed the school, and, "after a long chase to leeward, struck a large whale. She had no sooner struck than the whale had the impudence, with the help of some brave men, to upset the boat and spill them in the briny deep. They cut the line and the bow boat picked them up. I expect the whale is doing well now."

"THESE ARE THE FLOWERS OF THE SEA."

THE CAPTAIN OVERBOARD.

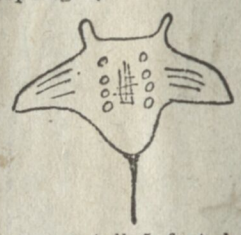
To follow the ship, with her varying fortunes, during the almost four years of her cruise, would tire one more than to take the cruise itself. Yet their life was not without incident. A turtle was caught, and the captain "shot a couple of birds called 'bo'swains,' lowered a boat and got them." Then, "as he was more plague than he was worth, and more bother than profit," they killed "Odd Dick," the hog, and although there is no chronicle to that effect, doubtless devoured him with great gusto and relish, seasoned with that delicious sea sauce, appetite.



Many a whale was caught, many a one that had been struck got away. Another dead one was picked up and yielded largely. Two 80-barrel whales were killed and towed alongside the ship and then lost, through storms, despite their efforts to save them.

In 1843, February 2d, "the captain fell overboard from the mizzen-chains. The man at the wheel saw him go and immediately gave the alarm, luffed the ship into the wind and down with the starboard boat, and picked him up; he lost his hat and shoes, but no other damage." Perhaps he also lost his temper, but discreet Mr. Folger is silent on this point.

Cruising about the Bonin Islands toward the latter part of May, 1843, to the eastward of Perry's Group, they saw blackfish, grampuses, porpoises, finbacks, everything excepting sperm whale. "About 5 P. M. saw a large diamond-fish, lowered the starboard boat, struck him with two irons and killed him. Took him on board and measured him for a novelty. Found him to be 13½ feet long, 16 feet from fin-end to fin-end, 4 feet from eye to eye; tail 5 feet long, mouth 2½ feet wide."



There are dozens of such sketches as I have endeavored to follow, and much entertaining reading matter. The log occupies all of the pages of an ordinary-sized ledger, and is closely written. I close the few extracts with the journal of October 19, 1845:

"Commenced with fine weather and calm. At 1 P. M. the steamer came off and took us in tow, and about 5 P. M. got alongside of Nantucket wharf and made the ship fast, to the great joy of all on board. We then took our departure for our old homes, being absent *only forty-seven months and five days.* So ends my journal, and thankful, too, I am.

"A. FOLGER, JR."

The italics are mine. T. W. KING.

Commenced Monday July 26—95

UNIQUE SEASIDE RESORT.

AN ANCIENT FISHING VILLAGE CONTEMPORIZED.

Siasconset Past and Present—Its Curious History and Evolution — Simplicity, Quiet and Rest Alone Sought and Enjoyed — Show and Fashion Despised.

SIASCONSET, Nantucket, July 19.—Sixteen or eighteen years ago this unique village was scarcely known off Nantucket Island, and now, although its reputation is confined mostly to the New England seaboard, it has become a summer resort of some general distinction. It is a resort, however, of a peculiar, indeed, of an unpre-

cedented, wholly unfashionable sort, as unlike the ordinary significance of the word as may easily be imagined. Nobody comes to the island without visiting this queer settlement from sheer curiosity, if from no other cause; very much as travellers to Amsterdam find their way to Broek. The two places have nothing in common except their singularity, a singularity marked enough to be impressive and memorable. The town of Nantucket is quaint; but 'Sconset, as the islanders invariably call it, with a constitutional tendency to abbreviating terms, is far quainter—in truth, an embodiment of quaintness. So very little is known of or about it in the west that an account of it ought not to be without a degree of interest just at this time.

VERITABLE RECORD.

For a century and a half, Sconset, on the southeast corner of the island, nine miles direct from Nantucket Town, enjoyed complete obscurity, so far as the great world was concerned. It had absolutely no history, and was happy in its indistinction. A mere fishing hamlet, it was without a post office, church or shop until eight years since; and to-day these innovations are barely discernable, would not be discovered, unless diligently looked for. At first it had, perhaps, a score of primitive habitations, such as piscatorial pioneers alone would put up. More than two centuries ago what is named a fishing stage was begun here, in consequence of the excellent fishing in the immediate waters, in the form of a number of rude huts, consisting generally of single rooms, often without floors. These were along the bluffs, some thirty feet high, that they might be near, and yet beyond the reach of the sea, which, during storms, dashed far over the beach. The fishermen, very brave and hearty sailors, were doubtless attracted, also, by the dangerous character of the adjacent waters, full of shoals, in which vessels, especially in the early days, were frequently wrecked. Their humanity, as well as their thrift, through salvage, was appealed to. They saved many lives and made considerable money. Well as mariners now know this shore, a ship is lost every few months to the south of this, as one or two visible wrecks usually attest. The hamlet had no noticeable growth for several generations, particularly as fishing declined. Some dozen years since the Continentalists, as the natives still dub dwellers on the main land, began to come here during warm weather, because of the quietness and quaintness of the locality and its pure, cool, healthful air. And the number has steadily increased, and it is increasing still. The rudimentary huts naturally evolved in time. Floors were laid down; doors and windows were introduced—they were generally brought from the town—kitchens and sleeping rooms added, until the houses were fairly comfortable, albeit still very queer. The windows and doors, having been used in other houses, did not fit the new structures, of course; nor did they correspond in any way. What they lacked in proportion and harmony they made up in originality, which was augmented, as occasion offered, by fragments of wreck, employed as decorations, notably parts of bowsprits, bits of stern, figureheads and painted titles of vessels. The combination presented, as may be inferred, a strangely incongruous and diversified order of architecture, which has been carefully preserved by the successors of the fishermen.

A PIONEER MOVEMENT.

One of the first to find out the desirableness of 'Sconset as a summering spot was Edward H. Underhill, a New Yorker, on the *Tribune* staff before the civil war, and now a prominent court phonographer in that city. An enthusiast by temperament and a man of ideas, he is yet as fresh-hearted, vigorous and acute as when a boy he determined to spend his vacations here, and to build a number of cottages as much like those of the fishermen as possible. It was an odd conceit, but he faithfully carried it out, sparing neither time nor pains in his purpose. Many persons regarded it as a whim which would prove very expensive to him, but it has, on the contrary, been highly remunerative, the investment paying him, he said, 10 per cent. per annum. He owns some twenty cottages in all, every one of which is rented, summer after summer, at from $135 to $200 a season, furnished and fully equipped for housekeeping. They are curious structures, in which space is admirably economized. Very small, they resemble externally the cottages at Oak Bluffs (Martha's Vineyard), though they are far more pleasant and better arranged, consisting usually of a tiny parlor, dining room, kitchen and two or three sleeping chambers overhead, to which a ladder may, when not in use, be shut into a frame, so as to be out of the way. It is remarkable how well the cottages serve their object, and how much they are liked by those who have lived in them. Underhill has tried to select furniture of the ancient kind, and has been very successful in picking up what he wanted, old rag carpets, such as our great-grandmothers wrought; odd chairs in the fashion of the last century; tables and bedsteads of strange patterns; bureaus with glass knobs or brass handles; clocks of a remote age from Connecticut, England or Holland; fantastic mirrors, violating every principle of art, and other antique things that have recently become the mode again. Old furniture dealers in New York would find here many prizes, but no ordinary sum would buy what has been secured with so much search and trouble. Occupying these cottages is a kind of prolonged picnicking, which the tenants greatly enjoy. It is exactly the thing for the newly wedded; several couples are spending the honeymoon here, and are delighted, of course, as young and ardent lovers necessarily would be, with their domiciliary environment and the extraordinary freedom of this seaside spot.

Underhill built his cottages with the idea that they would be taken by persons having incomes from $3,000 to $6,000, but their tenants have mainly, to his surprise, been persons with five or six times larger incomes. The oddity and novelty of the residences are so piquant and engaging that they are frequently rented season after season by the same people. If hot weather should prevail they would scarcely be habitable, but with the cool, breezy nights that are the rule here, and the natural tendency to be outdoors, they are as comfortable as alluring. No Continentalist thinks of staying within walls during summer, all the attractions are in the sea, sky, open air and broad moors. Larger, more pretentious and expensive cottages erected on and near the Bank, as 'Sconset is called by the natives, has not proved as acceptible as the quaint, little ones, many of those standing idle. Visitors obviously like the simplicity, liberty and unconventionalism that herein in the place and its traditions, and are not satisfied with anything foreign thereto.

ODD FEATURES.

Some of the figureheads washed ashore from wrecked ships are curious rudimentary specimens of wood carving. George Washington and Lafayette are conspicuous among them, and particularly a frowning, ferocious virgin, life-size (in front of Captain William Baxter's home), which has been so widely photographed as to become a local celebrity. She nobly maintains her reputation; for, though she has stood for years in the public eye, there has not been the slightest intimation that she is not all she claims to be—inexpugnable in her pudicity. It must be confessed that her appearance is, in a measure, her protection, and that she is not of the material to be endangered. I have been told that she was intended for Joan of Arc, and it may be true. If so, the image has fared better than the original, who was, as you know, foully traduced by her enemies. The reason may be that, while the latter was maid of Orleans, the latter is maid of wood.

The names of some of the cottages, painted on boards, nailed above the door, are suggestive of satire and jocosity. They are "Dew Drop Inn," "Wannackmack Lodge," "N'Yum N'Yum Hut," "Okorwaw Wigwam," "Castle Bandbox," "Bird's Nest Hut," "Sanitas Felicitas," "Sans Souci," "Multi in Parvo," "Palace Hovel," "Heart's Ease," "Sardine Box," "Spoon Fashion," "Fig Drum," "Kansas Dugout," "Humming Bird's Nest," "Scollop Shell," "Penny Bank," "Tiny Tim's Tavern," "Hole in the Air," "Rainy Day Retreat," "Sunshine Corner," "Jack in the Box," "Spider's Web," "Social Exchange," "Behind the Door," "Out-Door Hospitality," "Don't Stay Cabin," "Three-Room Villa," "Mouse Trap Manor," "Condensed Domesticity," "Utopian Cranny," "Abbey of Contractedness," "Out of the World," "'Sconset Paradise" and "Eden in a Cranny." These names might be supposed to be sarcastically aimed at the ambitious and elaborate villas of Newport, of which they are, in every respect, the antipodes. Women and children are mostly the occupants of the cottages, as well as the majority of the 'Sconset summerers. Few men can afford the leisure to come so far; but, when they do come, are warmly welcomed. An extraordinary number of teachers and professors, who have a long vacation, are to be found; many from the New England and other eastern colleges, and known to fame. 'Sconset seems, indeed, to be a favorite retreat for the scholarly, who, no doubt, find in the pure, healthful air, and in the total relaxation of the place what their tired minds require. There is nothing to do here, which is a rest in itself.

The original village had four streets, running north and south, if small cottages, built in a deviating line, opposite one another with twenty feet of space between, may be called streets. There are no sidewalks and no paving; wheel-ruts marking the roadway, with a generally straggling appearance. Toward the close of the last century a heavy gale, succeeded fifty years later by another, so washed away the bluff and damaged some of the houses that those in the immediate vicinity were moved back, leaving only three streets, the oldest of which has lately in a vein of irony been named Broadway. Some of the cottages are near the ruts; others are further back; the whole order of architecture being of a signally undecided, vacillating character. At night lanterns are hung out at the doorways, so that the bearings of pedestrians may be got, which makes the old place look picturesque; while the measured break of the waves on the beach lends to the scene something weird and impressive, especially when there is no moon, the darkness stimulating the imagination.

In the centre of the village is the old pump, put up in 1776, to defray the expense of which a number of the inhabitants each contributed a shilling and upward; thus discharging what they conceived to be a patriotic duty. The pump is historic, and is earnestly inspected by every visitor from the main land, who, if he should miss it, would be thought to have made his visit in vain. Last season a small gossipy sheet was issued by a New York journalist sojourning on the island, and was named after the patriarchal machine. This marvellous innovation upon Nantucket promises to be remunerative. Near the pump is a rough board one and a half story dwelling of the common pattern, a paper sign in the window bearing the letters P. O. S. T. O. F. F. I. C. E., and still another similarly labeled S. T. O. R. E., which represent the commercial centre of the place.

THE ALLUREMENTS.

'Sconset has two hotels—the Atlantic, open the year round, and wretched, and the Ocean View, a summer house, remissly kept, but good by contrast. The latter will accomodate about one hundred and fifty, and is at present full, July and August being the months when boarding facilities on the island are always taxed to the utmost. The proprietor, Levi Coffin, is a genuine Nantucketer of the day, an easy-going, unenterprising fellow, who allows things to drift as they will. He could make money if he wanted to, and would try; but he would waste years before he could decide whether he cared to make money or not. It is said that Nantucketers of this era are without energy or ambition—the islands declined with the decline of whale fishing—so long as they remain at home. When they migrate to the continent they almost always prosper. William H. Starbuck, a native, is mentioned as an example. He is said to have been very poor; to have shown no capacity here; but, after going to New York, to have developed apparently another nature, became a big, bold operator in Wall street, and is now a millionnaire. He is remembered in the town as the giver of the new clock in the Second Congregational Meeting house, whose dome he also gilded, making it to Nantucket in conspicuousness what the dome of St. Peter's is to Rome or St. Sophia's to Petersburg.

The boast of 'Sconset as a resort is that it is extremely restful; that no mainlander ever wishes to do anything here, and would not, whatever the temptations. He is reduced to the performance of his physical functions; he is generally hungry and sleepy; many strangers passing habitually ten and twelve hours in bed. Men have been known, it is said, to drop off in the midst of a sneeze, not completing the sternutation until they had ended their nap.

This story is frequently told: A lady was sent hither from Boston by her husband for quiet and change which she sorely needed. Too drowsy to write on her arrival, she deferred announcing it until the second day. Going to the post office with the letter she grew confused through dizziness and dropped herself in the box. The local authorities declare, though I do not vouch for them, that she did not discover her mistake until she had been called for and delivered.

Nervous, overworked persons certainly receive benefit from this air. I am, myself, so indolent by constitution that I do not care to be made more so. I should prefer more atmospheric invigoration. The great glory of 'Sconset, and of the whole island (there is no other insular resort but Wauwinet, seven miles north of this and reached by a harbor boat) is its coolness. The climate is equable, due, in part, to the situation. Every breeze is from the sea, and breezes are usually blowing from some quarter. The mercury seldom rizes above 80°, and frequently stops at 76°. Once in a year or so it touches 88° or 89° at 3 o'clock P. M.; but it soon falls, and the nights are, almost without exception, delightfully refreshing, when a blanket or two are commonly needed for bed covering. This is actually true here, not a fictitious exaggeration as it is at most watering places. I have been to nearly every summer resort of any note in the country, and none that I can recall is so comfortable as respects temperature in hot weather as Nantucket.

The summerers at 'Sconset must now number several hundred at least. Among them I hear of a few New Yorkers, P. Wyman and wife, Miss Wyman, R. T. Pritchard, N. T. Davis and wife, George Gilmore, Arthur E. Fish and wife, Mrs. Lucian Gilbert, Mrs. N. C. McMillen and child, John Greisermann and family, Edward H. Underhill, Mrs. O. P. Warden and daughter and Henry Hertige. There may be others, but Continentalists are so scattered in this scattering village that it is hard to get tidings of them.

J. H. B.

Nantucket Journal Aug 7 – 90

From N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Unique Seaside Resort.

AN ANCIENT FISHING VILLAGE CONTEMPORIZED—SIASCONSET PAST AND PRESENT—ITS CURIOUS HISTORY AND EVOLUTION--SIMPLICITY, QUIET AND REST SOUGHT AND ENJOYED — SHOW AND FASHION DESPISED.

SIASCONSET, Nantucket, July 19.—Sixteen or eighteen years ago this unique village was scarcely known off Nantucket Island, and now, although its reputation is confined mostly to the New England seaboard, it has become a summer resort of some general distinction. It is a resort, however, of a peculiar, indeed, of an unprecedented, wholly unfashionable sort, as unlike the ordinary

☞ We publish in another column an article from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser which pays a merited tribute to the pluck and energy of Mr. E. F. Underhill whose efforts have contributed so materially to make Siasconset what it has become as a summer resort.

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For a century and a half, 'Sconset, on the southeast corner of the island, nine miles direct from Nantucket Town, enjoyed complete obscurity, so far as the great world was concerned. It had absolutely no history, and was happy in its indistinction. A mere fishing hamlet, it was without a post office, church or shop until eight years since; and today but few innovations are discernable, would not be discovered, unless diligently looked for. At first it had, perhaps, a score of primitive habitations, such as piscatorial pioneers alone would put up. More than two centuries ago what is named a fishing stage was begun here, in consequence of the excellent fishing in the immediate waters, in the form of a number of rude huts, consisting generally of single rooms, often without doors. These were along the bluffs, some thirty feet high, that they might be near, and yet beyond the reach of the sea, which, during storms, dashed far over the beach. The fishermen, brave and hearty sailors, were doubtless attracted, also, by the dangerous character of the adjacent waters, full of shoals, on which vessels, especially in early days, were frequently wrecked. Their humanity, as well as their thrift, through salvage, was appealed to. They saved many lives and made considerable money. Well as mariners now know this shore, a ship is lost every few months to the south of this, as one or two visible wrecks usually attest. The hamlet had no noticeable growth for several generations, particularly as fishing declined. Some dozen years since the Continentalists, as the natives still dub dwellers on the main land, began to come here during warm weather, because of the quietness and quaintness of the locality and its pure, cool, healthful air. And the number has steadily increased, and it is increasing still. The rudimentary huts naturally evolved in time. Floors were laid down; doors and windows were introduced—they were generally brought from the town—kitchens and sleeping rooms added, until the houses were fairly comfortable, albeit still very queer. The windows and doors, having been used in other houses, did not fit the new structures, of course; nor did they correspond in any way. What they lacked in proportion and harmony they made up in originality, which was augmented, as occasion offered, by fragments of wreck, employed as decorations, notably parts of bowsprits, bits of stern, figureheads and painted tiles of vessels. The combination presented, as may be inferred, a strangely incongruous and diversified order of architecture, which has been carefully preserved by the successors of the fishermen.

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Underhill built his cottages with the idea that they would be taken by persons having incomes from $1000 to $3000, but their tenants have mainly, to his surprise, been persons with greatly larger incomes. The oddity and novelty of the residences are so piquant and engaging that they are frequently rented season after season by the same people. Larger, more pretentious and expensive cottages erected on and near the Bank, as 'Sconset is called by the natives, have not proved as acceptible as the quaint, little ones, many of those standing idle. Visitors obviously like the simplicity, liberty and unconventionalism that herein in the place and its traditions, and are not satisfied with anything foreign thereto.

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Providence Journal Aug 10/91

NANTUCKET.

THE OLD WHALING SETTLEMENT AS A SUMMER RESORT.

The Glory of Ancient Days Departed, but a New Era Opening.

LYING out in the broad Atlantic, thirty miles from nowhere, a big lump of sand rising up from the bosom of the restless heaving ocean, is the island of Nantucket. It is a quaint old place, with a quaint population of skippers and skippers' "widders" and skippers' wives and sons and "darters." In the palmy days of the whale fisheries the town proper of Nantucket, which rises on the hillside facing Nantucket harbor, was one of the liveliest places along the Massachusetts coast, and was the great rival of New Bedford in point of wealth and business activity. Many and many a stately ship laden with spoil of the ocean chase has sailed into the harbor and moored at the stone built docks that are now levelled with the sea. The news of the discovery of the Pennsylvania oil fields sounded the death knell of Nantucket old-time prosperity. The ships that sailed away in pursuit of the leviathans of the deep were yearly fewer and fewer, and finally there were none at all. The docks that once were crowded with oil barrels and whaling paraphernalia became deserted, decayed and fell to pieces. Some loose rubble and rotting sticks now mark the spot where once they stood.

The native Nantucketers were a hardy, adventurous class, and as the staple business of the place fell away, many of the younger generation left their island homes to seek fortunes in other fields. So many went away that the population fell to about 3000, and to-day the self-exiled children of Nantucket can be found in almost every quarter of this great country.

A new era, however, is opening for the old town. The summer bird of fashion has selected it for one of his resting places and with the stamp of approval upon it hundreds of his kind now yearly repair to the old seaport, infusing fresh blood into its withered arteries and causing the coin of the realm to flow in a golden stream into the stockings of the old citizens, who, despite adversity, have clung to the island of their birth. The late Charles O'Conor, the eminent New York jurist, in search of health and rest, decided that Nantucket was the Land of Promise, where brain-weary men could find rest and peace. He built him a cozy cottage high up on the towering cliffs of the island, overlooking the sea, and summer after summer he dwelt there, regaining in a measure the energy lost in the turmoil of city life. Many other New York and Boston men have followed his example, and the hillsides about the old town are becoming dotted with the many-angled villas of mainland magnates, and summer hotels for the accommodation of the transient visitor are springing into existence.

The normal population of Nantucket to-day is believed to be somewhere in the vicinity of 4000, but in summer time these figures are largely increased. As its value as a health resort becomes known the prices of its real estate shoot up and land which a few years ago looked as though it would shortly be worth scarcely more than the paper upon which the deed was written, is increasing in valuation yearly to the great joy of the "Captings" and "Captings' widders" who hold the titles.

The five-hour sail from New Bedford to Nantucket is a most delightful treat. Ordinary Providence people go all the way to New Bedford by train, but the Journal correspondent's trip from Providence was made on the Journal's fast pony express to Fall River at 3 o'clock in the morning and thence to New Bedford by train. Of course this line of travel is not open to everybody, and therefore the Providence tourist to Nantucket cannot enjoy the glorious spectacle of the morning sun rising through the mists from behind the hills of Swansea, as the Journal man did, or feel the thrill of pleasure he felt, as the fast little running horse galloped along through the bracing chill of the morning air. The sail from New Bedford, however, is open for the regular traveler. The boats are large and necessarily seaworthy, for the line, at certain times, can boast of one of the nastiest bits of water travel of any route upon the coast. Perchance there may be a little fog hanging over the water and the slowing down of the engines and the slow creeping through the thick white banks of mist, with accompanying interval blast of the steamer's whistle, will add a spice of danger apparent, but rarely real, that may be a pleasure in itself or at least will furnish a topic of fruitful conversation when again on dry land. The sail across Buzzard's Bay is always delightful and the weird tones of the bell buoy rocking in the cradle of the deep are scarcely lost ere the boat enters into the seething, rushing waters of the narrow channel between Naushon Island and Wood's Holl. Mayhap the gallant sloop yacht Puritan that so bravely upheld the honor of this Yankee nation a few years ago may be seen lying at anchor off Naushon, bowing gracefully to the ocean swells. Across Vineyard Sound, that great waterway of coastwise commerce, by the headlands of West Chop and straight away from Cottage City across Nantucket shoals is always a delightful sail, and the tourist on the afternoon boat is liable to be compensated for the loss of the sunrise over Swansea's hills by the beautiful sight of the setting, sinking down of a big ball of fire apparently into the ocean.

The first sight of the town proper which the traveler gets as the good steamer rounds the breakwater and heads to cross the bar into Nantucket harbor is that of a central picture of weather-beaten houses with shingled sides and "walk-arounds" on the roof, interspersed with an occasional church spire and framed on either hand with the more modern villa of the ordinary summer resorts. Looking up amid the other buildings on the hillside shines the gilded dome of the Unitarian Church, its glistening sides bright and dazzling in the flashing rays of the setting sun. All of the population that can comfortably get away from their houses will be found waiting on the wharf to see the steamer come in. This is a general practice and one into which the visitor readily falls. It is nothing more or less than a repetition of the custom prevalent in the town years ago when the arrival was usually a whaler and those on board the husbands, friends and

lovers of the waiting ones on shore. Among the crowd nowadays is Billy Clarke. He is the town crier, a relic of antiquity, and the principal living curiosity of the place. His business is to sell the Journal in the morning, deliver packages and make announcements during the day and sell Boston papers in the evening. His armament consists of a big bell, a big fish horn and a pair of lungs that never grow weary. All day long and far into the night he is on the go, the most important and the busiest man in town. Like the cows on the mountain he is heard before he is seen and the braying of his horn or the ding-a-ling of his bell is heard at intervals about the town the livelong day. There are a couple of weekly papers published in Nantucket, but the residents apparently do not depend upon them solely for the publication of particular announcements. When anything is lost or some special entertainment is to take place, Billy is called in and thoroughly drilled upon the subject of his address and then turned loose upon the people. In making announcements, he stops at every street corner, and at every hotel front faces, rings his bell three times and blares away. Finished at one corner, he rushes down the street to the next corner, goes through the same performance, and so on throughout the town. He has been Town Crier as far back as anybody cares to remember, and his lungs seem to be in first-class shape, notwithstanding his long years of service. The chances are, however, that if he ever heard the stentorian voice of the little fat man with white chin whiskers and metal-tipped baton, who calls out the destination of the trains at Taunton depot, he would die of envy.

The bell in the Unitarian Church, the gilded dome of which has already been referred to, has the reputation of being one of the sweetest toned bells in the country. It is called "The Spanish bell," and a charming romance has been conjured up in regard to it only to be denied. The bell, so the story went, was stolen by a brave Nantucket skipper from a Spanish convent, and finally, after many vicissitudes, hung in the Nantucket steeple. The facts are, however, that it was purchased in a Spanish foundry in 1812 and several years after was hung in its present place. It was, however, cast as one of a set for presentation to a convent by a Spanish grandee, and it bears the name of the donor and the date of the proposed presentation. For some reason or another it was never delivered to the party which ordered it cast, and the Nantucketer stumbled upon it through accident. Its tones are certainly remarkably sweet and do not fail to attract the attention of the visitor when it is heard tolling the hour for the first time.

New Yorkers are paying great attention to the development of the island's possibilities as a summer resort. They have established a club house and other attractions on the bathing beach at Coantue on the other side of the harbor, and the old hotel that formerly stood on the bluff at Riverside, on Narragansett Bay, and which was taken to pieces and transported to Nantucket, is also being run by a syndicate of New Yorkers. It is located at a point on the Island between Nantucket harbor and Siasconset, the village at the far end of the island. The spot is called "Surfside" and it is fitly named, for big waves continually roll in and dash themselves in foam beneath the cliff upon which the hotel is set up. After a blow the surf there is really something grand and tremendous. The land about the spot is sterile and barren looking, but the company has set out a number of trees and are trying hard to make the place attractive. The old Islanders, however, nod their heads, and with a significant wink, aver that one or two winter gales such as they usually get in Nantucket will knock spots out of the trees.

Surfside and Siasconset are both reached by a narrow-guage railroad from the main town. A sight of the rolling stock of the railroad would set an ordinary railroad man into fits. The engine boasts the very classic name of Diouis, but time is obliterating the name from beneath the cab window, and either modesty or lack of pride prevents the owners from staying its destroying hand. As a novelty a ride over the road is well worth the experience. The puffing locomotive snorts over the plains right merrily, while the cowbell attachment rings out its dulcet tones at the slightest provocation. The train attains a splendid rate of speed going down hill, but the labored puffing of the little locomotive while trying to climb a grade excited a feeling of compassion in the breasts of the passengers in the cars behind. Siasconset, once a collection of fishers' huts, now boasts quite a summer settlement, with pretty villas and one or two hotels.

The charm of Nantucket aside from the healthfulness of its location is that of the ancient glory visible in the old decaying landmarks of the place. Even Uncle Sam's headquarters, the post office, retains marks of "ye olden tyme," in its equipments. Some of the boxes are of the style in use over 40 years ago, the openings being merely square blocks of wood that drop down on hinges. An evening visit to the post office, by the way, is another excuse for the turning out of the entire population. The mail is supposed to be ready for delivery at 8 p. m., and from that hour until close on to midnight, there is a long line of people waiting their turn for mail.

The one great occupation of the visitors, aside from sightseeing, is boating and fishing. For this purpose there is a fleet of catboats in the harbor of immense size, and on fair days the majority of them are generally in use. Bluefish have been so plentiful about the breakwater this summer as to be hardly worth the catching.

Taken altogether Nantucket is a most delightful place to spend a summer's vacation, aside from its virtues as a health resort and from the activity displayed by those interested in its development, it bids fair to increase in favor with the great public as the years go by.

Boston Transcript Aug 2-90

NANTUCKET IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

Every year when the right season comes about, Nantucket swarms, as all my readers know, with those people who, in the language of the real Nantucketer, are called "strangers." Some of them may come annually for many years to the houses which they own, and often occupy for a third of the year, but that makes no difference. They are "strangers" just as surely as the transient visitor seeing the island for the first time. You must be to the manner born, or be ble to place your great-grandfather or great-andmother on some firm twig of one of the eat ancestral trees well rooted in Nantucket id, if you would escape the name. All , however, does not prevent the real lords his little kingdom from being kindness to the strangers within their gates, they have learned to know them.

ong these strangers are always to be the ready writers, who come with their to stay perhaps a week, and then write island for the newspapers. Perhaps tay longer and write a story for a mag- or all summer and then put forth a whereof the scene is laid now on the moors, now on the long, sandy shore, on the bright water; but neither newsrticle, story or novel pleases as a rule y respects those people who really he island and the islanders. *They* y wish the writers had drawn from ock of imagination entirely, and ess to memory or observation. One mmer and winter places as well le before he tries very lengthened

lescriptions. It is true the houses are nostly old and old-fashioned; the town oasts town criers, whose functions are performed in other places in quite different ways; the church bell rings at morning, noon and night on ordinary days and is silent on the glorious Fourth and other holidays; but when everything and everybody is stamped at once as quaint and unique, what can the old inhabitant do but sigh and say, "We were unique once. We could have and hold our own ways just as we pleased. But now men, women, carriages, manners and customs are not all 'quaint.' They are just like the rest of the world, and this is a column of nonsense, and I am tired to death of that much-abused word"? Or the writer, thinking only of the fact that he is at the seashore, spends all his time in a boat or on the wharves talking with a few old seafaring men, and his article would leave the impression that said retired seafaring men with their supposed families make up the chief part of Nantucket. What does he think has become of the once wealthy shipowners and their families; or of the men who in Nantucket's prosperous days were proprietors of the great candle factories, the ropewalks, the cooper shops, the men and women too who were merchants and made money, and where are the relatives of the hosts of teachers and educated men and women, who have gone out into the world and made their mark? There was a time when Boston, Salem and Nantucket were spoken of together as important commercial ports, and Nantucket stood almost alone in its whaling interests. Since then ships have disappeared, and fortunes with them; grass has grown up between the paving stones laid down to support the heavy oil wagons, warehouses have dropped or are dropping to pieces, but the influences and experiences of prosperity are not all gone, and it would be quite a mistake to suppose that nobody saved anything substantial from better times. Many a plain, old-fashioned house the summer scribbler would find as refined and lovely a home as his own, and the home makers as conversant with the world from travel and mixing with good society, and with books from reading, as he is himself. The real Nantucketer loves his home as, I think, only islanders can, but he is traveller now from inclination as he used to be by profession. But why do I say "he?" I know one woman who has been round the world three times in her husband's vessel, and who will tell you that she bought this in Valparaiso, and that in Barcelona, that she never saw anything like the flowers in Melbourne, where her daughter lives, or more remarkable than the loading of a vessel in Bombay, with twenty-five elephants bound for the use of the army in Abyssinia. Not many women, however, took to the sea to such an extent. A voyage now and then, perhaps, but somebody must attend to the business and the children at home, and Nantucket wives, and the wives' sisters knew how to do that, and know how still, I can assure you. A more capable, energetic, independent body than they are it would be hard to find. They may not have to do the same things they did when husbands went away for long voyages, but the spirit is left intact, and won't die out in one generation. One evening last winter I went to a neighbor's house to make a call, and found there two other callers. Our host, a somewhat feeble old man, had travelled little for many years, but he could have told us something of England and France as they were fifty or sixty years ago, or of the Western Islands as the islands northwest of Africa are called here. One of the calles, a manr who had taken his journeys for pleasure, spoke incidentally of climbing Pike's Peak and the Pyramids, of a storm on the Caribbean Sea, and sundry trips in Europe, while the other told of her life in Mexico and of a certain time when in the steamer of which her husband was capt.

they had great difficulty in making a passage through the Straits of Magellan. Now there are no young sea captains to go on whaling voyages and leave the wives at home, or on voyages in merchant ships or steamers and take their wives with them; so everybody must travel in the ordinary way and be satisfied with mementos from California, Florida and Europe, instead of filagree silver from Peru or inlaid cabinets from India. The men who are called captain—and there are many of them—and the men who sailed with them are gray-haired now. They love to tell of what they once did on the broad ocean, but their sons do not succeed to their honors. They must go away, not on Nantucket vessels to seek their fortunes, but to the great cities, where the sons of the captain, of the former or of the city merchant or professional man are all together, and in many ways all alike. I heard one lady, speaking with regret of the great changes on the island, say that years ago the streets used to be as full all the time as they are now in the summer, and the people were "all our own."

But the adjective "quaint" is the word to use for many things here, for the old houses with the pretty little back yards and porches, the winding lanes, the furniture in the houses, and perhaps for some of the people, but while *they* are certainly not common place, quaintness is hardly their characteristic now, whatever it might have been when the Quaker element was predominant; but that was perhaps seventy years ago. But there are a good many things here that strike the stranger—who is not yet quite a stranger, because he is made to feel so pleasantly at home — as quite off the beaten track of the mainland, as quite unlike what "off-islanders" have or do. You may go to a large tea party here, composed of elderly people, and you will be struck not only by the fact which sooner or later you have found out, that almost everybody is in some way related to or connected with everybody else, but also that they have all always known each other, that they call each other by the first name and that they can talk of school days and youthful frolics without anybody's feeling left out in the cold. Like one great family, the people generally draw from one common stock of old associations, memories, griefs, regrets and pleasures, and to make the picture true let me add that like all great families they have their feuds. But I recommend you, outsider, to remember well all the good advice you ever heard about interfering in such matters, even to expressing an opinion. All Nantucket rises in a body against the intruder who thinks he can follow anybody's lead and help abuse one maligned islander. Praised or maligned, he is better than you are, that's certain.

Do you know, my friend the excursionist, anything about the Nantucket flower gardens? Of course you say you thought there were not any. That is because you did not look behind the houses or over the high board fences. The next time you make the excursion, look over the fences, and, when you can, behind the houses, and if you love to see with never-failing pansies and nasturtiums the hedges of sweet peas and the new roses and latest novelties in other flowers—some of the old-fashioned favorites—you will be rewarded, for there will be London Pride, thyme, sweet pink, pink and white in great profusion, monk's hood, and blue and white spider's wort, that perhaps you have not seen for years. And all about are hollyhocks and climbing roses, and the sweet scented white honeysuckle that will show its great mass of green leaves on the trellises all winter, and occasionally a flower until cold weather is an old story. The English ivy grows luxuriantly here; rosebuds are often found in November, sometimes later, and last winter, mild everywhere, I do not think there was a day when something that might be called a flower

would not have been found blooming somewhere out of doors. A little daisy bed I know had buds and blossoms without fail. Early in the spring there are gardens where thousands of the very sweet single English violets perfume the air, where bright orange stocks show their gorgeous spikes before the grass is green, and here and there—but this is not common, there is a bush or vine of that kind of jessamine that is covered in January and February with bright-yellow, star-like flowers and in spring and summer with fresh foliage. This plant is common, I believe, at the South, but I never saw it elsewhere at the North. I have been told, however, that it was introduced here from the Cape. It is not in the least like the climbing yellow jessamine, wrongly so called, of the Southern woods. On one of the outlying farms the gorse, or furze, grows and blossoms in the winter. The seeds were brought from Ireland.

Nantucket is like certain individuals—extravagantly admired by some of its acquaintances, not liked at all by others. There is nothing like the coast of Maine, or even Massachusetts, here. No woods, no rocks, no running streams. It is, its best friends must allow, bare and sandy, but the water, in some parts, is like a peacock's breast for changing hues; the surf, when it is high, and rolls up on the long stretch of yellow sand, is grand beyond description; the wide moors have great beauty all their own, covered as they are in large patches by different flowers at different seasons of the year, now yellow with the hudsonia, blue with violets, purple with polygala or gerardia or gorgeous in the fall with asters, red lilies, golden rod and the blazing star, and, close to the ground, covering it like a mat, grows the bear berry—green in summer, richly brown and red in the fall, as are the closely clustered bushes in the swamps and often on the hillsides. The little ponds that brighten the moors like blue gems give an apparently inexhaustible supply of water lilies. On the banks of some of them we find the sabbatia, and in a few swamps the lovely rose mallow is a delight to the eye. In Coatue can be found the yellow cactus, the prickly pear. But nothing can be more beautiful, coming, as it does, when the grass is brown, as in November, and, when to gather it we may sometimes have to ride wrapped in warm winter garments, than the trailing arbutus, which grows so abundantly here that one could easily pick at one time a bushel of it if so minded. It makes no show. The nearsighted person, the casual observer might walk over it and not notice it, but he who is looking for it sees first a few pink or white blossoms and then stooping and pulling away the dead leaves and brown, dead grass, he draws forth long sprays, bearing great bunches of blooms, sweet and lovely, as if warm sunshine and soft breezes had been at work upon them. For my part, it hurts my feelings to see these fresh mayflowers brought in from the invigorating airs of the moors and put in vases in rooms still hot and close with winter fires. And then a crowning glory to the botanical Nantucketer there grows here among the pines more than one variety of the English or Scotch heather. To be sure this delightful flower is the cause of amiable disputes—as one party claims that it is found here simply because some seeds mixed with foreign pine seeds chanced to fall on favoring ground and so grew, while another is sure the plants were parts of the primeval soil, but no matter—there are the blossoms early and late. Let us be thankful for them.

We frequently hear of persons who, coming here for the first time without any real knowledge of the place, are much disappointed because, although near the water, they cannot see it. This is the case with visitors who go to boarding houses in the town. The summer cottager chooses the spot for his home first and foremost because it commands a fine view of the sea; and from the hotels there is a good outlook; but the Nantucketer of a by-gone generation not only did not think of a good water view, but undoubtedly frequently aimed to avoid it when he built his house. He saw so much of it on his long voyages, and his wife left at home to think of her husband on the stormy sea, and to lie awake at night when the fierce wind blew, cared as little to have before her all the time the cause of her anxiety, that a house on comparatively low land back from the shore, and sheltered by other houses close to it, was the most desirable; and so it happens that the first feeling of the stranger is one of great surprise and often disappointment at the general appearance of the town. But the ocean is never far away. Every breath one draws is suggestive of it. Every breeze is a sea breeze; and often over and above all other noises, day or night, may be heard the steady roar of the waves. A short walk from any house will soon bring you either to the water itself or some spot from which you can see it, and, if you are so fortunate as to have a "walk" upon the top of the house, all that is necessary is to go up on the roof. A "walk" in Nantucket is a platform, surrounded by an ornamental railing, which to the old seafaring man or ship-owner was an observatory, from which he could see the outgoing or incoming vessels, and which must have been in olden times the scene of many an anxious, many a happy occasion. Now where can be found a more peaceful part of any dwelling from which to view land and water, a more grateful retreat, after a warm and trying day, than this same walk, where high up above the dusty street, and the cares of the household, one may gaze at the sunset, the near or the distant ocean, the stretch of moorland, the rising moon, the gathering stars, and feel ever stronger, better, and nearer all things true and beautiful.

But perhaps my reader thinks I have hardly given reasons enough for the great attractions Nantucket offers to many people, who do not care for that part of the summer life which is the same at all watering places to the many who do not like yachting and seldom drive, but who go to the island year after year thinking no other place equal to it. The indescribable charms of place or person are always the strongest, but let the tired, nervous, weak man or woman, who can neither eat, sleep nor walk, go to Nantucket and find, as almost always he or she will, that sleeping, eating and walking are soon possible and pleasant, that the soft air braces and calms, too, so that the whole atmosphere of the place, moral and physical, is quieting and resting, that somehow or other, we cannot explain it, the whole island, free from hurry and bustle, is a very chimney corner for peace and comfort, and, explained or unexplained, the fact will appear that the visitors, who at first sight wanted to turn about and go at once back to the main land, are often, when the autumn comes, the reluctant travellers who would if they could stay all winter for the sake of the bright days that they hear about, which come sometimes late in the fall, in the middle of the winter, early in the spring, when the meadow larks sing, and the air is so soft, the sky so bright, and the walking so good that for a time one ceases to sigh for southern California or Florida, and quite forgets the brown earth or the rains and fogs that may come the next day.

There is a fine field for the novelist on this island. Let him come here and stay long enough to catch the real spirit of sea and wild moor, to know the genuine Nantucketer and hear the old story of his family, and he at any rate will not ask what is it that makes Nantucket interesting?

C.

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LIFE AT LITTLE 'SCONSET.

THE LILIPUTIAN FISHING VILLAGE ON NANTUCKET ISLAND.

Fame of the Old 'Sconset Pump—Miniature Houses Built of Wreckage—A Queer Road to Town—A Population of Coffins and an Atmosphere of Whales.

Four years ago the prettiest of the native 'Sconset girls made a living as a waitress during the summer at a 'Sconset hotel. Last winter she held a reception at the Grand Hotel, Paris, as the wife of the heir of a Western millionaire. Her husband's father, a Nantucket boy, had gone West and made a fortune, but remaining, like all Nantucketers, true to the island, had sent his son there to school. The young man promptly fell in love with the young lady in question. Of course, she was a Miss Coffin, for Nantucket, on which 'Sconset is situated, is a place where every person you meet is a Coffin and every other person a Folger. This particular Miss Coffin was not only very handsome, but she had decided athletic tendencies, and thought nothing of taking a rail fence on a running jump, always clearing the obstacle with the grace of a finished athlete. No doubt she holds her own perfectly amid her new surroundings. For the Coffins, like all other old families on Nantucket (and all families on this island are old), are very self-possessed, and are not at all impressed by the manners, airs, or wealth of the summer visitors who make the island their favorite summer resort. The other day a lady who wished to have some grass cut around her 'Sconset cottage sent for a Coffin to come and do it. It was three days before he came, and when he appeared she said: "How is it you have been so long in coming? I sent for you three days ago."

"Oh," he replied, "I'm not sent for. I heard you wanted some grass cut and I thought I'd come and do it, but I never allow myself to be sent for."

This is a pretty good illustration of the independence of the islanders, and to those who can appreciate this spirit it is one of the finest traits in their characters. These natives are free-born American citizens and they know it.

SANKATY HEAD.

They think a good deal more of a man who can handle a boat well than they do of a man who can make a million in Wall street, and as all Nantucketers can handle boats they admire one another and simply tolerate the visitors.

The real name of 'Sconset is Siasconset, but nobody ever calls it by that name when he has been in it a few days, for it is such a liliputian place that one always adopts the diminutive on a very brief acquaintance with it. It is an old fishing village on the sea side of the island of Nantucket, on a bluff overlooking a broad beach and thence out upon the ocean which rolls between it and Spain. Because of this bold bluff the natives often speak of 'Sconset as the "Bank." It is seven miles from the town of Nantucket. Dangerous rips extend for fifteen miles out in echelons, and it is a magnificent sight on a stormy day to watch the waves break and throw the spray high in the air as they rush over the shallow places into the deeper waters between them and the shore. Right off 'Sconset, near the rip which they call the Old Man's Back, and not far from Tom Never's Head, a bold bluff to the southward, the mast of a sunken

THE SCONSET PUMP.

steamer emerges from the water. This steamer, the Canonbury, was wrecked two years ago near South Shoal Lightship, eighteen miles off Nantucket Island, and abandoned by the crew, who found shelter on the lightship. Afterward, when the wind veered around off shore, the vessel was blown off the rip and went careening around over a zig-zag course, being blown through channels among the rips, through which no human pilot could have steered her, until all of a sudden, twenty miles inward from the reef on which she had stranded, she burst out of a fog bank not 300 feet off the 'Sconset shore, and then sank down upon her last resting place, the rip of the Old Man's Back, sinking just at the very moment she was sighted by a woman on the Bank, the only person who saw her go down. This woman was herself wrecked some forty years ago off 'Sconset on a bitter cold night, being so frozen that it was necessary to amputate one of her legs. She recovered, married a native whaler, and has now reached a hale and hearty old age.

In old days the 'Sconseters made their living whaling and wrecking. It used to be said that the most fervent prayer uttered by a 'Sconseter was: "God, send us a wreck." When a vessel went on the rips the whole population would turn out and seize upon everything that was washed ashore. Not many years ago a vessel with a cargo of oil was lost off 'Sconset. The population were not slow to seize upon the barrels as they were washed up. In fact, by the time the underwriters' agent arrived on the island they had all of the cargo that had been washed ashore safely stowed away—a supply of oil for many years to come. When he reached 'Sconset, the people had closed the blinds of all the houses, and locked themselves up inside, and, after strolling through the grassy lanes that are called streets, and seeing all the houses apparently hermetically sealed, the agent sent in a report to the underwriters in which he said: "Oil is cheaper than daylight at 'Sconset."

It does'nt take much to close up a house in 'Sconset, for the place is liliputian, not so much because of the smallness of the settlement as for the reason that the cottages are little more than boxes. They have peculiar additions in various directions which the natives call warts. The place originated some 250 years ago as a fishing village. A few fishermen came over and built themselves shanties. They found it so delightfully cool during the summer that they thought it would be pleasant to take their families with them, and so they built on addition after addition, wart after wart, and the place gradually became a summer resort for the inhabitants of the town of Nantucket. The fishermen did not have far to go for the material of which to build the original huts or warts. They simply walked down to the beach and picked up wreckage. There is hardly an old cottage in 'Sconset which is not built of ships' timbers. They carried their seafaring notions even into their houses. The little bedrooms are more like staterooms, and it is a fact that many of the doors to these rooms were wrenched from the cabins of wrecked vessels. If they added an attic to their house they never thought of building stairs. They simply placed a ship's ladder against the wall. But they went even further in their love of ships' timber and wreckage. They used the figureheads and name boards of vessels for decorative purposes, and it is not infrequent to find a figurehead of some old whaling vessel doing duty as an ornament over the front

THE CRIER.

door, or placed like a statue in the little grass plot in front of a cottage. The oddity of the cottages, their shiplike character, and the fact that Sconset is almost in the ocean, has led visitors of a romantic tendency to give them names in keeping with their surroundings. Thus we have the Rip, the Moorings, Snug Harbor, Meeresheim, the Barnacle, the Fish House, the Aquarium, and Nauticon. A number of other cottages are named after the Indian sachems to whom the island once belonged—Miacomet, Wanacomet, Wannackmamack, Monomoy.

As intimated the place is no longer a summer resort for the people from Nantucket town. They stay in town during the summer and let their houses to people from the "continent," as they call the mainland. But in October, when the visitors have left the Island the Nantucketers swarm over from town into the little ship-shape 'Sconset cottages and stay there until December to enjoy the invigorating air and the codfishing season, the men who have business in Nantucket driving in and out from the Bank just as suburban residents go in and out of New York.

The roads over which these people drive are fearfully and wonderfully made; in fact, a Nantucket road consists of three ruts. The interior of the island bears a strong resemblance to the Scottish moors, and is covered with grass and shrubs. The first people who drove over to 'Sconset did not stop to lay out a road. They simply drove over the moors. Others followed in their track, until in the soft sandy soil the wheels had worn down ruts almost to the hubs, and the horses' hoofs a middle path of the same depth. It got to be so that two Nantucket carts meeting on this road were hardly able to turn out; therefore people driving from 'Sconset to town made another road parallel to the first, and, as travel increased between the places, the roads grew in number, until there are now eight sets of ruts for single and two for double teams, which, however, are very few in number. It is customary to use the five roads to the right in driving to Nantucket, and the five roads to the left in driving to 'Sconset. Early this season one of the summer residents from 'Sconset was driving to town and met one of the natives driving from town on the same road. The native was evidently in the wrong rut, but the summer visitor through politeness took the trouble to turn out. In doing this he got on to one of the roads which the native should have been on. "Why didn't you turn out the other way?" shouted the native, and this was all the thanks the visitor got.

The most highly venerated institution at 'Sconset is the old village pump. It is famous all over the island, where it is simply spoken of as "the pump," and its fame has reached the cities from which 'Sconset draws its host of summer visitors. This pump stands in a little grassy square in the middle of the village, the streets of which, by the way, very much resemble the ordinary Nantucket road, being grassy and rutty, with a little path for people afoot. The pump consists of an old-fashioned box painted green, an iron spout and a tub, and is a never-ceasing refreshment to man and beast. Summer visitors and natives fill their pails and pitchers and glasses there, and it is a place of constant pilgrimage not only for domestics but for ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls and children. Life at 'Sconset is free from all conventionalities, and you see professors, doctors, and merchants trotting off with a pitcher or a pail to the pump. All important notices are posted up on it, and when the town crier comes over from Nantucket with some important news, such as an impending meat auction, or an auction sale of antique furniture, imported from New York or Boston and sold at high prices as Nantucket relics, he first stations himself at the pump, rings his bell, and then shouts his news through a speaking trumpet before he starts through the village streets, ringing and shouting as he goes.

Next to the pump the quaintest object at 'Sconset is the old fish cart. This wonderful vehicle resembles a wheelbarrow except that for a wheel it has a barrel. Nor is it shoved. A horse is hitched between the shafts and draws it so that the apparently reverse motion of the barrel barrow adds to its oddity.

When Nantucket was a whaling port 'Sconset contributed its share of men to the fishery. Now the summer visitors take the place of whales and are annually harpooned and "tried out." The local talk is well seasoned with whaling and other more general nautical terms. The little railroad that runs from Nantucket town to 'Sconset "ties up," you are asked "where are you heading," told to look in the south corner of a drawer, to try turning the knob of an unyielding door to the westward, and learn that the kitchen is a quarter gallery, and a wagon a side-wheel craft.

Toward the north the bluff which at 'Sconset is about forty feet high grows gradually bolder, until at Sankaty Head, a mile away, it rises to eighty-five feet. From a lighthouse on this superb headland a brilliant path flashes over the waters at night—the first greeting to the mariner from Europe after passing Cape Race.

The air of 'Sconset is conducive to laziness. Consequently the summer visitors are not obliged to cudgel their brains to know what to do next to kill time. They simply do nothing. Swinging in hammocks or stretched out under awnings on the beach, they laze away the summer. Possibly they may occasionally roll out from under their awnings into the surf for a bath, and of a sudden spurt of energy some may even go out bluefishing or drive over to Wauwinet on a sharking expedition, or watch the rash youths play base ball. But taking the summer population as a whole, it prefers to loaf, and 'Sconset is one of those few places where loafing is not the most tiresome kind of work. The breeze from any quarter is delicious, and 'Sconset, in point of coolness, has from four to six degrees the advantage of Nantucket town, and from fifteen to twenty of New York.

OLD FISH HOUSE.

150

N.Y Dramatic News
Jul 16. 90

A MERRY FISHING PARTY.

SIASCONSET, July.

"I'll bet twenty-five cents that Mrs. Brown catches the first fish!" cried the Lawyer, as the catboat Seminole stood out from Nantucket wharf on a Thursday morning, bound for Great Point Rip, bluefishing; but the legal gentleman was also the host, so no response was made to the proposition. The party consisted of Hon. J. D. Townsend, well known in dramatic circles in the metropolis; Dr. and Mrs. Brown (May Robson); Gustavus and Mrs. (Ada) Levick; Mrs. Doubleday, daughter of Judge E. F. Underhill, her brother-in-law, Mr. Doubleday, and T. W. King, the dramatic author, and his wife. At Mr. Townsend's invitation they had left Siasconset—an ancient fishing village of Nantucket Island—by rail and taken boat at Nantucket, Captain Veeder, of the Surfside life-saving station, being in charge of the navigation. The breeze was fresh from the southwest, the waves danced merrily, the sky was overcast, affording grateful shelter from the sun, and the staunch Seminole fairly leaped through the water with well-flattened sheet. Four bluefish lines, two from outriggers and two over the stern—with eel-skin-covered "drails," or "squids," trailed astern, and were managed by the ladies.

In a moment the first unwary bluefish snapped at one of the "squids," and had anyone accepted Mr. Townsend's wager that one would have lost, for it was on Mrs. Brown's line that he had fastened, and by Dr. Brown that he was hauled on board. Seven pounds he weighed and was a beauty indeed, and the excitement became intense. But he was only a tramp, and although the boat sailed through a "slick" a moment after, no more bites came.

"Wait till we get to the Rip," said Captain Veeder, and everyone waited, patiently or otherwise. At 11:30 the Rip—which is a sand bar, the continuation of Great Point, the northernmost extremity of the island—was reached, hooks were cleared of sea weed, and under the repeatedly reiterated cautions of the skipper: "Tend your lines carefully, now!" the passengers looked astern and handled their lines most gingerly. In a moment another fish was struck, this time by Mr. Levick, and soon everybody was busy screaming, "I've got one!" or, "She's got one!" or hauling on the lines. When the excitement subsided, at 12:30, when lunch was proposed, it was found that nineteen more fish had been hauled on board, making a total of twenty. A short sail to the lee of the Point, and lunch was served, while great masses of gray cloud rolled up from the south'ard, and oilskins were brought out and donned. Anecdotes flew fast and free, and at the risk of being a recorder of tales already told, I preserve one or two of them:

"When I was 'on the road' with H. M. Pitt," said one of the ladies, "we had with us a dwarfish specimen of humanity who, with his songs and dancing, easily carried off the honors of every performance. One night, while encore after encore had been insisted on, and the dwarf was dancing, Pitt stood in the first entrance, savagely pulling his drooping moustache, waiting to 'go on.' Another encore followed, and Pitt growled: 'Bah Jove! To think that I came three thousand miles to support a freak.'"

"You know the Mallorys," chimed another, with her mouth full of *galantine* of chicken, while she held a *pate de fois gras* sandwich ready for destruction in one hand, gesticulating with the other. "Once under their management I was also 'on the road.' Any telegrams received relating to the business of the company were always posted up for our perusal on the prompt side of the stage on the day of their reception. One of the characters had a line, 'Holy Moses, but that surprises me!' One night we found a telegram awaiting our perusal that contained only these words, 'Cut out the holy Moses!'"

"That's like the alteration made in The Profligate," said another. "The original reads, 'I will go to him and make a clean breast of it.' At rehearsal Mr. Mallory heard the indecent remark, and calling the speaker to one side, he said: 'That is rather indelicate; suppose you cut out the 'clean breast' part of it, as being more modest, and simply say: 'I'll go to him and tell him all about it!'"

So with chat and laughter the hour set apart for lunch passed only too quickly, and at 1:30 the sheet was again flattened down and a consultation held as to what we should do. The tide had made by this time, and the waves were tumbling over one another in great foaming masses of water on the Rip; the best time of the day for fishing. But it was a dead beat home; the train left at 4:40, and the clouds threatened to drench the party at any moment.

"Fish the Rip once, and then start back," was the final decision, and away the Seminole dashed along the edge of the shoal water, and then began the sport. Three fish at a time, out of four lines, were hauled on board, not one weighing an ounce less than seven pounds. Levick caught a whale, and pulling him in rapidly, while the boat pitched and the decks grew slippery with the spray, his feet slipped from under him and he came down on the bottom of the boat with a thud that started every bolt in her frame, and every bone in his —— but he saved the fish.

It took just twenty minutes to "fish the Rip," and then as the Seminole came about and pointed for Nantucket, the clouds burst and the torrents descended, putting an instantaneous stop to fishing for that day. The bluefish hates fresh water and always gets to the bottom of the ocean when it begins to rain. But in that twenty minutes fourteen fish had been added to the string, making a grand total of thirty-four, distributed as below:

Mrs. King	17	119 pounds.
Mr. Levick	7	52 pounds.
Mrs. Brown	5	32 pounds.
Mrs. Levick	5	31 pounds.
Total	34	234 pounds.

The train was caught without incident or accident, except that Mr. King slipped while climbing on the wharf, and soaked feet and trowsers to the knees. But it was salt water and no harm resulted.

The next day we had fish for breakfast, fish for luncheon, fish for dinner, and it was simply delicious. Ask Levick if he'll ever lose the memory of the broiled eight-pounder that graced the luncheon table.

Gustavus and Mrs. Levick, with Gustavus, junior, returned to New York, Thursday, July 24, they having been the guests while here of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. King. The main object of Mr. Levick's visit was to confer with Mr. King in relation to some changes that they desired to make in a play on which they have been collaborating since last April. The piece has been christened The First Mate, and is a strong melodrama of a strictly American character. Mr. Levick took the completed MS. of the play to New York with him, and will probably star in it before long. Should he do so you may be assured that The First Mate will score an instantaneous and a continued success.

Dr. and Mrs. Brown leave here for the metropolis to-morrow—Sunday. Mrs. Brown (May Robson) tells me she will deliver a course of lectures on "The Art of Making Up" to the women members of the Lyceum School of Acting during the coming season.

"Hank" Daly, well known to old-time theatre-goers, has a cottage near here, and drives into the village for his mail every day. He delights in talking over his experiences, and is a clever, pleasant man to meet.

Annie Wood has been down here. Playwright Gillette was somewhere on the Island for some time, but his location was kept quiet, as his physician did not wish him to be overrun with callers. His short stay here benefited him extremely, and he returned to his home much improved.

Mrs. Clute and Miss Chipman, who have many friends in the profession, have a delightful cottage here. "Jimmy" Morrissey and "Jimmie" Duff have been their guests at different times.

There is a large summer population here, and the principal recreation is baseball. Numbers of Princeton and Harvard boys pass their vacation here, and most of them are excellent players. Two sons of U. S. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, notably excel.

It is rumored here that an unknown author is writing a new tank drama, using the ocean as a model for the tank, which must be large and deep, with enormous capacity. It is further stated that Odell Williams is to play the tank.

SACHACHA.

Electric Power Aug 1890

Nantucket in the Ocean

In the last number of this paper was published an account of Nantucket Island and of the new resort, Surf Side, in particular, to which is added in the present issue a brief notice of what has actually been accomplished at the locality in question. The last account so far as it relates to Surf Side was mainly devoted to the prospects. The present has to take note of the first part of a successful season. Much remains to be done, but much of a gratifying nature too, has already been done. And, now, again, as to the history of the island.

The quaintest of all quaint places in all New England, if not in the United States, is Nantucket Island. It is situated so far from the mainland, New Bedford, fifty miles—and so far from the nearest island, Martha's Vineyard, sixteen miles, that its inhabitants have been but little influenced by the rapid changes which have affected communities nearer the great centers of civilization. Both island and people have characteristics found nowhere else. These, moreover, are of so marked a nature that city folks from the Atlantic to the Pacific find in them an attraction which seems irresistible during the hot summer days. Nowhere else can the wearied business man find such absolute rest, such life giving breezes, or such refreshing salt water sports, as on Nantucket Island. Nantucket Island is 15 miles long from east to west, with an average width of 3 miles, although the eastern shore will measure 10 miles from its southeastern corner at Siasconset to the end of Great Point. Its latitude is 41 degrees, 15 minutes, 22 seconds N., and its longitude 70 degrees, 7 minutes, 56 seconds W. The town proper is situated on the north side of the island, and has a fine harbor for vessels of light draft. The island's area approximates 30,000 acres, and is diversified with hill and dale, level moors, swamps and ponds. The present population is about 3,500. In 1840 its population was nearly 10,000.

It is difficult to say just what Nantucket is, or even what it has been. Its history is the most remarkable of any town in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts —a State of remarkable towns. Out in the broad Atlantic, within the warm influence of the Gulf Stream, its winters are never so cold by ten degrees as the same parallel on the continent. And being still out and water-bound all the summer time, thirty miles from the heated land breezes, its summer temperature is ten degrees cooler than on the main land.

Nantucket was at one time the home of the whale fishery and the nursery of maritime adventurers. Her white-winged messengers carried her oleaginous products to the principal ports of the world and brought back return cargoes, while others sailed into every sea in quest of the monsters of the deep, discovering new isles and safe harbors in the remotest parts of the globe. No place in the Southern Continents, nor in the North seas, nor on the numerous islands of the ocean, where the foot of man has trod, that Nantucketers have not been. Of the many thousands "who went down to the sea in ships" and were brought up in the whaling business, and who prospered in their day, but a few remain to tell the exploits of capturing the levianthan, or to recount the profits of their daring adventures. As a port of maritime importance, Nantucket once ranked third on the list of Massachusetts, and in point of wealth per capita, was the richest town in the State.

The town of Nantucket with its narrow crooked streets, its old fashioned stores and warehouses, its quaint, plainly built, square shaped houses, with platform perches on top, from which wives and mothers watched for the returning ships—is no longer a whaling town. The advent of kerosene oil gave the death blow to the industry of whaling. A few vessels are still engaged in the business, but the majority of the old sea captains who made their fortunes out of oil, are either dead, or have retired from active pursuits. One of the peculiar institutions of the Nantucket of to-day, is the Pacific Club room where these retired sea captains gather to talk over old times. Many entertaining incidents of whaling experiences may be listened to in the company of this club, and many a stranger has found recreation and pleasure in visiting there. Strangers visiting the island will be made to feel that they are welcome to the privileges of this room when introduced by a member. In a few instances irresponsible newspaper correspondents have abused the confidence of this club, and disgraced the profession to which they belong. But, notwithstanding, the true knight of the quill will always find himself very much at home among the members of this club. The building owned and occupied by the club, also accommodates the Custom House, Signal Station, and Telegraph office. It was built of English brick, imported in 1772, by William Rotch, as a business and commercial house, and was long the abode of a vast trade in East India imports, and oil and candle exports, in the prosperous days of Nantucket's maritime vigor, and stands near the foot of main street. The interior of this structure was entirely consumed in the great fire of 1846, leaving only the naked walls, which were found to be firm as ever, and served for the present structure, with slight modifications.

The modern town of Nantucket differs but little from what it was 50 years ago. Summer hotels have blossomed out on the bluff and along the shore, a sleepy railroad trails its eight miles of length across the island to the west shore and Siasconset, and a few smart looking yachts rise and fall with the tide near the shore, but apart from these indications of the presence of summer visitors, the town is the same as it was in the days of the whalers.

The popularity of Nantucket as a place of summer residence has induced a number of gentlemen from New York and Orange, N. J. to purchase a tract of land on that portion of the island known as "Surf Side" which they propose to develop into a first class seashore resort. The syndicate includes Messrs. John Firth, of Wm. Firth & Sons, 513 Broadway, New York, Daniel McKeever, of H. Hermann, Sternbach & Co., 476 Broadway, New York, F. C. O'Reilly, of the New Jersey Central R. R., Orange, N. J. and Thos. H. Spaulding of the Spaulding & Jennings Steel Works, Jersey City.

Surf Side.

At the south side of Nantucket Island is situated a large, level tract of land facing the Atlantic Ocean. This is without exception the choicest part of the whole island. About a thousand acres of this plateau on a cliff 30 to 35 feet , that the ocean level have recent', d by the rapi

been purcha syndicate above referred to. Wide avenues and streets have been laid out and graded—the electric light and water are already introduced—the Nantucket Steam Railroad runs through the property, and an electric road is now in contemplation. The main Boulevard, 100 feet wide, is to be continued two miles to the eastward, a number of cottages are to be erected forthwith. A promenade along the cliff with staircase to the beach is now being built in front of the hotel. The hotel called the "Surf Side Hotel" with accommodations for 120 guests, occupies a prominent position on the cliff. This hotel, remodeled and newly furnished, is presided over by Mr. E. H. Spooner, formerly of the Everett House and Clarendon Hotel, New York, and son of W. H. Spooner, for years the proprietor of the United States Hotel, Boston. The plumbing throughout is new, and has been done under the supervision of a sanitary expert. Bath houses are erected on the beach—bathing ropes surrounding a safe enclosure will be supplied, and an experienced boatman will be in constant attendance in the surf during bathing hours.

A large force of workmen are now engaged in improving the property owned by the syndicate, and the indications are that before summer travel sets homeward, Surf Side will have become one of the best arranged and attractive resorts on the Atlantic coast.

Nantucket Island is just far enough away from the main land to prevent it from being flooded with picnic and excursion parties. The beaches, the drives, and the promenades, will be for the use of the summer visitor alone.

Surf Side is only 2 miles from the village of Nantucket and is easily accessible both by the Nantucket Steam Railroad and the public highways.

The summer visitor at Surf Side is never at a loss for amusement or entertainment. The drives are full of interest. Siasconset, an ancient fishing village a few miles from Surf Side is well worth visiting. The old village is made up of fishermen's ancient huts transmogrified into pleasing villas of modern pretensions, rendering the combination of architecture both quaint and unique, and the cottages both doll-like and commodious. To the north of the ancient village, whose centre is the town pump, stretching toward Sancoty Head from whence a flash light from a light-house beams at eventide in grateful effulgence, and all through the long watches of the night sends its warning rays out upon the dark ocean, have been constructed modern cottages, adorned and embellished with the choicest concomitants for taking one's ease by the side of the sea.

Wauwinet, where toothsome fish dinners are served is about 5 miles from Surf Side. At Madaket 5 miles west from the town of Nantucket, delightful fishing both in the fresh water of Long Pond, and in the salt water of the harbor.

A sister island, two and a half miles long by one mile wide, lying directly west of Nantucket, forming a part of the town and county of Nantucket, is a favored resort. It can be reached by sail-boats, about ten miles distant from the wharves, or by carriage drive to Madaket and row-boat across Madaket harbor. Clam-bakes may be enjoyed on this little island, and fish dinners in their freshness and simplicity are served, provided arrangements are made beforehand.

Sportsmen have sometimes enjoyed rare privileges in shooting plover, doebirds, and such game upon the commons back of Surf Side, which are occasionally found here in abundance. The black duck, blue bills, brandt and other wild ducks and geese are caught in the ponds, and the more gamey or fishy fowl taken by the sea. Bluefish are captured from the shores as well as from boats, and the codfish and haddock taken a short distance from land. Pond-fish may be found in most all the ponds. Sharking is a sport which excites the most prosily inclined person to exhilirating activity in the capture of the monsters.

As a sanitarium, Nantucket has no equal. All the benefits of an ocean voyage without the discomforts of shipboard are here found in pristine vigor and purity. The unmeasured area and unfathomable depths of the Atlantic from the far-off shores of Spain wash these island sands, imparting a salt and breezy pungency to the moorland fragrance. The Scotch heather blooms upon the commons, the swamp-apple perfumes the air, the water lilies deck the ponds, and the numerous wild flowers and shrubs which blossom in endless variety, conned only by the florist and botanist, adds an inspiration irresistible to the health-giving qualities of Nantucket.

The following table shows the temperature in New York and at Nantucket during July and August in 1887, the hottest summer we have experienced for five years:

THERMOMETRICAL RECORD.

JULY, 1887.					AUGUST, 1887.				
Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy Broadway, N. Y.	Signal Station, Equitable Building, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.	Days.	Hudnut's Pharmacy, Broadway, N. Y.	Signal Station, Equitable Building, New York.	Signal Station, Nantucket.	Ballantyne's Cottage, Siasconset.
1	95	90	76	74	1	92	88	83	76
2	95	89	73	72	2	85	85	74	70
3	95	86	74	74	3	84	84	71	69
4	92	86	77	74	4	82	80	70	66
5	80	74	79	73	5	84	79	74	68
6	82	80	76	72	6	86	86	78	71
7	92	89	74	72	7	79	76	68	67
8	93	93	78	73	8	79	77	68	66
9	88	83	78	64	9	83	78	73	67
10	85	83	75	70	10	84	81	72	68
11	84	82	73	70	11	84	80	74	70
12	90	89	69	66	12	89	87	80	79
13	96	92	84	80	13	77	75	71	64
14	90	89	76	73	14	80	77	70	68
15	82	81	78	74	15	73	71	74	72
16	99	94	74	69	16	81	78	68	66
17	91	91	78	70	17	85	84	72	70
18	90	89	75	68	18	86	84	69	68
19	78	78	72	70	19	89	85	75	74
20	86	80	69	63	20	76	76	72	72
21	76	73	71	65	21	85	80	72	68
22	83	82	71	67	22	84	83	72	70
23	86	83	78	73	23	87	82	72	72
24	83	78	80	74	24	75	75	70	68
25	90	84	81	68	25	76	74	66	66
26	91	90	76	70	26	72	71	68	66
27	90	87	75	70	27	75	72	70	68
28	92	85	77	66	28	75	73	67	66
29	93	87	79	74	29	77	75	66	65
30	93	86	82	76	30	76	75	69	64
31	93	89	82	78	31	76	74	65	66
Avge	88	85	76	71	Avge	81	79	71	68

STEVENS & MORRIS ENG. CO.

N. Y. Tribune Aug 17/90

NANTUCKET'S QUEER CARTS.

ABOUT TO BE SUPERSEDED BY A NEW STREET-CAR LINE.

Nantucket, Aug. 16 (Special).—This town is undergoing a rejuvenation. A street railway has been begun. Nantucket never will lose the flavor of the ocean that has pervaded everything. The people are a race of sailors, born and bred, and never lose their love for the old island. The homes of Nantucket are filled with relics of the sea and curiosities from foreign lands, whose ports were formerly only visited by whaling ships from some such home of the industry as this was. There are certain quaint traits and a distinct aroma of the sea that rivals the far-famed scent of the rose in its staying qualities. But they cannot resist the invasion of modern conveniences, and the street railroad was sure to come. Some of the townspeople object. They would be pleased if they could see the mould grow all over the island. Happily, they did not prevail. There was a time when all the summer visitors now combined hardly equalled the winter population of Nantucket that was living, and these are people who remember enough of that time to recognize that Nantucket never will regain any measure of the prosperity of that time by locking itself into a cupboard and throwing the key into the sea. Hence the street railway has got the franchise and ground has been broken for the work. Harvey Pratt will be president, John F. Simmons treasurer and Thomas G. Macy clerk. Some of the streets, it must be admitted, are a trifle narrow; in fact, at one point the road isn't wide enough for a Nantucket cart to pass the car.

Nantucket carts and Nantucket horses are strange things. The former everybody makes a chance to ride in, and the latter— the latter are most satisfactory with a native for a driver. A Nantucket cart is very much like a common coal cart, only the body is not so large and nearer square, with a greater depth. A flat oilcloth top protects the occupants of two seats that are apt to be hard pine planks. Everybody sits in the cart. Even the driver cannot hang his feet over the step in front. It is very primitive, but very droll, and some of the summer residents have had improved carts constructed after the island style. But it is of an island horse that the guileless mainlander should beware. They go well enough. In fact, unless one is possessed of the combination necessary to check their speed the animals go on for ever and never stop till they bring up at the end of the island or plump against the side of a house. "Whoa!" in all sorts of combinations has not the least effect. The horse might be deaf for all the good it does. Yanking the reins is equally ineffectual. "Stop" isn't in the vocabulary of the equines. But "sh—sh—sh" will bring him to a short stop. Not even tradition dares attempt to explain how that combination was adopted.

The season has nearly reached its height, and it seems almost impossible for it to rise higher. This and next week will probably be the banner weeks. A good many people will stay late this year, and every year more remain to see the great September gales when the island is stormbound for days and the breakers churn over the Rips and strike the island on every side as if to tear it from its anchors. Often there is a wreck or vessels in distress on those cruel sawlike rocks, and then the Humane Society crews at the Life-saving Stations pull out their boats and launch them, and the island is all excitement. This fall several parties are planning for shooting days, and there is talk of trying to keep Coatue especially well stocked with birds.

A portion of the Coast Survey fleet has been ordered here and will remain some time to make a thorough survey of the shoals. There are three steamers here.

The Saturday night dances at Surfside are attended by a party of young people from the town, who drive over for the occasion.

Fishing has lasted right through the season, and to give any correct estimate of the amount caught by visiting fishermen during the two months since the bluefish struck in would be almost impossible. The old fisherman say it will run up to over half a million pounds, and some who have had big catches made by fishing parties under their charge say nearer three-quarters of a million. Dr. L. S. Hinckley, superintendent of the Essex County Lunatic Asylum, of New-Jersey, with two companions, caught 250 pounds of bluefish in two hours last week. Add to the blues the codfish and fresh water fish, of which many are caught, and the estimate seems small, after all.

16° Bstn Comm Aug 24/89

QUAINT NANTUCKET.

THE NATURAL BEAUTIES AND ARTIFICIAL ATTRACTIONS OF THE ISLAND.

NANTUCKET, MASS.
Aug. 22, 1889.

Reluctantly we made our adieux to fair Narragansett, driving to the station in a flood of rain, which came down in sheets, and incessantly as though to make up for lost time, and to kill with kindness vegetation everywhere so parched for want of moisture. At every small station we stopped, curiously stared at by the few village loafers, who already at that early hour in the morning were lounging at their posts watching the travellings of the summer folk with undisguised interest, while from the wet umbrellas unheeded pattered down the drops thick and fast. From Providence it was but a short ride to New Bedford, and there the steamer Nantucket lay ready to take us the five hours' trip that was between us and our destination.

Midway on our sail the sun came peeping forth from beneath the heavy clouds, giving promise of beautiful sunny days to come. At the different stops we made crowds were down to see the new comers land. At Cottage City and Martha's Vineyard each pier was packed with a black surging mass, the throngs already congregated watching through the tall wire railings those that had come to swell the number. At the latter place the camp meeting furor is at its height. Beautiful houses we passed on our way up Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound and we caught a glimpse of the sloop yacht Puritan which so valiently upheld the honor of the Yankee nation in her race not long since.

The harbor is a picturesque sight as we draw near—the little wooden buildings huddled together on the wharf—the sail boats at anchor, just returned from an afternoon or perhaps a whole day out—the weather beaten houses, with the little lookouts on their roofs, whence the sailors' wives were wont to watch for the incoming vessels—the gilded dome of the Presbyterian church shining in the dying sun light and a tall spire lifting itself high into the air here and there. Every one rushes down to the pier to greet the arrival of the evening boat, affording chances for pleasant meetings and social chats, long or short as the case may be, depending upon whether the boat be in time or an hour or so late. When the steamer is sighted, it draws up to the wharf, the passengers are quickly landed, disappear within the hotel coaches and the laughing crowd peering at them, whether they are expecting friends or not, from behind the gates, disperse and quiet reigns again.

For years now more and more have found their way to this quiet little town by the sea, many building or hiring cottages for the season, while the hotels are full and running over. No rooms at the Nantucket? Very well, we will go over to the Ocean House, said we, and there we settled ourselves right in the heart of the town, delighting in the cool breeze and in the lovely view of the water and of the harbor that we had from our chamber windows. Strange it seemed and incongruous that the Ocean House should be situated a quarter of a mile or so from the ocean, on a hill in the very midst of the town, while the Nantucket is on land projecting out into the water. Then there is the Sea Cliff Inn—more fitly named—on a high bluff overlooking the beach, and innumerable cottages abound for the mealers out, and houses where the good old-fashioned folk repudiate the suggestion that they take boarders, but inform you that they have guests or lodgers. Everything is quaint and old in the town, and one can easily imagine those days when the island was under the sway of twenty-four different owners, and when sheep to the number of fourteen thousand roamed about, drawing together every soul on the island at the sheap shearing time in the fall.

To this day the old inhabitants talk of that period of festivity, which was looked forward to eagerly as is any carnival of the present day. Many are the tales told of those times that are passed, and the yarns spun by the old skippers of the sail-boats are truly remarkable, probably growing more and more wonderful at each repetition. The oldest of these oracles, having seen one after another of his near and dear comrades pass away, was himself within a few days marked by the finger of "Old Father Time," and the respect and grief shown at the sad badge of crape upon his door is touching, indeed. Most of the stories tell of fishing expeditions, of struggles with great whales, the overturning of boats and subsequent narrow escapes, and other nautical adventures. One very talkative and amusing driver not long since, after pouring his tales into our sympathetic ears, wound up by telling us sadly of the time when he was wont to go out on whaling expeditions, and then, when he and his mates would put in their modest plea for the sum they were entitled to as their share, they would be answered by the wily captain in this manner:

"Naught is naught—and two is two,
All for me and none for you."

"And that you see," he went on to explain, "was allus the way it was; could'nt get rich doing business like that."

Some of the shrewd skippers make several hundred dollars during the summer season, letting their boats each day, either from early morn until night for parties to go bluefishing, a favorite amusement here, or for several hours in the morning and again in the afternoon, earning not only enough to support them during the year but enabling them to put aside a "tidy little sum" for the years to come. A large number, however, are quite content to live along, making enough only for their daily needs, subsisting upon the simplest of fare, mainly the fresh fish that they themselves catch from day to day, happy in the rude shelter above their heads that protects them from the fierce storms in winter, and rejoicing in the fresh air in the summer as they toss to and fro on the waves in their boats.

One of the most important personages and consequential in the town is Billy Clark, one of the town criers. All the news of the day shouts he through the streets. from the announcement of the baseball game up to more stirring events, preceding his information with the ringing of the great bell he carries or a loud blast upon his huge horn, which forerunner, however, he omits on Sunday out of respect for the sacred stillness of that day, but the news he gives us all the same. Sturdy lungs has he that never seem to grow weary, and his voice makes itself heard loudly above the rattling of carriage wheels and other sounds. What is there that he does not know and tell about in his shaking-quavering yet resounding tones, which somehow are more like those of ordinary mortals if you engage him in conversation and are able to make him forget himself for a moment; but back they go to their ordinary quaver when raised for his public communications. Every morning he is about bright and early with his bundle of daily journals for sale, and in the evening again with his Boston papers, while no one is in as much demand to deliver bundles and parcels as he. Small children follow gladly in his train, and to them he appears to be a combination of all that is wonderful.

The horses that may be hired, from the various stables are above the average, and are on the go continually, for Nantucket boasts of several excellent drives. One of these is over to Siasconset, commonly known as "Sconset," formerly a little fishing settlement, but now quite a summer resort, a distance of nine or ten miles, where, on a pleasant afternoon, it is delightful to go, and sit under one of the little tent-like awnings that are placed a short distance apart all along the beach, or to ramble through the narrow streets and investigate some of the quaint old-fashioned houses. To Surfside is another well-known drive, leading through what is called Moreland a country where the land is so like that of Florida, with its flat fields, its scrubby bushes, sparsely scattered, and dainty, delicate little yellow flowers springing up from the sandy soil beneath the horses' hoofs, that one might fancy oneself in the sunny South during one of the early spring months.

At Surfside there is a hotel, patronized largely by transients, though all about, care has been expended in the attempt to make the spot an attractive one, but the trees set out in that barren land have failed to respond to the attention paid them, and are withered and dead, and look as though they had been killed by a nipping frost or cold. The hotel is on a high cliff, and down below the waves come dashing in boldly as though they were trying with ever-increasing force to reach the heights of that steep beach. It is a grand sight to see the ocean break in upon that shore after a storm, when the waters come surging, rushing in, tumbling over each other in their frantic race, looking like great billowy mountains, and sending up incessantly white sprays of foam.

Sometimes strong men run down the steep beach and fearlessly swim out far beyond their depth, but it requires extremely good swimming to venture thus, and usually the bathers cling very cautiously to the life line. Artists are often seen here sketching under the shade of their yellow umbrellas, trying to perpetuate the beauty of the scene on canvas. Thus far the season has been an extremely good one in Nantucket as far as summer visitors and the weather have been concerned—only a few rainy days marring the enjoyment of the pleasure seekers.

If these fine days will continue for a few weeks longer no one can ask for more. GAD.

~~Boston~~
Inquirer Mirror
Aug 30/90

husband."

Mr. Whiting whistled. He looked at his helpmeet, who actually gasped as she returned his glance.

"Can't ye come in?" she inquired in a voice which curiosity made cordial.

Now Leander Fickett was a man who would rather talk about himself than do anything else. He knew he was well worth talking about. His visit at the residence of Mrs. Barnes could wait.

He accepted the invitation, and was soon sitting on the best haircloth chair in the Whiting parlor. The chair creaked, but it bore up. The first thing Mr. Fickett told his companions was that he was worth more than $1,000,000, and that in two years more he should be worth double that sum—all out of the Leading Star mine. He had come back after his wife.

"He guessed them divorce papers didn't amount to much. He guessed he 'n' Mr. Barnes could arrange it. Charlotte always did like to handle money. He'd had some trouble with Charlotte, but he kinder hankered to give her the handlin' of some of that money. He didn't reckon there'd be much difficulty. He considered that he could make it all straight with Mr Barnes. Folks wasn't so particklar 'bout such things out where he'd been. He was willin' to do the fair thing, but

BAXTER

The Ancient Mariner and Veteran Jehu Takes the Harness.

A GRAND FIGHT FOR THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR TROPHY.

For six weeks the people have been passing in votes to this office for their favorite drivers, and the weekly result, as announced in these columns, has been looked for with interest. Slowly it has crept up towards the hundreds, first one candidate and then another leading, and when THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR press stopped printing Tuesday morning on the final orders of the previous day, it was rumored in many localities that nearly 8000 copies of the issue of the 23d had been printed, and from this, speculation as to the result was indulged in, and wagers of all kinds were made on the final result.

Day by day has the interest increased, and THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR ballots, as they became a scarce article, increased rapidly in value, and regrets were heard on many sides that orders for thousands of copies for speculation had not been filed before the limit expired. But there were none to be had, and the only thing left was to discuss the chances of the supposed leading candidates, and the interest and excitement over the matter boomed with each passing hour, and the eager ones could not curb their patience awaiting the appearance of the first paper yesterday p. m., and our lower office was besieged with people anxiously inquiring for the time when the paper was to appear.

During the six weeks of the contest THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR press has rolled off a total of 22,335 complete copies of eight pages, all of which have been sold. Of this number nearly 75 per cent. is represented in the total vote—the exact figure being 15,913.

The first vote to reach the office was on July 26th, for Capt. William Baxter. The last bunch of ballots was delivered at this office at 6.57 Thursday evening, and proved to be for R. K. Appleton.

The committee commenced work a few minutes after 7 o'clock, first counting over the published votes, and then turned their attention to the sealed packages, which were of all descriptions, the large quantity received by mail through the week occupying their attention first, and then the cigar boxes, huge envelopes, hoisery boxes, button boxes, etc., all containing rich supplies of the coveted papers; and a thoughtful person had taken care to enclose in his box three nice cigars for the committee. At just 10 o'clock the count was made, the figures handed to the chairman, and the work was done. At 1 o'clock yesterday we called for the official count, which appears below.

We congratulate Capt. Baxter upon the size of his vote, which in itself is beyond the highest of our expectations as to the total count. We congratulate Messrs. Cox and Appleton, upon their handsome vote also, and THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR will tender them each a souvenir of the contest, which unfortunately will not reach here until this evening, and perhaps not until Monday.

Apropos of Capt. Baxter having won the contest we have been permitted to print a poetical sketch of the commander of the "Swiftsure," by Mr. H. S. Wyer, which has not before been brought prominently before the public, and it follows the vote record:

WILLIAM BAXTER	**6,117**
William Cox	**3,369**
Robert K. Appleton	**2,027**
Joseph S. Hussey	1,693
Henry H. Crocker	1,188
Charles J. Fisher	983
Oliver C. Chadwick	153
Benjamin B. Gardner	133
Marcus E. Howes	66
Thomas B. Hoy	47
Joseph L. Enas	27
William R. Morris	21
Clinton McCleave	21
John Scott	20
Hiram Reed	14
A. W. Small	10
Edward C. Barrett	9
Charles C. Morris	8
Charles H. Pitman	5
Samuel Thurston	1
D. McGinty	1
	15,913

16

TO CAPT. WILLIAM BAXTER.

OF THE "SIDE-WHEELER" SWIFTSURE,

Port of Nantucket.

Ahoy there, Ancient Mariner,
  Come o'er the bar and drop your anchor.
Reel off your joke, my heart of oak,
  To see your cargo how I hanker!
For in your hold 'neath locks of gold
  Are gems that brighten all existence;
The fair sea-maiden on your bow
  Hath charms for me beyond resistance!

Full many a voyage to foreign ports
  I've taken on your old "side-wheeler."
Ship ne'er did launch more stiff and staunch,
  And for close sailing she's a "peeler."
For long or shorter "pilgrimage"
  Your four-legged mate stands ever ready;
And when the stormy winds do rage
  You take the helm and hold her steady.

O'erhaul your log, my brave sea-dog,
  For wond'rous yarns of foreign travel;
The mysteries of your younger days
  No human brain can e'er unravel!
Oh, is it true that's told of you
  That once you were a ruthless pirate,
E'er burning ships, whose luckless skips
  You held for ransom at a high-rate?

It cannot be—some one has lied—
  (What honest soul escapes such malice.)
From early youth you've loved the truth,
  And told it, too, in hut and palace!
Of queerest doings on sea and land
  You ever gave a careful version;
Though setting science at flat defiance,
  You made new facts for each excursion.

Full well I know, (with book to show)
  How in the Ark you took the census;
The thrilling tale of Jonah's whale
  In later version you dispense us.
O'er Madaquecham you say he swam
  When you were but a barefoot urchin,
And for some trace to mark the place
  You've set a horde of tourists searchin'!

How you've discovered fishes queer
  Ne'er seen before by bold sea-ranger;
The "corn-pond," too, whose virtues new
  You vaunted to the footsore stranger.
When wedded pair were in your care,
  You pointed out where berries were thickest,
And sudden deafness seized on you
  Just when your hearing was the quickest!

You point out ancient land-marks, too,
  "Last Indian" graves, all marked with numbers,
Quaint relics rare, and wild beast's lair,
  Creations of your last night's slumbers.
'Twixt you and "Frank" you've ciphered out
  Queer wrinkles new in navigation;
Sly nods and winks and secret kinks,
  Impossible of imitation.

How you display your treasures, too,
  Flotsam and jetsam of the Ocean—
Your wooden maid, who throws in shade
  All other maidens, to your notion!
Your presents, too, a ship-load sure—
  Gloves, ribbons, ties, all sorts and sizes,
Fair portraits true and billet-doux,
  And countless sweet and dainty prizes.

In good old 'Sconset days you served
  Fidus Achates to all comers.
Ne'er known to fail, your "lightning mail"
  Made steady trips a score of Summers;
To those who on you pinned their faith,
  Your sage advice was ne'er misleading,
E'en though you brought them home-made news,
  And last year's papers for their reading.

In Winter time with crew discharged
  And ship safe moored in sheltered quarters,
You live in quiet on thinnest diet
  And dote on pills and colored waters;
And when the doctors give you up,
  And give your friends a last sad warning,
You signal to your trusty mate,
  And board your ship o' Monday morning!

No itching palm you stretch to those
  Who sail with you the island over;
Soft words and smiles oft pay for miles
  Of cruising with the bold sea-rover.
When next you sail, O captain rare,
  Ship me as second mate or steward;
I'll cool my brow on the weather bow,
  And keep sharp watch for rocks to leeward!

Long may she float, your gallant boat,
  And in her wake sound happy laughter,
And when your voyage of life is o'er
  We'll hail you in the great hereafter.
Ere yet "the flood shall bear you far,"
  O, list to hear the "Pilot" calling.
Take Him for guide when tempests ride,
  And deeper shades of night are falling!

Nantucket, July 15th, 1890. H. S. W.

Capt. William H. McIntire, of New York, is at the Helm, in 'Sconset, for the remainder of the season. He is seeking a location for the camp of the Brower House Club, for next summer.

Eve. Telegram (N.Y.) Aug 19/90

New Yorkers are paying great attention to the development of Nantucket's possibilities as a summer resort. They have established a club house and other attractions on the bathing beach at Coantue on the other side of the harbor, and the old hotel that formerly stood on the bluff at Riverside on Narragansett Bay, and which was taken to pieces and transported to Nantucket, is also being run by a syndicate of New Yorkers. It is located at a point on the Island between Nantucket harbor and Siasconset, the village at the far end of the Island. The spot is called "Surfside," and it is fitly named, for big waves continually roll in and dash themselves in foam beneath the cliff upon which the hotel is set up. After a blow the surf there is really something grand and tremendous.

The Christian at Work Aug 28/90

HAVE YOU BEEN TO NANTUCKET?

CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF A UNIQUE ISLAND—OLD TIMES, ETC.

BY JOHN HUTCHINS.

"WHY should one go to Nantucket?" Let this be the Yankee question, if you will, with which the former one is answered. One is in Yankee land here, pure and simple, threshed and winnowed by sea airs and ocean interspaces. Let the questions come on pell-mell, like the troop of Gad; it shall be ours to entertain them every one. *Imprimis*, then, there is nothing else just like it under the sun. Not that we pretend to have been in every place under the sun, but simply judging for all, by that we have seen. People sigh for novelty, and especially for new things in the way of travel. Our nomadic citizen feels more and more as each season rolls round the same old spirit of unrest that stirred in his father's veins twenty or thirty centuries ago. "Where shall our pasture be?" he queries. He has done our seashore from the Everglades to Quebec. He has been to Scotland to catch the purple sheen of the heather and drink in the freshness of the Scottish moors. But here out a pleasant thirty miles beyond his own coast, and on good American soil, lies as rare a bit of fresh moor and heathland as ever foot trod upon or eye gloried in; while all around it sweeps the ocean, and all through and through it sifts the salt sea air.

These moors are for the most part high and dry and sandy. But there are lowlands with fresh-water lakes and long sedgy stretches where the tide plays hide and seek among deep greens, which change and shade with every movement of wind or water. But everywhere lavish nature has showered her green wealth of herbage down, so that the upland moors with their multitudinous verdure, from the deep bay tree to the grey-blue beach-grass, stretch on and undulate like a sea of billowy green. "Look at it there, and look at it *there*, and look at it THERE," we say in ever growing crescendo of delight, while we drive over the cushioned softness of trailing bear-berry and sweet fern and bay leaves. No roads hold us in by conventional lines, for the moors are all common, so that fearless of fences, we strike out boldly across country, while the air reeks with aromatic perfumes sent up where hoofs and wheels have pressed.

But draw in now from this nature bit, and look at the old town and the people. The step is a very easy one. It does no violence to sentiments already awakened by brown moorlands and heather. The grey houses, lichen-covered, creep out from the borders of the moor as if they loved it, and were, too, a part of it. Straggling at first they go, as in all nature things ought to go at first, and then gathering their grey and scattered forces, they come in old-town centres, to huddle very closely together. Some half-dozen upon the main street are quite manorial in aspect, and point back to the something of opulence of earlier whaling days. But they are for the most part those strange, grey, straggling knotted and shingled dwellings such as one sees in the older quarters of many a New England town; only that these, in this island town, are roomier and quainter and greyer than others. They are all flush with street in front, but at the back they go trailing away into vistas of roof and angle, which must to the eye of any architect be maddening. It seems as if afterthought must have been added to afterthought till jog and bit found itself at last tight joined in the literal pile which now makes up one of these quaint dwelling places. The general grade of prosperity must at one time have been very high to warrant houses so large and comfortable as these.

But our circle draws closer still. It was from the moors to the houses, and now let it be from the houses to the people—the most interesting feature of all. And even they are not wholly unlike their open moors and quaint abodes. There is a bright freshness about their manners and conversation which awakens constant and pleased surprise. The old island has been noted for its love of letters and general refinement. The fine Coffin Academy stands as a witness of this, while the other schools, public and private, are of high grade.

And then, too, Boston is not so far away. But one thing, happily, the muses and the Boston culture have not done, nor been able to do—that is, to take away the sweet flavor of a simple openness and directness and trustfulness from manners and customs. Many of the people never bolt their doors at night, and by day leave them standing wide open. On returning to our lodging-house the first night after our arrival, the dear old lady mistress met us and said: "You are the ones who have the rooms up-stairs, are you?" And on our answering yes, she went on to say, "Well, I should be glad to know that you are in if I am up at the time, so that I can shut the door. And if it is late into the night when you come, you may be will put the door to, and lock it if you like." But then she added, "It shuts a little hard, and if you find any trouble about it, never mind, it will be all the same, I guess."

Another pretty bit of this confidence is found in one of the boatmen who plies his craft regularly between the village and a point of local resort. The fare is twenty cents, and as we were fairly off the old captain set his leather pouch and its jingling contents circulating around through the twenty or more passengers, saying, "Now you just make your change and put in your fares for yourselves, while I mind the wheel." And this was done. But where else would it be done, and no advantage taken?

It is not all Arcadian simplicity in Nantucket. They know how to charge for carriage hire, and for old furniture, even to the degree of outdoing Sypher in the latter. But there are pretty, simple ways among the rank and file which peep out here and there like the flowers of their brown moorlands. "What do you do in the winter when we are all gone?" asked one of our party. And the answer was, "O, we spend our time talkin' about what you do in the summer."

One sees many old people here, both of men and women. "Our young folks all go away over to the continent," an old native patriarch said to me. By "the continent" they mean the mainland. Then he went on, "Nothin' here for 'em to do," and he sighed as if remembering old days when the wharves were lined with whalers. Two walked before us down the street a few days since, one middle-aged in appearance, and the other fast verging on the "sear and yellow leaf." He must have been hard of hearing, for the former raised his voice in speaking, so that we were obliged to hear. And this was their colloquy, "We're all a-dyin' off," said the younger; "we all a dyin' off and there's no one comin' up to fill our places." "No 'n," answered the old man, as we drew nearer —"no one except these strangers." There was a quiet pathos in their speech, and we felt like intruders. There are few children on the streets, and the days of the native islander do seem to be numbered. The stranger is in one way his God-send and blessing. Still we can say with fervor, "May the day be far distant when the way of the stranger becomes the way of Nantucket." If he comes, and he is coming more and more, may these grey houses, brown moors and homely customs be spared the shaping of his ruder touch! There is is a flavor of freshness here in flower and field and folk which has no counterpart in all the round of places where the summer pilgrim halts. Let him come and taste this, if he will; but let him not change it, for this compound of sweet pleasure has its every simple complete.

Engineer & Miner Sept 6-90

Sewerage at 'Sconset.

A meeting at Siasconset of the property owners was held at Union Chapel on Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. Taylor of Poughkeepsie presiding. The report of the committee appointed last year to memorialise the town authorities for the appointment of a police and health officer to be assigned to duty in the village, and in behalf of property owners to secure the services of a competent sanitary engineer to investigate the condition of the place and recommend measures to be adopted for its improved sanitation, was read and accepted.

The committee reported that they had employed Messrs. Waring, Chapman & Farquhar to make the investigation and that their report had been printed and sent to each property owner in the village and each voter in town, that some of the recommendations in respect to the construction and arrangements of vaults had been adopted under the direction of Mr. Gardner, the Health Officer who had been appointed by the Board of Health to enforce its rules; but by reason of the scheme of sewerage recommended being too extensive the committee did not deem it advisable to ask for its consideration at the annual town meeting, nor would they recommend any steps being taken in respect thereto without more thoroughly considering the question. The committee reported that the sanitary condition of the place had been generally improved since last year, by reason of the close oversight of the Health Officer except in one locality, where, by reason of the defective construction of vaults made many years since, some complaints had been received, of which the owner was not aware

until too late to cure the defects, but which another season would be superseded by an improved system.

The committee reported that they had heard complaints growing out of the existence of pig pens in the village because proper care was not taken to prevent the stenches from being carried to neighboring properties, and they recommended that the Board of Health direct the Health Officer to cause such nuisances to be abated of his own motion when he was aware of them, without waiting for the complaints of those who suffer therefrom. They also recommend that the town be asked to make an appropriation for the compensation of the officer for another season.

On motion the recommendations of the committee were adopted and the committee was on their request discharged. On motion a vote of thanks was passed for the efficient manner in which they had performed their duties. On motion David W. Burgess of Nantucket, and H. K. White and William J. Chittenden of Detroit, were appointed a committee to take whatever action they should deem necessary to protect the interests of the village during the ensuing year.

Dr. Taylor, E. F. Underhill and R. B. Coffin were appointed to represent the property owners of Siasconset at the special town meeting to be held on Saturday. A vote of thanks to the voters of the town for what they had done to improve the condition of the village was also adopted.

The committee was directed to memorialize the town at a regular town meeting to secure the appropriation for the improvement of Main street in the village to the corner of Broadway, and also to improve the gulley road to the railroad depot.

The report of the treasurer showed the collection and expenditure of over one hundred dollars, and it was adopted.

Inquirer + Mirror Sept 6-91

Written for the Inquirer and Mirror.

ntucket as a Summer Resort.

has been often said that the climat Nantucket is far more even and sub t to less fluctuations of temperatur an of any other summer resort in th country, but facts without figures ofte fail to convey their full meaning. It has occurred to me that a few *figures* might be interesting to confirm "what everybody knows" who has passed a summer on this health-giving and enjoyable island, and to that end, I enclose the signal service reports, kindly furnished by the officers of the New York and Nantucket Stations, showing the maximum, minimum and mean temperatures of the two localities, for the month of July just passed, which find below:

	NEW YORK.				NANTUCKET.		
Date.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Date.	Mean.	Max.	Min.
1	76	86	67	1	68	75	60
2	76	80	72	2	60	66	55
3	73	77	69	3	66	70	62
4	75	81	69	4	69	76	62
5	72	78	67	5	70	76	64
6	70	80	60	6	68	73	64
7	74	84	65	7	70	78	61
8	82	95	70	8	70	75	65
9	76	83	69	9	75	82	68
10	64	72	56	10	62	64	60
11	68	75	60	11	62	66	59
12	72	82	62	12	63	66	60
13	64	68	61	13	62	67	56
14	70	78	62	14	62	70	55
15	78	89	68	15	67	72	62
16	82	94	70	16	74	82	66
17	82	92	71	17	71	74	68
18	72	77	68	18	66	72	60
19	68	76	61	19	64	70	58
20	63	70	56	20	61	65	57
21	67	77	57	21	62	68	57
22	70	79	60	22	65	72	58
23	70	77	62	23	64	69	58
24	72	76	67	24	64	70	57
25	73	77	69	25	68	75	60
26	78	85	71	26	72	76	67
27	76	82	69	27	72	78	66
28	78	87	70	28	73	82	64
29	72	78	67	29	70	73	67
30	79	88	70	30	71	76	66
31	82	91	74	31	72	77	68

In comparing them, it will be seen that the *average* of the maximum temperature in New York was 81.1°, while that of Nantucket was 72,7°, showing a difference of 8 1-2 lower temperature. But it must be remembered that the New York temperature is taken from the top of a building 200 feet above the street, where the people have to live, and have to move, and where the thermometers show from 5 to 6° higher figures, thus making the true difference about 14°. But what is of most interest, is to note the comparative flucuations of the two places. Take New York from the 8th to the 10th. On the 8th the thermometer showed 95°, and two days later it had dropped to 72°, a variation of 23°, while at Nantucket, the 8th showed 75° (twenty degrees cooler), and on the 10th, 64°, a variation of only 11°. There were only two days in Nantucket where the mercury reached 80°, and then barely passed it by two degrees, while in New York, there were *sixteen* days when it reached 80°, and then passed on until it reached 15° above it; and at least 5° more must be added on the ground level. While the maximum variation for the month in New York was more than 40°, that at Nantucket was only 26°. Other points of comparison might easily be brought out, but the few figures above suffice to explain the *facts* and why old Nantucket has so many friends who love to come and enjoy her delightful climate.

Inquirer + Mirror Sept 6-91

THE WEATHER.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL SUMMARY, NANTUCKET, FOR AUGUST, 1890.

Station opened October 18th, 1886.

Date.	Snow fall; in.	TEMPERATURE. Mean.	Max.	Min.	Precipitation.
1		72	76	67	.00
2		68	72	63	.00
3		68	76	60	.00
4		72	80	65	.00
5		74	79	69	.00
6		72	76	69	.00
7		71	77	65	.04
8		70	77	63	.00
9		67	71	63	.41
10		72	78	65	.87
11		68	72	63	.07
12		66	70	62	.00
13		66	66	63	.00
14		68	74	63	—
15		70	76	63	.00
16		66	69	63	.00
17		70	76	63	.00
18		69	73	65	—
19		65	70	60	.01
20		70	74	65	.25
21		64	69	59	.05
22		70	77	63	—
23		66	68	64	.35
24		60	63	57	.00
25		62	68	55	.00
26		66	70	61	.06
27		70	74	65	.67
28		68	73	63	.00
29		66	70	62	.00
30		66	72	60	.09
31		62	68	56	—

Eve. Post, N.Y. Sept 1-91

BLUE-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.

A Fine Day's Sport—Striking a School—Some Curious Characteristics of the Fish.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

NANTUCKET, July 20.

IT was blowing a "two-reef breeze," the boatman said as the *Lucile*, Skipper Pease, stole away from the worm-eaten docks of Nantucket noiselessly as the Arab of song, and

spread her wings for a flight down harbor and out to sea for a tilt with the bluefish. Brant Point, with its interesting old lighthouse—the second built in this country—first came up and made its bow to her. Then the Hotel Nantucket glided by, its long verandas filled with guests; next the jetty, and then the *Lucile* turned her nose towards Great Point Light, eight miles distant, and with the wind directly abeam foamed like a race-horse towards the goal. It was a pretty sight—the sound all white caps and dancing waters, five cat-rigged boats, models of grace and beauty, all racing towards the fishing grounds—for news had come that the bluefish had "struck in" in large numbers on Great Point Rip, and other parties besides ourselves were eager for a fray with them.

Nearing the lighthouse the great cod-hooks were brought out by Sam, the other member of the *Lucile's* crew, baited by drawing an eel-skin over the shank, the ends were tied to various parts of the boat, and the hooks, with fifty feet of line attached, are ready to run out behind. This is what is called "trolling." Pease heads the boat nearly into the breakers directly off the lighthouse. "Cast off," says he. The lines go out with a rush, but are scarcely taut when the port hand feels a jerk as though his hook had "caught on" to a bell-buoy or some floating piece of wreckage, and begins hauling in hand over hand like mad—an eight-pound bluefish is at the other end. R. and B., on the starboard side, at the same instant make similar strikes—three of the four hooks out are taken, and things begin to look lively. Really, with your boat racing six or eight miles an hour, it is no light task to haul in hand over hand a game bluefish of eight pounds. He is the swiftest and most powerful as well as the most rapacious of the smaller fish, and has no idea of exchanging his native element for the large box next the *Lucile's* centre-board which Sam has made ready to hold the catch. He leaps out of water, he rushes towards you—that is the time to haul in slack—he makes mad rushes to left and right, entangling your line with others, and as a last resort dives under the boat. Sometimes he succeeds in getting the heavy hook out of his jaws, but if you keep your head and pull steadily, the chances are that you will land him safely after an exciting contest. A handsome fish he is, too, as he lies gasping and throbbing in the boat, with his blue, iridescent sides and slender tapering form fashioned for speed. We have ours in in two minutes, and R. and B. land theirs at the same time. For a quarter of an hour we have exciting sport, the boat rushing along the coast a certain distance, then tacking and returning. At the end of that time the school suddenly deserts us, leaving nineteen of their number snugly reposing in our box, and as many, perhaps, in the boxes of the five other boats which have been tacking and filling all this time on the same course. For an hour we cruise over the same grounds without striking a fish. The other boats have no better luck. "Fishing over for to-day, captain?" R. ventures. "You wait," says the skipper, with a nod. "See Gre't P'int Rip there?" indicating a long line of ripples off the lighthouse, extending out out a mile into the sound. "Well, in half an hour's time the tide will be runnin' like a mill-race over it. You'll see a pretty sea there to-day, an' plenty of bluefish. I'm only killin' time now," and he puts his helm aport and brings the *Lucile* round in fine style for another run over the course.

As Capt. Pease had predicted, the Rip in half an hour's time was a boiling, foaming mass of water, churned by a strong head-wind meeting the tide, and all the boats prepared to "run the Rip," as the skipper called it. They ook another reef in the sail—for the wind had eshened with the tide—and gathering at the reward end, flew down the edge of the Rip h flowing sheets, keeping on the division between the rough water and the smooth.

Here was sport alive, hooks constantly being struck; sometimes every man on board except the skipper and his assistant was hauling in the lines, in the midst of huge green seas too, that came rolling up to the *Lucile's* counter as if they meant to leap aboard, some of them indeed doing so. It was a stirring scene, and what with the hauling of the lines a most exciting one. At the end of the "rip" the *Lucile* tacks and beats back through the rip itself, throwing the spray from her bow in buckets full, deluging the fishermen, who, clad in oil skins, take it calmly and as a matter of course. Not a fish is hooked in the rip beating back.

"Curious about these fish," says our skipper. They lie in the smooth water just over the rip for the "bait" (a small fish almost exclusively) that the tide brings in; that is easily seen, but why is it that they won't bite here on the rip which they have to cross to reach this station, or in other places where we know they are, but never knew them to take a hook? They seem to have certain feeding-grounds, and will bite nowhere else. "What is a rip, Captain?" R. asks. "A long, narrow sand bar," is the reply. "And what do you call a shoal?" "Wal, a shoal is larger and rounder, and ther's less water on a rip. Both is bad enough, but a rip's worse. Ther's places on this rip where there ain't four feet of water at low tide. Yes, this Sound of Nantucket is sowed all over with 'em. This Gre't P'int Rip is one of the wust. That's one reason why they built the lighthouse here." We ran the "rip" three times, and then sailed off to Nantucket with fifty-seven as fine fish as ever cheered the eye of an epicure. Other parties have since done as well.

Hartford Courant May 29-90

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Here is an item which does not exactly belong among the summer outing notes, but as a duty one might owe to science, and especially to those eminent M. D.'s who exhausted much valuable time last winter in determining whether "the grip" was atmospheric or otherwise. I will say that on board the Nantucket South Shoal lightship, which is stationed twenty-two miles out from land, nearly all the crew, of some ten men, were seized with what they termed a very mean and prolonged cold. As all vessels give them a particularly wide berth during the winter months, and they neither receive or make calls, they did not learn until they came ashore in the spring that the disease which did not pass them by, had been widespread throughout the country.

× × × × ×

There are two good reasons for making this communication brief: We would not crowd more readable matter; and we have a strong drawing to the moors—

"Where the golden rod is leaning
And the purple aster waves."

E. V. H.

Statement

of ages at death on Nantucket Island as shown by the records in the office of the town Clerk.

1888

Ages at nearest birth day

81	66	86	80
20	88	83	87
66	80	58	76
75	74	32	59
86	46	83	97
70	22	65	85
75	73	57	74
69	87	2	64
76	82	68	70
80	75	24	39
82	82	58	78
88	73	60	74
3	24	67	61
91	67	91	78
72	84	85	85
4	89	76	82
88		90	83
91	73	48	65
21	79	27	81
65	47	72	
79	65	61	
52	73	78	

Total years 5620.

Number of deaths 85

Average duration of life 1888 66 years

Four deaths of infants from 11 days to one month are not included in the above.

Ages at death classified

2 to 5 years	3	
5 to 10 "	1	
10 to 20 "	1	
20 to 30 "	5	
30 to 40 "	3	
40 to 50 "	3	
50 to 60 "	6	
60 to 70 "	15	
70 to 80 "	23	
80 to 90 "	21	
over 90	4	
		85

Number of deaths under 70, 37

" " " over 70 48 85

1889

Ages at nearest birth day

22	69	89	84
30	79	38	67
74	79	35	60
80	79	75	48
87	83	71	81
47	73	2	72
70	32	65	89
92	68	81	77
66	87	75	90
80	69	85	69
64	86	39	1
76	46	7	78
76	91	70	68
81	29	79	16
85	70	38	68
32	81	76	67
38	71	85	86
87	64	85	

Total years 4659

number of deaths 71

Average duration of life 1889 66 years

5 deaths of infants from 2 days to 4 months are not included in the above

Ages at death classified

~~Under 1 year~~	5
2 to 5 years	2
5 to 10 "	1
10 to 20 "	1
20 to 30 "	3
30 to 40 "	7
40 to 50 "	3
50 to 60 "	1
60 to 70 "	15
70 to 80 "	18
80 to 90 "	18
Over 90 "	2
	71

Number of deaths under 70 33

" " " over 70 38 71

Lacrosse (wis) Aug 31/90

168

NANTUCKET BREEZES.

They Bring Health and Happy Days to Sick and Worn Out People who Visit the Historic Island by Thousands.

Dr. Edgar Palmer, who, with Mrs. Palmer, has been spending the greater portion of his vacation at Nantucket, writes: There is a rush of people to this resort this year. Every steamer from Boston brings a cargo of souls. Watch them as they step from the boat, many of them with pale faces, colorless cheeks, lustreless eyes, puny children, tired men from counting room and office, clergymen, teachers, students. They come to spend what time they can at this great sanitorium, for such it really is. If you don't believe it watch the departing steamers and note the change upon those who spend a month or so here. Faces brown as dried sea weed, athletic and strong in every movement, bright eyes and happy voices, all speaking the wonders which this revivifying and bracing atmosphere has worked upon them during their stay. Many instances of restored health, quite remarkable, could be cited, but it is a sufficient satisfaction to myself to find a place where for the first time in a quarter of a century I am comparatively free, at this time of the year, from that annual curse, hay fever. The air is not only exhilerating and buoyant but is so restful that one can almost drop to sleep anywhere and at any time. There are perhaps many sea-side resorts where we should find pleasanter accommodations or more diversified opportunities for enjoyment, but we find it perfectly delightful out here on this little spot in the grand old ocean; a town once the second of commercial importance in the state of Massachusetts; the home of the whale fishery and for more than a century the acknowledged nursery of maratime adventurers whose white winged messengers pushed out from this land locked harbor to all parts of the world.

Looking out from the window what a beautiful panorama the harbor presents. There are no whaling vessels to be seen, but only the white sails and puffing steamers of more modern service. During a few minutes' walk in any direction you see quaint old houses and buildings, some of them erected in the sixteenth century, ancient relics and burying grounds, now the resting place of nearly all those who once made the island famous. Back from the town the island presents a rolling, bleak, moorlike, waste, the quiet harbor on its one side and the ceaseless, rushing surf of the ocean on the other.

Sea bathing is one of the luxuries here, and it does not take a visitor long to find his or her way to the nearest bath house or "surf side" for a frolic with the hundreds of others on the beach. Blue fishing is the sport which we men take in just as often as possible while here, for "there is nothing like it."

But replete as Nantucket is with the relics and memories of other days, and facilities for summer vacation, there is little but the soft beautiful sea breeze and its sanitary effect to induce a La Crosse resident to want to swap location, certainly not for business, and a few weeks of this camp life will doubtless make all of us appreciate the comforts of our own homes. Judge Burton has gone to Vermont on his way home and his son and Mrs. Thompson and sons who have been occupying a nice cottage here for several weeks will soon break up and return. We expect to spend a week at historic Plymouth and another at Nantucket on our way home.

homes

Ing & Mirror Sept 13-90

Town Meeting.

There was a special meeting of the town last Saturday afternoon, called for the purpose of discussing the sewerage question, a few of our non-resident tax-payers joining in the debate, which at times was quite sharp. The subject was discussed in a general way, the Lily pond ditch, the sewers entering the docks, and other details of the subject all receiving a share of attention from both sides. Allen Coffin, Esq., moved the appointment of a committee to investigate the matter and report at the next annual meeting. Mr. George C. Gardner didn't want any committee, and offered an amendment to the motion, contemplating the postponement of the subject to the next annual meeting, and expressing his opinion that the matter was all nonsense. Mr. John C. Ring offered another amendment, that a committee be appointed, and that a sum not exceeding $300 be appropriated for their use in this direction.

It was a very close call when the vote was taken on the latter amendment, but it was lost. Mr. Gardner's amendment was carried by a very small majority, and the meeting was adjourned.

A marked difference of opinion exists on this question than was the case eight years ago, and it is the one topic in town affairs that will create more bitterness than any other. But yet the people are growing to realize that they have a serious matter to handle, and one they must care for understandingly. They do not crave a great expenditure, and it is to be hoped that the sanitary department can be conducted without such, and to the general satisfaction.

The Ocean's Floor.

Here is an end of all romance abou hidden ocean depths. The whole ocean is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London for the purpose of ocean surveys has been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of currents and the floors of the four great oceans. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain range in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, almost five miles. These mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny creamy species of shell lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures never seen in upper currents.

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world

vhich these scientific deep sea
dings cast a curious light. Plato
Solon record the tradition, ancient
eir days, of a country in the west-
eas where flourished the first civili-
n of mankind, which by volcanic
was submerged and lost. The
story is told by the Central Amer-
who still celebrate in the fast of
the frightful cataclysm which
yed a continent loaded with pop-
cities. Dr. Bourbourg and other
nt archæologists assert that this
ntinent extended from the coast
ca to near the West Indies. The
of a plateau discovered in sur-
the ocean's floor corresponds
is theory exactly. We may yet
e lost Atlantis.—St. Louis Re-

The Berlin Water and Sewage Works.

Professor Virchow's address at the opening of the International Congress at Berlin was listened to with great interest, according to all reports. In welcoming the members of the Congress to Berlin he gave an interesting account of the city's water and sewerage work, which we append.

"But perhaps you will permit me to single out at least one institution for which the city of Berlin is classic soil. I mean our sewerage system, in connection with the municipal water-supply on the one hand and with the irrigation fields on the other. What a change this has made in the whole aspect of our city only those can judge who saw its streets and squares, its houses and dwellings, twenty years ago. The means expended, however, may give a general idea of the magnitude of the work. The sewerage system of the city cost 42,500,000 marks (that is, shillings), the purchase of the irrigation estates 12,500,000; the expenditure for the construction of the drains and the preparation of the fields amounted up to the end of March, 1889, to 79,000,000 marks in all. The book value of the municipal waterworks amounted at the same time to far more than 39,000,000 marks, and new works are already projected, the first half of which is estimated at 20,000,000. That makes for these sanitary works alone an expenditure of 138,000,000 marks. It cost hard struggles before the representatives of the city undertook these great enterprises: investigations of all the questions involved, lasting for years, went before; but at last the citizens of their own free conviction took their resolution, and adhered to it, even when the official authorities took a contrary view, and prophets of evil grew like mushrooms out of the earth. Thus Berlin has become a clean, a healthy, perhaps one may even say in a certain sense a beautiful city. Now this method of cleansing a city was no invention of ours. Many other cities had preceded us. Great waterworks were built even in remote antiquity.

"We do not claim that our works should be recognized as the best or as the only good ones. Altered circumstances always demand another solution. But what we wish to show you, and what we especially invite you to inspect, is the completeness and harmony of the arrangements which we have made. Nowhere in the world have such large tracts of land ever been used only for the purpose of cleansing the sewage waters of a city. Our irrigation fields comprise an area of 7,614 hectares. They form two large, pretty well connected territories, one in the north, the other in the south of the city. In the year 1888-89 they yielded a surplus of 238,000 marks over the working expenses. You will convince yourselves there that it is possible to meet Liebig's old demand that the soil, the vegetable world, or, let us say, agriculture, shall receive back what has been received from it, and even a little more. Not, indeed, the agriculturists, for though we do give sewage to some owners, it has been found necessary, for the sake of complete and constant purification, to keep the agricultural management in our own hands. Thus our city has become in a surprising degree, considering the modern division of labor, not only a great landowner, but also an agricultural manager. In this way also certain possibilities have resulted which belong to the social political province, and which may probably be still further extended in course of time. The workmen on the irrigation fields are largely drawn from the city workhouse; in time they are converted from vagabonds into able workmen, earning money. The old mansions on some of these estates have been transformed into convalescent homes. Thus, without preconceived plan, the whole is developing itself more and more, on the basis of progressive experience, into a system of economic exchange of high social importance between city and country.

"Forgive me, honored Sirs, this somewhat long digression on a single group of municipal institutions. In importance, however, it far transcends all the other individual establishments and arrangements which you may study. It is, at the same time, the one which can teach more than the others how much the firm will and the cautious action of an independent community, testing step by step, and then, after thorough testing, going resolutely forward, are able to do in fulfilling the largest demands of science. And you will learn from them that almost all the great establishments which will be shown you were erected at a time when, in the opinion of some, Germany was occupied with nothing but preparation for new wars. No, gentlemen, we are honest adherents of peace. We know that peace nourishes and dissension destroys. We wish to live in concord with all the world, in order to pursue the tasks of science and the aims of humanity undisturbed, and in our own way."—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, August 21st.*

In the Tower of the Gilded Dome on Nantucket Island.

JULY, 1890.

The sexton of the Unitarian church has locked us in, so that no fear of intrusion accompanies us up to the highest point of outlook within the radius of many miles on every side, while a thousand leagues of ocean roll between us and the homes of our ancestors on the further side the sea.

"You had better not stay very long," said the sexton, "lest the bell should ring, and it will shake you so, up there."

He did not know that we were looking forward with camplacency to the vibrations of the Spanish bell that for 75 years has rolled the tidings of time with beating heart and faithful hands and sound of silver voice, down upon the town beneath it; out upon the moors and on over the outermost billow that could bear its faithful message to distant mariner.

The story of the bell, before it was given power to speak on Nantucket Island, hangs in the tower, to be read of men. Could the history of the Islanders be told by that bell, that has for so long a period voiced their fears, moaned their griefs and pealed their joys, it would gain the ear of all mankind, for the story of Nantucket is the story of the heart of man. As one looks down on the summer stir of the town, it seems difficult to keep in mind the dread reality of wintery wind and raging-storm and icy-barrier that shuts the island in, to the rigors of ocean and out from the main land, for days together, when, with the summer all this pleasant going to and fro has passed away—and yet, it seems not impoosible that the time may come when Nantucket shall be sought out, even in winter, for the healing in its air.

The gilded dome of the tower above has seemed to travel with us in our going to and from both near and distant places on the island, almost from shore to shore. It stands like a lofty watch tower, guarding all the land and looking off upon the moors, with the arms of the old wind mill keeping it company for a long distance, until at last the land conquers and the

shining softness of the gilded de e slips away and one stands, alone, by the edge of the sea. Sea before you, moor behind you, the world a whole lifetime ago put away out of sight and sound. Blessed Nantucket!

What is Nantucket like? Purely and simply like unto Nantucket. There is no place like this place.

Standing here, with our faces turned to the north, we seem to be at the center of the inward curve of a huge land crescent, the eastern horn of which crescent curves outward and onward for 12 miles through the ocean until the Great Point light faces you, with its little white shaft, by day and its friendly, human glow by night touches the eye in its wanderings with a sense of companionship on the waste of waters.

Looking to the westward over the town and across the cliffs, the western arm of the island suggests so great an endeavor on the part of Nantucket to reach out to grasp its sister island of "the Vineyard" that its finger tips have been torn away by relentless ocean. Thus we have the amputated fragments in the islands of Tuckernuck and Muskeget, the only bits of Nantucket that ever caught, in calmest seas and clearest air, a glimpse of the fair sister Martha's face. The harbor below us land-locked, except at its northwestern entrance, and whose half mile of ocean road is sheltered by the breakwaters protecting arm, extends northward and eastward into the eastern horn of land for six miles, and at one point, the line of land between inland harbor and outside ocean is narrowed to a strip of land over which the fishermen haul their boats out of calm waters and thust them forth into the "toil-laden surges" that wander in from Spain. This beautiful, wonderful, inland little sea is very beautiful to-day. Around the breakwater, as we look, is steaming in the Martha's Vineyard, daily link that holds us to the continent, where lie our hopes and homes! The fishing boats that have come, and are coming up from the fish grounds contrast vigorously with the white-sailed craft that flutter over the waters, like butterflies on pure pleasure bent. A steam yacht lies in the harbor, and one instinctively thinks of the 100 whalers that here once went forth and came again, and now lie beneath northern ocean or sunny sea, having done their last loyal service in giving themselves to burial, for their country's good.

And now, in this high tower, turn from all the beauties to the northward and gaze upon the scene that lies unrolled to view within the limits of vision on the other side. Beneath, lie the roofs of the town; beyond them, you find a widespread, gently rolling sea of land that the sight hails with delight. The soft unevenness and gentle swells and slight rolls and wavy billows of earth, with tints of charming tone, in furze, and bush, and ridge of sand, combine prairie and moor, in a fashion that Nature alone can weave and wear, to the utter delight of the eye of man; and thus, Nantucket's blue and green, seas of sea, and land, taken together, must captivate more and more all true lovers of island life, even as they won the red and loving hearts of red men, and white men alike, in the early days of yore.

These delightful moorlands extend southward to the ocean, whose curling foam crests the sands of Surf-Side and beats against the shifting barriers at Siasconset and sweeps past the headland on which the lighthouse stands, on Sankaty Head.

Up from every side come the cooling breezes that glide into the consciousness, awakening a new gratitude for the life that can be lived on Nantucket—and elsewhere—but the bell ringer is below. He is come to ring the 12 o'clock bell. He also rings the bell at 7 in the morning and 9 in the evening, and serves as town crier for public service and private venture, crying in at the doors, as he goes his way, whatsoever news it seems desirable to spread abroad within the town. His name is Alvin Hull. He claims to have been the youngest lad that enlisted in Massachusetts during the civil war, having been enlisted at Boston from a whaling ship, (while yet wearing his trousers made fast to the buttons of his waist) as a private in Company I, Twentieth regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. He went from Boston to Washington, to Alexandria, to South Mountain, to the battle of Antietam, to Bolivar heights, to Fredericksburg, to Point Lookout, and was on detached service with Col. Jeffries and was mounted orderly to Maj. Brady, having been discharged from the army at Baltimore. May 10, 1890, when he was 41 years old.

And now, if James Hull, who went from Nantucket on board the ship Rainbow, 35 years ago, a fair, curly-headed lad on his first voyage, should chance to see these words, he may know by them, that every time a boat comes into this harbor his brother watches, that, if perchance, he may see, in the face of any man, the lineaments of the lost brother of his boyhood.

As we go down from the tower, we long to weed out all that is new and obtrusive and not of the Nantucket of old, and see it as it was when this height was attained, before the last Indian died, and even as the 20 families found it when they first came to it, in that far-away year, 1659.

S. J. PRICHARD.

Chicago Herald Aft 6/90

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Hastening on to Providence, we run out to New Bedford, and go thence by steamboat sixty miles to Nantucket. Here you are well out of the world, in as quaint an old town as can be found on the continent. To this day the town-crier goes up and down the streets crying with a wofully cracked voice auctions, town meetings,, evening entertainments, etc. The well-paved streets of the little old city run down to the water's edge, where they meet the great sea highway covered with sailing craft of every description. Here are excellent boarding houses at reasonable prices, and nowhere can the lover of the sea find purer enjoyment. The inhabitants of Nantucket town are represented by a few leading names; the names of the rich sea captains who in the good old times went on three years' whaling trips, bringing back a rich cargo in return for all their dangers and privations. Great, square white houses, each with its observatory for watching incoming ships, did these rich captains build, and there they stand in their flowery inclosures along the steep sea-blown streets. Nantucket was once the chief whaling port of the world. But, alas, times have changed, and were it not for the summer boarders the old sea town would perforce go rapidly to ruin. Siasconset is a little nshing hamlet on the southeast shore of the island. A fad of the summer people is to buy the tiny fisher huts and fit them up for use. A cluster of these, with streets a yard or so in width, look like play-houses, but children running about the sandy lanes and ladies chatting from window to window give a home appearance to the toy-like place.

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Inquirer + Mirror Sept 20—90

Big Restaurant.

E. F. Underhill, Esq., has made another purchase of land in Siasconset, located between Mr. A. D. Winslow's property and the engine house, having a frontage of 85 feet on the street and running back about 100 feet. Upon this he contemplates the erection of a huge restaurant, his observation of the business at Siasconset this season leading him to believe that such a venture will be a wholesome and profitable one.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

GIVE US BREATHING PLACES.

Mr. Editor:

A few months since there appeared in the columns of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR a letter from an esteemed lady (a native of Nantucket), in which, as the present writer remembers it, was a lament over certain tendencies in the development of our island as a watering place. One of the chief causes of grief was the fact that in the rapid settlement of the shores within easy walking distance of the town, especially along the bluff known as "The Cliff," no open spaces had been left as breathing places, where the old and new lovers of Nantucket might stroll with absolute freedom, as of old. All these places, where as boys and girls, the inhabitants have for generations been accustomed to walk, and from whence they looked off upon their great garden of waters, have been, or are fast being taken for dwelling places by men and women who leave their inland homes and come to us for the summer. This only shows once more that our inhabitants are not "quaint" or "peculiar" as they have sometimes been called, but that right-minded people everywhere who know a good thing when they see it, love our shores, our beautiful situations, our cool and balmy banks, as well as we ourselves. And what is more, it is not strange that loving the same things, they should attempt to gain some right for themselves to the things

they love. This is but natural and right. We cannot expect that the people who love these places will leave them for us, while we sit and complain that the "strangers" are spoiling Nantucket. And it is inevitable that this will continue as the years go by, unless we make an effort to preserve some of the old haunts for ourselves. Individuals cannot afford to keep idle large tracts of land for which they can obtain good prices from those who seek sites for summer homes. Nor can the public afford to leave things as they were of old. This would be impossible, now that a new order of things has come.

But it seems unnecessary that *all* the water front and all the commanding bluffs should pass into private ownership. If the public, which loves these open spaces, would combine in an effort to preserve certain localities for the use of *all*, it might be done with but little expense to each one, and so the evil which is so often complained of might in some degree be remedied. If a movement were made in season, it would be possible to secure small tracts of land in various places along the water front and on the bluffs for parks, to be always open to the public, and which might gradually be improved. If something of this sort is not done within a few years, all the places still available will be secured by private parties, and the public shut out. This would be a misfortune which we all should lament, and none more than the summer residents themselves. A little care with generous and disinterested work *now*, would go a great way towards increasing the furture beauty and attractiveness of our island. The people of an island like this should give the same generous and unflagging care to its development, that a parent does to a growing boy. Like a boy, it is bound to develop in some way. It will be in a rude and bungling fashion if left without the care. With the care, it may be made beautiful without losing the charm of its ancient aspects. Is it not worth the while to give the care?

We understand that an association is already formed and ready to work, incorporated under the laws of this commonwealth, having this object in view. We are gratified to know that it already holds the deed of a part of the land on what is now called "Mill Hills," near Prospect Hill Cemetery. This is a good beginning. Every season thousands of people find their way to these hills, and the present distracted condition is pitiful. If the association only restores the place to its old-time beauty, stopping the depredations that have been going on for years, removing the rubbish that now defiles and desecrates it, as well as so many other outlying tracts contiguous to the town, letting but the moss and grass grow on its summits, a great deal will have been done for the futherance of its object. This alone would justify the existence of the association.

But it will do more than this—much more—if means are given it. There are fine opportunities for work elsewhere. With sufficient means it could soon reclaim that portion of the harbor, below the railroad, and convert it into a garden which would be a delight to all, instead of as now an offense and nuisance. One can hardly say which is offended more than the other, the sight or the smell. This does not involve the vexed and disturbing question of sewerage. Laying aside anything regarding the danger to public health (which is by no means a small omission) everyone admits the unsightliness of the place, everyone knows the unfavorable impression it makes on great numbers of people when they pass by it on their first visit to the town. The writer of this has heard of and known many whose first impressions were so unfavorable that they grieved over having made plans for a summer here. They felt that they had been deceived by representations regarding the beauty and healthfulness of the town. We believe that everyone would have this offense corrected. It can only be corrected now by being reclaimed. If it is allowed to be filled by natural accretion and the hap-hazard deposit of unsightly rubbish, it will gradually be taken by private parties for just and laudable purposes, of course; but in a way that would in no way add to the beauty of the town. We speak of this only to illustrate the possibilities of the association in this direction. But we understand that it cannot undertake this, or any other scheme of improvement, without the support of the public-spirited citizens and friends of the town.

Having thus spoken of the Nantucket Improvement Association, we ought to say that, as we understand it, this Association is eminently conservative in its purpose. It recognizes that development of the natural resources of the island must come; but it means to preserve, as much as is possible, the ancient beauty; to ward against abuses and nuisances of all sorts. Its conservatism is not, however, of the type that disapproves of, and rebels against change. It is rather of the type which will keep the changes as much as possible in harmony with all that is best in the old life and pristine beauty of the place. It looks backward not to idolize the times or the things that have been, but to give them new life in a harmonious development of the possibilities that are here. Not long since, we heard one who has traveled abroad say something to this effect: "This island might be made, and ought to be made to New England what the Isle of Wight is to old England." Why not? What can a place ask in natural advantages more? A climate softened by many degrees from the rigors of New England winters, with summers without the prostrating heat, our hills and moorlands vieing with the bluffs and shores for beauty—is there any reason why it may not be developed so that the new life upon its bosom may be so in harmony with its natural beauty and mildness, that the world may know it in the future for what it is, just as it will remember its past for the strength and prowess of its whalers, who were to be found in every port of the civilized world?

Since we began writing this article, we have learned of the gift to the town of a tract of land for the purposes referred to above. It is another step in the right direction, and now that it has begun, we cannot but hope that public-spirited citizens and friends of the island will carry it on. The new association, we have no doubt, will hail and rejoice in everything of this kind, whether it is made the instrument of the improvement or not. One of its functions, aside from work, is to stimulate and educate public sentiment on this question. Such being its purpose, we are hopeful that it will have the generous support of all well-wishers of the island. Give it means, make suggestions, and it will show itself worthy of its name.

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Providence Journal Sept 24/81

A SHIP DUG FROM THE SANDS

San Francisco Workmen Strike the Globe While Excavating.—The Story of Her Checkered Cruises.

A ship was unearthed the other day, says a dispatch from San Francisco, by some workmen, who were excavating on Davis street, for the new residence of ex-Judge Hastings. There are many of these old ships of the '49ers covered deep under the made land beneath the streets and houses of San Francisco. One of them, the Niantic, which lies under the Niantic block, its mainmast extending up through the building, is the original of the Pontiac in Bret Harte's ship of '49. This one that has just been unearthed is apparently as sound as the day she dropped anchor, and needs only the addition of masts and sails to send her out over the waters again as seaworthy as she was when her long burial began.

The old-timers, the white-haired and ruddy-faced old gentlemen who for the last 40 years have been watching the city pushing out over the sand hills and

down the bay, and who can argue excitedly for an hour over the exact time of day when the big earthquake of '5 occurred, or when one of the big fires began, have had quite an ado over the find, trying to decide which one of the abondoned barks of the Argonauts the forgotten vessel is.

But it is finally proven that she is the Globe, a famous whaler that sailed from Nantucket 60 years ago, provisioned for a three years trip. Not long after she rounded Cape Horn, one of the sailors, George Comstock, got up a mutiny, murdered the captain and the mate, and took charge of the ship. He ran her to one of the South Sea Islands, where he thought he could have a nice, easy time for the rest of his life, carousing with the native women, making the men work for him, and generally setting up in business as a sort of born-to-the-purple king. He thought that would be a great deal nicer than to go galivanting wildly over the ocean as a pirate and probably be captured.

But a majority of the crew did not agree with him. They wanted something with more excitement in it than that, and they didn't fancy the king business if Comstock was going to be king. So the first night that he went ashore they cut the anchor cables and cleared out. They headed the Globe toward South America, and, after a long and stormy voyage, put into one of the ports there and turned her over to the United States Consul, and in due time her owners, looking out over the sea from their house roofs on Nantucket Island, saw the good ship coming into harbor again.

From that time until the gold excitement broke out her career was a quiet one. But when the news came of the wonderful gold mines on the Pacific coast her owners started her westward again with a cargo of provisions, mining tools and stores, and her cabins filled with passengers. As she sailed up San Francisco bay, the largest and finest ship of her class that had ever been seen in the city—or was seen for a long time after—the whole town turned out to welcome her and receive her with royal honors. For that matter, however, the bubbling and seething little town acted in about the same way toward every vessel that arrived.

But the Globe had hardly more than cast anchor when she was entirely deserted. Everybody aboard her was wild with the mining excitement, and every blessed one of the passengers, the crew, and even the officers had rushed ashore and started for the interior. The officers left her in charge of the first man they happened to come across who was willing to take care of her, and hurried off to seek their fortunes. Not one of them ever came back. She swung idly at anchor for a long time, and finally the man sold her for a trifle to George Kellogg, and he fitted her up as a boarding house. The place was a great resort for firemen and marine engineers, and her new owner made as much profit out of her as if he had sent her sailing over the seas. But after awhile he transferred his hotel to the shore and sold the vessel to Capt. Goodall, who used her as a storage tank for the fresh water he ferried across the bay from Sancelito and sold to the townspeople and to outgoing ships. She furnished him the means for laying the foundation of a very substantial fortune.

But the poor old ship had not yet reached the last step of her degradation. When she cast anchor 40 years ago where she was found the other day, it was in about eight fathoms of water. But as the town encroached upon the bay the water receded until at last there was only a mud flat round about her. Then her masts were chopped off, her decks planked over and she was used as a sort of wharf. And pretty soon the mud flats were filled up, sand and gravel were dumped all around and over her, and she was buried six feet deep beneath the pavements—an unworthy end for a proud old ship with such a brave and romantic story.

Nantucket Journal Sept 25/91

BOSTON, Sept. 20th, 1890.

Editor of the Journal:—

Dear Sir:—In your paper of the 18th inst. is a piece written by Capt. Benjamin C. Chase, purporting to give a history of the ship Globe. As he made some mistakes in his writi[illegible]ngs you will pardon me if I endeavor to correct them for your paper. The Globe sailed December 20th, 1822, Thomas Worth, master. The mutiny was on the night of January 25th, 1823, when they murdered Capt. Worth, Mr. Beetle, Mr. Lumbert and Mr. Fisher, and took the ship to the Mulgrave Islands. From there the crew took the ship to Valparaiso, after quarrelling and shooting Comstock and hanging another, two of the head mutineers. From there the ship was sent home by the American consul and arrived at Nantucket with 372 barrels of sperm oil on board, November 14th, 1824. The ship was sold to Jared Coffin and Christopher Wyer, they becoming the principal owners. They fitted her out on a voyage sperm whaling, Capt. Reuben Swain, 2d, master. She sailed June 13th, 1825, and arrived from that voyage in May, 1828, with 2105 barrels of sperm oil. From that date I lose all run of the ship Globe. If you deem this little record worthy of a place in your paper it is at your disposal. Yours, &c.,

DANIEL RUSSELL,

44 Alleghany St., Boston Highlands.

P. S.—Since writing the above I find that the ship Globe was broken up in Montevideo.

Ledger (Boston Mass) Sept 18/91

Vacation Rambles.

NANTUCKET.

It is a motley company that gathers upon the deck of the steamer for the thirty mile voyage to Nantucket. Travellers from every State, tourists who here catch their first glimpse of the sea, and native islanders anxious for the old home, boys and girls seeking to compress every adventure into the school vacation and weary clerks expectantly hoping to realize the dreamings of the year. There is freight of most wondrous variety on the deck below, vegetables and food of every sort, barrels, crates and boxes, trunks and carriages, the ubiquitous bicycle, nothing is absent from the great conglomerate of this cosmopolitan cargo. And so with the last remnant of the freightage of the Boston express on board, we go sailing out into the sea.

The voyage to Nantucket is unlike any other that men can take, unless they sail to Europe. All other voyages are coastwise. Go to Portland, it is along the coast. To the Bermudas, the coast line lies somewhere there parallel to the sides of our good ship. But the voyage to Nantucket is a journey into the great mystery of the sea. The land is not on the larboard or the starboard side, but it is behind us, growing dim with each turn of the wheels, while the illimitable sea is before with its waste of waves.

Was ever day so fair as this? Balmy, soft, exultant, the sea like sapphire, the coast line clearly outlined, like the finer lines of the etching of a master's hand; with sails innumerable, a sky that reflects the color of the sea, and all the tonic of all the waters that belt the earth, without one touch of the severer chill that makes the breezes harsh.

The noon express is late in arriving at the dock, the freight is heavy, and time is taken in the brief touches at the Vineyard ports, but what matters it, when this summer day lengthens into larger

beauty and more delightsome balminess, when there is music in every ripple of the sea, and romance in every sail that flecks the great expanse. We wonder if it is true that we are ever out of sight of land on this little voyage. Yes, the land behind grows dim, indistinct, invisible, and nothing is before but the horizon wall colored with opal hues. But not long does it continue thus. A black band is before us on the horizon, a bar sinister on this far blazonry of color. It lengthens as we sail, and the outlines of trees rise up, like palms on the islands of southern seas; the solitary trees become groves, the land increases, and here we are, coming with cautious threadings through the torturous channel that brings us to the pier of this old city by the sea.

It is not imposing. No great cliff line bounds the harbor in, no overshadowing hills or mountains brood above the little town; there is no picturesqueness of land or shore or sea, but a coast line flat, relieved with only a mildly ambitious cliff which runs for only a little way, and then low shores running back into lands nowhere so high that one can sleep at night with conscious security against some tidal wave that may some day come and oversweep this ocean waif.

But let him who comes on any summer day on this tiny ocean voyage, expecting to find grandeur of cliff and mountain, the majesty of Newport, the wondrous indentations of the north shore, the marvellous wonders of Mt. Desert, not despair, when he finds that Nantucket is like a raft rather than a mountain anchored in the sea, low, without grandeur of outline or any splendor of hills or cliff or shore. Let him but wait a little, and he will begin to feel the weird spell of this little island, and will go home to dream of it, and come again, wooed by the nameless fascinations which he shall have no art to characterize even to himself.

Our rambles now shall be within the town, and how quaint it is. For many years the curious world has been coming here in increasing throngs, but the wonder of it has never ceased, for even now, when the Boston boat comes in, all the town goes down to catch the thrill that is brought by this thing which has touched, since the morning, the great world which lives and loves upon the continent. The harbor is alive with boats, and beside the pier are the pleasure craft, white and clean, with polished brasses, and great deep center boats which can dredge the seas, and strength of rigging that tells of hard winds here in these Nantucket seas.

The cabman is here, with curious carriages, which evidently spent the dew of their earlier youth in the liveries of New Bedford and the other adjacent cities of the shore, but we will walk to our hotel that we may get the flavor of the town. How curious it is, with streets running at strange angles, paved with stone, but with good pasturage growing between the stones, with quaint lanes, with houses large and barn like, with gables toward the street, and architecture shaped by seamen, with great, huge chimneys, and on the roofs a lookout fenced about, from which the homeward whalers might be discerned. We have nothing at all against these old fishermen who built the towns and cities of the Massachusetts coast. They were honorable men, no doubt, and hard working men, we know, and God-fearing men, we trust, but they had no sense of art or architecture or grace, and they built houses which were barns, and homes which might have been used for warehouses without cost of any alteration. We try to find beauty in the old town, and we are very certain that we have optimistic eyes which will find it, if it can be found. We try the glamour of the night, and the softening graces of the moonlight, and the early morning when the mind holds yet the kindly charities of all its dreams, but we can find no way by which we can beguile ourselves into even thinking that the old town is beautiful. The most that we can say or think of it is that it is quaint. And yet, as we go over it, the spell of its romance begins to weave itself over us, and we like it, and as the human face of the friend we love becomes comely through our loving it, so the old town, homely, unpicturesque, without graces of form or feature, becomes interesting, which if not the same as beautiful, yet has something in it that touches life with larger meaning.

It was not so long ago that this town was one of the three great commercial centers of New England. Boston, Nantucket, Salem, that is the way they used to put it. Boston furnished the piety, Salem the witches *, and Nantucket the oil which helped the saints to burn them. A fleet of sixty whalers has sailed from this harbor, and these old warehouses have been crowded to the attic, and these streets formed no pasturage then. Those were the days, too, of marvel and of song; for never went vessel out sailing into the sea, that did not carry out the genius of romance and come back freighted with mystery and marvel. They were a hardy race who crossed this bar, and they sailed hard seas, and they had stranger adventures than ever Jason had in sailing for the golden fleece, and they brought back riches, often, and disappointment on occasion, and not seldom did wives and mothers from these look-outs watch for the returning sail, to see if the flag full masted betokened safety, or if the half-hoisted flag told the story of son or husband lost at sea.

The town and the island have had strange viscissitudes. The period of its commercial life, like Athens' age of Pericles was brief. Before this, the island was cultivated, and though the old gossipers with whom we made acquaintance pictured to us the marvellous fertility of the soil, the two weeks that we spent in our early boyhood on a farm had given us sense enough to know that Nantucket never was the fertile island of Atlantis, nor any fair Hesperides whose soil grows all manners of fruits, and holds in its slumbering atoms all luxuriance of growth. The Indians were here but they are gone; the whalers were here and they are gone. The island was in the track of the privateersmen of every war, and the gold fever of forty-nine, and the oil fever o later years, and the western fever of all the years, and the great cities, and the great ships, and the great everything of the main land have depleted and depopulated and despoiled the old city, and left the old houses half untenanted, and the only signs of growth in the island grave yards. And then the modern craze of modern touristdom came, and the world came, and the old houses flung open their faded blinds, and the old ladies got out and on their ruffled caps, and the whaling captains furbished up their most curdling stories, and the stranded town made merchandise of its oddities and found its ugliness attractive.

The town-crier was kept at his crying, though the newspapers had made his vocation useless. The left over meat at the markets continued to be sold on Saturdays at auction, though the cold-storage system had taken away the necessity of the sale, and the bells are rung at noon and night for the twelve o'clock dinner which takes place at one, and the windmill is kept in order for a richer grist than the golden meal of less propitious days.

The Quakers somehow got possession of this island in the olden time. They were a delightful people, though not rich in the artistic graces. They were strong in all the virtues, but they lacked imagination, and did not add color to their life. But they made a virtuous people, lovers of morality, education, strong in faith. The domestic life was emphasized, and a robust, healthful people grew to power here, and in the midst of the encircling seas worked out here the drama of the same human life that has with richer colors acted on the broader arenas of larger worlds.

The islander's love of his home is proverbial. It has ever been thus, and these island graveyards are tenanted thick by those who have lived elsewhere, but whose ashes have been brought back to the old island where childhood and youth were spent. Not a few natives have come back here, with their little competencies, to spend the remnant of their days in the old town which was never absent from their dreams in all their wanderings and wrestlings with fortune. We sat for several hours in the little store of such a one. He had spent the major portion of his life in Boston; but when he felt his ambition fading out, and knew that youth was passed, he came back here to end his days. How deliciously rich he was with reminiscence! With what a quaint flavor did he enrich his tales, and how responsive he was to all our inquiries, telling his stories with rare flashes of humor and rich imaginings, but with such splendid loyalties to his old home as showed that he loved it as he loved his life. He told the legends of his boyhood, the old stories of the town, with quaint biographies of those who had made famous names, not omitting the eccentric oddities of local characters which the island's isolated life had raised in rich abundance.

Somewhere a local chronicler in describing the island's life, narrates the fact that the town jail had but fifteen tenants in ten years, and that their offenses were of so slight a character that if the culprit had been placed in somebody's cellar, with a boy to sit on the door, the letter of the law would have been obeyed. We also heard the story that many years since, when sheep were allowed to roam at will around the streets of the town, a person incarcerated in jail sent word to the selectmen that if they would not repair the jail so that the sheep could be prevented from getting in he should leave forthwith.

Burdette describes the town with quaint appropriateness, as "shingled, shangled, shongled, shungled," and that is about the situation.

But despite its Quaker-like simplicity there is a quaintness that is next to beauty, for it has mystery, and romance, elements which are only inferior in grade to those which make that which we call beauty. A simple but rich life has been lived here. Strong men have sailed out to do invisible battles with the sea. They made a commerce here which was not prosaic like that which is shaped by wheels and spindles, but one into whose products were braided personal daring and achievement.

The story of their courage has been added to that great reservoir of humanity, from which the world draws inspiration, and their lines of faith and character have gone out to the ends of the earth. While tired workers come hither to escape, amid these encircling waters, the wearisomeness of the summer heat, and to find in this restful island refreshment and renewal of body, they find also mental stimulus and moral inspiration in the history of a people who have worked out the problem of life, in trust and faith, in their island home, who have honored God, loved learning, hated slavery, and lived in amity together, who have battled with the sea with strength, and wrested from it fortune, albeit it was with struggles that were filled with unpraised because unseen heroisms. These things are well for us to learn, and these things are taught us by this old town. And, not the least among its praises is this: that, while it welcomes the newer world of fashion, and makes, somewhat, as make it must, merchandise of its quaint simplicities, yet it has the moral strength to preserve untainted its old, simple, quiet island life and character, holding in all its ancient honor, the virtues of morality, the gentle neighborliness of the intermarried families, undazzled, undeceived by the glittering shams of the world's larger life. And it is for this that the wiser ones among us love the old town on the old island that lies in the midst of the old seas.

A. G.

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*No, it did not! Salem was the "shire town" to which *other* towns sent criminals and witches to be tried, and punished if convicted. But Salem itself never furnished a single witch! Does Charlestown furnish the hundreds of convicts it receives? So retorts an irate Salemite.

N. Y. Eve Post June 9-94

SOME ISLANDS IN THE SEA.

The Various Discoverers of Martha's Vineyard — Chappaquiddick and its Inhabitants — A Paradise of Sport — Beautiful Views by Sea and Land.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, August 4.

WHEN the old explorers didn't know what else to do, it seems that they used to go out and discover Martha's Vineyard. The first in the field, so to speak, was a Dane, Thorpine Karlespina, a much less shadowy person, by the way, than Leif Erikson, who at Newport it is an article of faith to believe built the old stone mill. Thorpine named the island Stranmay. East Chop and West Chop, as they are known to-day, are believed to be corruptions of the Norse "Est Kop," "Vest Kop," East and West Capes, and dating from this first discovery.

The next discoverer was Verrazani, an Italian, who called the island Claudia, after the mother of Francis II. This was in 1504. Shortly after, Bartholomew Gosnold came sailing by, who, attracted by the foliage, named it Martha's Vineyard. Bartholomew, however, being afraid of the Indians, did not stop, but contented himself with carrying home his trophy in his log-book and on his chart. Five years later came Martin Pring, who, like the Bishop of Rumtifoo, won the Indians with a hornpipe, and amused them long

enough to carry off a cargo of sassafras root, that being at the moment in great demand among hot-blooded Londoners.

Kapawuck, which is the Indian for sassafras, was the original name of Martha's Vineyard. A reputation for sassafras soon made it the most prominent spot of the new world. Voyages were made for the express purpose of a sassafras cargo, and it is stated that it was for this purpose Capt. John Smith made his first voyage, and, disappointed in its results, determined to go farther.

This fourth discovery by Martin Pring was for a time permanent, and shortly after the Plymouth Rock episode a colony on its way to Virginia halted there for the winter, but finding the climate so mild and fish and game plenty, concluded to remain, and founded Edgartown, which is Edgartown to this day, a picturesque town of few houses, but much respectability, its inhabitants still carrying the names they bore two centuries and a half ago.

The last discoverer of Martha's Vineyard was the Methodist Church, and Cottage City is its rampart. Cottage City is a camp-meeting encased; a hard-shell camp-meeting, so to say. The houses are as close together as tents. It is a wonderful instance of the gregarious habit. A woman can sit on her tiny piazza and hold conversation with the entire street; but it would be impossible to tell a secret except by whispering it under the bed-clothes. All doors are open, revealing visions of Nottingham lace, satin ribbons, and painted plaques. A street is a strip of asphalt, and doors overhung with tiny balconies. On these a half-a-dozen girls will be perched, tempting Providence with their weight, for the summer girl here as elsewhere is robust from swimming and tennis.

It is said that there are thirty miles of asphalt in Cottage City. The cottagers evidently appreciate it, as a real-estate man says it is almost impossible to rent a cottage off of the asphalt. But these checkered strips black under a seaside sun do not add to the picturesqueness of the place, although fine for the cyclists who, in blazers and yellow sashes streaming out like comet tails, are among the sights of the town.

As a land speculation Cottage City has been an inspiring success. Land has sold as high as $5,000 an acre, there being an astonishing number of people who prefer to live on the same acre, although there is a whole island around about them, and it is impossible to get very far away. Another settlement has been started beyond West Chop by some prominent Boston business men. These have built some large and imposing cottages and run their own boat to Wood's Holl, connecting with the Boston train. They have as yet shown no definite religious intentions, and the inference is that they are merely seeking dignity and ease like their neighbor, the Baron of Naushon. Across the Vineyard Sound and above the tree-tops are glimpses of gables and masts. These are the houses of Mr. John Forbes and his two sons, and the slender line against the sky is the mast of the *Puritan* at anchor in the bay. Mr. Forbes owns the entire island, which is the largest of the Elizabeth group. Here he lives during the summer, dispensing a hospitality resembling that of an English country house, combined with that of a shooting-box in the Highlands and which culminates in an annual deer hunt.

This part of the coast is as neighborly as a country village. Falmouth, Cotuit, and Pocasset are across the street, as it were; dories ply like street-cars or gondolas. Through Wood's Holl one can go visiting to Nonquitt, New Bedford, or Marion up Buzzard's Bay. Newport and Narragansett are not out of range with a comfortable sloop and an old whaling skipper. Steamboats ply between New Bedford, Cottage City, and outlying Nantucket. The Vineyard Sound is a vast Broadway. Down it sweeps the commerce of the continent. Here are craft and sails of every kind, and it happens that the panorama of activity so beautiful to the eye and so suggestive to the mind never grow monotonous.

Cottage City, which, like Chatauqua, started out as a religious watering-place, has developed in a manner altogether different from the city by the lake. There is Agassiz Hall, started, I believe, for the praiseworthy purpose of instruction, but the thirst for learning is easily quenched in the breezes that blow directly off the Gulf Stream. There is a dignified and aged colored man who announces sacred concerts and evening meetings on the wharf, but "histrionics" flourish in the rink, and a sign in the hotel that dancing is not allowed in the hall seems to imply that it is not otherwise prohibited. The cars and boats run on Sunday, and personal liberty does not seem to be restrained, except in the buying of liquor, and this is regulated by local option. The club-house occupies the best site on the bluffs, and has an uncommonly worldly look. It is the Oak Bluff Club that offers the Vineyard Haven Cup to the New York Yacht Club. The race forms the prettiest spectacle of the season. All the world and its brother hang its feet over the bluff, which has in view a greater part of the course.

Here the excursion runs its course like the measles or mumps. Twice a week does the tide from the mainland break over the Vineyard shores, and once a week does it drift on to outlying Nantucket. The ultimate point on the Vineyard is Gay Head. Gay Head bears three marks of distinction. On an outlying reef the *Columbus*, bound from Boston to Savannah, went down with 104 lives. The excursionist has not yet appeared who has failed to ask for the precise spot. On the summit of the cliffs is one of the finest light-houses on the coast. The keeper who does not love excursions which interfere with his dinner, admits the invaders twenty at a time. He tells them that the light is composed of 1,008 prisms of red and white glass in stripes, that it flashes every ten seconds, reverses every four minutes, and that the lamp burn two quarts of kerosene an hour. Then if he listens, he hears some one tell the last comer that there are 48,000 prisms, and that the lamp burns two gallons of oil an hour.

The Gay Head cliffs, a vivid combination of red, yellow, blue, and black clays in folded strata, are absolutely unique, and the colors when dried in the curious Gay Head pottery are so brilliant that for the moment it is difficult to believe that they are not painted. This pottery is made by the Gay Head Indians, now a mixed breed of Portuguese, Indian, and negro. They give us chowder on landing, drive the weary to the summit on ox teams, and sell pottery. Their dignified, orderly physiognomy is conspicuous against the commonplace platitudinous type which prevails on excursions. The women and young children are even handsome, and the older men are patriarchal. On Chappaquiddick there is an old half-breed who says he can remember when from his doorway the smoke ascended from countless wigwams. This brings us very near to the fierce tribes who beat back the whites from Edgartown and kept their island for themselves. A large part of the island is still an Indian reserve, only sixteen white families inhabiting it. But the Indian is largely filled with Portuguese blood and is dwindling away.

Chappaquiddick is an island separated from Martha's Vineyard by a swift-flowing channel. It is only three miles by five miles, but certain conformations and conjunctions of sea and land give it special advantages.

The Indian names still cling. Capoag Bay, which the native has changed in spelling only to Cape Poge, is filled with leaping perch. In Pootcha Pond the herring thrives, and on its breast the wild duck skims. In Katama Bay the fishermen stand breast-deep raking quahaugs, as the gentle clam is called in these parts. On Wasqua Beach, looking towards Nantucket, where the tides twist wickedly and the surf pounds and tears the shore, there is excellent bluefishing. The other morning three men before eight o'clock brought in 106 bluefish, a famous haul. The heave and haul is expert work like lassoing. The line hisses like a

slender snake about the head, and the glistening gig speeds beyond the surf. It is immediately hauled in, and if it has caught a prize there is another anxious moment getting it through the breakers. In every direction there is sport. The mild waters attract all sorts of sea fish, and if wilder sport is wanted one can go out for sturgeon or swordfish. Swordfishing is only second to going whaling from a landsman's point of view. A platform is rigged over the prow, and the watcher stands harpoon in hand. When the mighty fish is spied, the chase is exciting, and when the iron is cast, all hands stand in to conquer and bring in the victim.

Later the plover's whistle is heard in the stubble, and the gun changes with rod and gig. The Gulf Stream touches more nearly these shores, it is said, than any point north of Hatteras. This accounts for the equable temperature, mild winters, and abundance of small game, woodcock, prairie-chicken, or heath-hen, as it is called, and the variety of wild duck that furnishes shooting, it is claimed, from October to May.

For other sport one can go dig for buried treasure. It is a fixed idea in the native mind that Capt. Kidd buried gold on Chappaquiddick. I suppose not a youngster that ever grew up on the island has not dug for gold. There is a huge elephantine-backed rock, near one of the Coast Survey marks, that looks as it it ought to have some business there. There is not a rod of ground about this rock that has not been turned up down to the sea level. There is a tradition that forty feet below the surface is an inscription, and, of course, cut by by Capt. Kidd. The orthodox way to go treasure-seeking is first to have a dream, which will give indications, and the next morning to set out with your shovel and pail.

For a long time Chappaquiddick lay low, like Brer Rabbit, and "wasn't saying nothing." But recently it has fallen under the notice of some New York men, attracted by its climate, bathing, sport, and marvellous views. On the ocean side the bluffs seventy feet high overlook Katama Bay, formed by a bar a mile away, and connecting with the Vineyard Sound by the Edgartown channel and harbor. This bay gives promise of valuable anchorage, and on it some New York yachtsmen have cast their eyes.

The view from Sampson's Hill belongs to that hierarchy of prospects that give distinction to certain parts of the world, although here it is practically unknown. An enterprising citizen has here built a lookout, and from it one sees the airy pageant that sweeps up and down Vineyard Sound, the distant curve of the Massachusets mainland, outlying Tuckanuck, and Nantucket, the verdant slopes of Martha's Vineyard, the smiling fields and farms of the valley, glimpses of ponds and bays, and the wide open sweep, until the horizon like a curtain shuts off the view—a combination of sights and scenes that lacks only mountain peaks to comprehend all the elements of picturesque landscape.

M. G. H.

Inquirer & Mirror Apl 27-90

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

THE SHIP GLOBE.

Mr. Editor:

It seems difficult to lay to rest the ghost of this old ship of tragic memory, and I learn that her final fate is again under discussion. I wish, therefore, to state a few facts with a view of settling the question forever, as I supposed I had done in your columns some time ago. I shall not deal with the story of the mutiny itself; but Capt. B. C. Chase, the venerable correspondent of the *Journal*, is mistaken in his belief that the Globe never went westward of Cape Horn after the mutiny voyage. The record shows that she made another whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean under the command of Capt. Reuben Swain, and brought home over 2100 barrels sperm oil. After her return from that voyage in May, 1828, my father, Capt. George Macy, purchased an interest in her, and went in command of her himself on a freighting and trading voyage, taking in a cargo of lumber at Belfast, Maine, which he carried to Madeira or Cape Verde Islands, and exchanged it for some other cargo, and then proceeding onward to South American ports, including Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, and others. My father had previously made several similar voyages, and had carried away and sold two or three old whalers, including notably the ships General Jackson and Sea Lion. Stephen Kidder, who had been one of the crew of the Globe at the time of the mutiny, was first officer in her with my father, and the late Daniel Clark, who will be remembered here as following the trade of a mason, was second officer. My eldest brother, the late George W. Macy, then only twelve years old, was cabin boy in the ship. During this voyage, the Globe was overhauled and boarded by a piratical craft, near the South American coast, but the pirates soon afterward left her, carrying away with them some money and small articles of value. After a voyage covering nearly two years, my father sold the ship, and she was condemned and broken up in the port of Santos, in the year 1830. I was myself too young to know much about it at that time, but my brother George assured me that before he left that country he saw the Globe dismantled and partially broken up. There can be no room for controversy as to these facts or as to the identiity of this ship with the Globe of Nantucket, and the Globe of mutiny fame.

I have myself known two other whaling vessels of the same name, both sailing out of New Bedford at a later period, and possibly there may have been others. The smaller of these two, as I remember, was a bark, and this is probably the one mentioned as having been wrecked or condemned on the Pacific coast. The ship Globe of New Bedford was a much larger ship than either of the others, and she was stoven and sunk by the ice in the North Pacific near Behring Straits, in the summer of 1851, being then commanded, I think, by Capt. Asa Taber. I was not far from her at the time, being then attached to the ship Enterprise, of Nantucket, and and was myself on board the "Big Globe," as she was called, only a few days before her final destruction.

WM. H. MACY.

Nantucket Journal Sept 15/90

For the Journal.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11, 1890.

Editor of the Journal:—

Attached to your paper of the 4th is a clipping from a California paper purporting to give a history of the ship Globe of Nantucket, (whaler.)

In 1818 I made a voyage to the Pacific as a boatsteerer, G. W. Gardner master. Myself and Thomas Worth were boatsteerers. We returned from that voyage in May, 1820. The ship sailed on the next voyage, G. W. Gardner, master, Thomas Worth, mate. When the ship returned off that voyage she was refitted and sailed again, Thomas Worth, master. On this voyage was the mutiny. I don't remember the exact date, but think the mutiny was about 1825. The portion of the crew that did not join the mutineers sawed the cable off and made sail on the ship. The principal mutineer was on shore at the time. The remnant of the crew worked the ship to Valparaiso where the United States Consul took charge of and sent her home to Nantucket, where she belonged. When the ship got home the Mitchell owners sold out. The parties that purchased loaded her with lumber and sent her to Brazil. She put into Montevideo. Here she was sold, ship and cargo. I was informed she was there broken up. The breaking up I will not vouch for. It is my belief that she never doubled Cape Horn, bound westward, after the mutiny.

You can depend on this account as far as Montevideo, beyond that I must leave her. As Capt. Worth and myself were brother boatsteerers I have taken an interest in her downfall. I was born on Nantucket; lived there 50 years; lived in Philadelphia 30 years. My age is 92 years and 9 months.

Respectfully Yours,

BENJAMIN C. CHASE.

New Bed Ford Mercury Sept 24-90

CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Official Figures of the Population of Cities and Towns.

Massachusetts gains 450,000 inhabitants by the official figures of the new census over the figures of 10 years ago. This is better than any estimate yet made, exceeding by 39,000 the figures given out by Mr. Wadlin in August, and by 13,000 the more liberal estimate made by the census bureau in Washington as the count progressed. The official figures as announced at the census office are as follows:

Population of the State by Counties.

Counties.	1890.	1880.
Barnstable	29.171	31.897
Berkshire	81,078	69,032
Bristol	186.403	139,040
Dukes	4,352	4.300
Essex	296,229	244.535
Franklin	38.553	36,001
Hampden	135 610	104.142
Hampshire	51.841	47.232
Middlesex	430,671	317.830
Nantucket	3.268	3,727
Norfolk	118.911	96,507
Plymouth	92.551	74,018
Suffolk	484,332	387,927
Worcester	280,437	226.897
Total state	2.233.407	1,783,085

Inquirer & Mirror Sept 20 or 27th 90

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Business Failure.

The news of the suspension of the banking house of R. Gardner Chase & Co., of Boston, which reached here Thursday, created considerable excitement on the street, for the senior member of the firm is one of the prominent summer visitors at Nantucket, besides being a native of the town, where his liberality has been widely felt. The daily papers give the firm a good name, and characterize it as an honest failure. The liabilities are placed at $2,000,000, and in one or two instances the assets are said to amount to $1,750,000. The cause of the failure is said to be on account of the present very severe stringency of the money market. The statement that the senior partner had made unremunerative ventures in Nantucket lands will hardly be received here as the truth; but, as is well known, Mr. Chase has built here quite extensively, although this is not supposed to have any direct influence upon the failure, which is undoubtedly caused by the sudden depreciation of securities and the consequent demand of the banks holding the firm's paper for additional collateral, which could not be met.

It is believed that quite an amount of the paper is held here, several instances having been made public, and the outcome is anxiously awaited. Mr. Chase's friends regret exceedingly his misfortune.

Thursday Evening's Boston *Record* has the following:

Up to late this afternoon Mr. Legg declines to make any statement for publication. It is current rumor on the street that plans are being laid to assist the firm and that an early resumption of business is possible.

Rumor has it that Isaac Fenno will become a special partner in a new concern. Mr. Fenno is a creditor and has been supposed to have helped Mr. Chase once before.

The total liabilities, Mr. Legg says, will be less than $2,000,000. The footings of the trial balance were near this amount on the first of the month, but there has since been a great liquidation. Last week's decline in Thomson-Houston was probably due to liquidating sales by this firm. They have also sold large lots of Oregon Short Line and U. P., D. & G.

The firm owes about $100,000 to each of five Boston banks, but they are all well secured.

Losses will fall upon customers and friends who have loaned the firm without taking collateral.

The story of a palatial residence of Mr. Legg in Chelsea is indignantly denied.

He had a modest home, costing about $10,000. Mr. Chase's house on the Back Bay cost $30,000.

Mr. Chase had no Dorchester lands and has lost no money in Nantucket land speculations.

His new house at Nantucket was laid out to cost heavily, but thus far not much progress has been made on it.

Within a few days Mr. Chase has sold his Newbury st. house to Samuel Walker, and today hired a $400 apartment.

He intends to give up everything.

The concern lost a good customer a few years ago when G. B. Clapp left, and about 1884 was reputed to have lost about $150,000 by C. G. Potter & Son.

Further losses of about $50,000 on certain customers are believed to have precipitated the disaster.

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The Assignee's Statement.

Following is the assignee's statement of assets and Liabilities of the estate of R. Gardner Chase & Co., Boston, in tabular form.

Assets.

Cash	$7,829 52
Securities	14,570.23
Equity in pledged collaterals (estima'd)	115,414.00
Dividends received and coming due	470.50
Subscription to C., B. & Q. 5s	750.84
Good accounts	21.683.85
Total	$160,713.94
CONTIXGENT ASSETS.	
Doubtful accounts	$14,096.32
Bad accounts	681,891.88
Total assets	$856,707.14
Good assets	$160,718.94
Less preferred claims	1,931.60
Total	$158,787.34

Liabilities.

Notes and bills payable, secured by collaterals	$1,328,938.35
Individual accounts of customers	$627,010.95
Deposits and bills payable	136,371.40
Sundry bills, expense, etc	488.19
Contingent liability—notes borrowed and pledged with collateral	34,345.19
Preferred claims—salaries, taxes, etc	1,931.60
Total unsecured liabilities	$800,147.33
Less preferred claims	1,931.60
Unsecured indebtedness	$798,215.73

The Boston Advertiser is quite severe in its strictures upon the firm and says that inquiry should be instituted to ascertain how long they have been receiving individual deposits after knowing their indebtedness was in excess of their ability to meet. It is estimated that they will pay from 10 to 15 per cent.

Inquirer & Mirror Oct 18/91

—THE financial statement of Mr. Phelps, assignee of the banking firm of R. Gardner Chase & Co., at Boston, which we print below, will not be welcome news. The statement shows over $600,000 of bad accounts, with $14,000 of doubtful, and only $160,000 of good accounts. In other words, there is about $800,000 of indebtedness with $160,000 to pay it with, which means the paltry dividend of 20 per cent. for common creditors, the best way it can be figured from the exhibit. When the downfall of this banking house was first proclaimed most every one in Nantucket expressed regret at the suspension, which was hoped would be temporary; and the sympathy of the community was extended to the senior member of the house, because he was born in our island and had been helpfully identified with its national interests in recent years. It was soon ascertained, however, that a number of our citizens were among the creditors, and the sympathy was further extended to those who must inevitably become losers by the failure. The finesse of finance has staggered many a devotee, and the world has yet hordes of the venturesome who will strive for gains upon gains, who will sigh for gold and find it dross. A business failure is a misfortune, not alone to those whose business sagacity has been tried and found wanting, but to numerous interdependent firms and business undertakings, whose capital is involved. And to the persons who have withdrawn from active industries, and purpose quiet retirement upon a hard-earned competency, the loss of a few thousands is a serious matter. Perhaps the failure of no house could have so disastrously affected Nantucket, in the many and varied concerns of life, like the one under consideration; and for all who will suffer and be inconvenienced thereby this community has real sympathy.

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Inquirer & Mirror Oct 18/91

Correspondence of Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

There has been such a diversity of statements regarding the mutiny on board the whaleship Globe of Nantucket, that a brief synopsis, compiled from the narrative issued in 1828 by William Lay, of Seabrook, Conn., and Cyrus M. Hussey, of Nantucket (the only two survivors), comprising a volume of 168 pages, will doubtless be interesting to your readers at home and abroad. The ship Globe was owned by C. Mitchell & Co., and was commanded on this voyage by Thomas Worth, of Edgartown, William Beetle, mate, John Lumbert, second mate, Nathaniel Fisher, third mate, Gilbert Smith and Samuel B. Comstock, boat-steerers, seamen, Peter Kidder, Columbus Worth, Rowland Jones, John Cleveland, Constant Lewis, Holden Henman, Jeremiah Ingham, Joseph I. Prass, Rowland Coffin, Geo. Comstock, William Lay; Cyrus M. Hussey, cooper. The ship sailed from Edgartown on December 15th, 1822, made Cape Verde Islands Jan. 9th, and Sandwich Islands May 1st. At Oahu six men deserted. To supply their places, Silas Payne, John Oliver, Anthony Hanson, William Humphries and Thomas Lilston were shipped. Leaving Oahu, steered for Fanning's Island. Many complaints were uttered by the crew among themselves regarding the manner and quantity in which they received their meat. Part of the crew shipped at Oahu were abandoned wretches, who frequent-

ly were the cause of severe reprimands from the officers, and in one instance received a severe flogging. Without any previous plans with any of the crew, on Jan. 25th, 1824, Samuel B. Comstock entered the cabin alone. The captain was asleep in a hammock, the state-room being uncomfortably warm. He approached the captain with an axe, and struck him a blow which nearly severed his head. Payne now came down and attacked the mate, killing him with one blow. Loading two muskets, they fired through the state-room doors at Fisher and Lumbert (second and third mates). The mutineers threw the body of the captain overboard. Mr. Beetle was not quite dead when he was committed to the deep. A rope was fastened to Fisher's neck, by which he was hauled from the cabin to the deck. Mr. Lumbert was hauled up by his feet. When in the act of being thrown overboard, he caught hold of the plank-shear and appealed to Comstock to save his life, but in vain. Comstock now being in command, made sail for Mangrove Island which was sighted February 14. Anchored at 2 p.m., made a raft of spare spars, and landed provisions. Feb. 17th, Comstock was killed by Payne and Smith. At 7 p. m., Gilbert Smith, Geo. Comstock, Stephen Kidder, Joseph Thomas, Peter C. Kidder and Anthony Henson boarded the ship and began to make preparations to escape. After a ong and boisterous passage they arrived Valparaiso on June 15, 1824. Of the maining crew of the Globe all were lled or died except Lay and Hussey. ey were rescued by the U. S. Schooner lhpin, Lieutenant Paulding, after a ed residence of 22 months on Manve island.

he examination before the American sul occurred on the 16th of June, . The ship was furnished with ssary sails and rigging and placed the arge of Capt. King, who brought her antucket, where she arrived Sunday, 21, 1824. At this point the narrative What became of the ship after- s must be left for your readers to

ALBERTUS SWAIN.

ur correspondent has doubtless ed ere this from these columns te of the Globe. as written by Macy, Esq.—ED.]

Worcester Spy Nov. 2/90

The Sunday Spy.

NANTUCKET OUT OF "THE SEASON."

[Correspondence of the Worcester Spy.]

NANTUCKET, October, 1890.

Never has the foliage ripened more beautifully than this autumn. So gradual has been the change that one is reminded of the ripe old age that has "grown old gracefully" and with a mellow radiance which makes an atmosphere of its own, that serves to warm and cheer all who come within its gracious influence. How glorious were the woods in the clear sunshiny morning after a day of rain! The young and slender maples and beeches, all aglow with color, somehow reminded one of tall, slim maidens in the exuberant gayety of their first season, and the bright leaves quivered and danced, and were all alive with their mutual confidences as they stood close together in the woods, while the car windows gave fairest glimpses of sky and field, and the curved shores of small lakes, imbedded like turquoises in an emerald setting, for so frequent have been the rains that grass and turf are still as verdant as in early summer.

As we leave Boston in the train that has borne so many thousands to the Vineyard and Nantucket steamboats this past season, it is easy to see that the summer tourist is only a memory. Plenty of room, few children, very little personal impediments, no more heated, tired men and women, laden with capacious lunch baskets or a variety of articles for the comfort or beauty of their summer cottages, but a limited number of staid, quiet people, more intent on the practical objects of their journey than on vacation relaxation and pleasure. No longer two boats a day, and the staunch little winter boat, with small quarters and limited range, has replaced the more pretentious ones of the summer. Fashionably-dressed crowds, whose mixed elements furnish inexhaustible entertainment to the close observer of human nature, no longer fill the decks or recline dejectedly, according to Neptune's demands, but only the dwellers-by-the-sea returning from a much needed rest after their ministrations to summer friends or boarders, and exchanging their "off island" experiences which are to refresh them through the quiet winter days.

But the water is as beautiful as in summer, and its tonic breath a very elixir of life. It sparkles and leaps in the sunshine of this late October day as if it hadn't tossed the sturdy boat like a cockle-shell less than a week before, when its good manners were quite forgotten under the stimulus of wind and storm. How peaceful the inner harbor looks at Nantucket, and the long rows of cottages stand deserted and silent, with closed blinds or boarded windows. It was just so at Cottage City, and the hotel here on "the Point" is also suggestive of closed doors and denied hospitality. The trim sailboats lie swinging at their anchorage, with sails closely furled or bare masts, and the numerous rowboats rock idly and unused in company, no longer eagerly sought by gay young men and laughing maidens, whose yachting costumes made such spots of color as they sped swiftly over the blue waters of the harbor, while mirth and song made the soft air vocal. And can this be the same wharf where waiting crowds were barred out and watched over by special guardians of the peace, while other crowds swarmed off the daily boats to struggle up to the protecting gates? A few curious lookers-on with hands in their pockets, the waiting friends of the few passengers no longer kept at the head of the wharf, a solitary hand-cart and its owner, and small number of waiting hackmen—uncommonly civil and attentive. We are quite masters of the situation and feel the proper exaltation that only opposite experiences in the height of "the season" can bestow. Yes, this is the *old* Nantucket so far; and the silent streets of the little town, with the straggling passers-by, are all suggestive of the flight of the tourists, birds of passage. Where are all those gay crowds, intent on pleasure or health, that gave a combined flavor or fashion, luxury and foreign travel, bewildering to the simple islander, to whom Boston represented in its best aspect all "the gifts the gods bestow," and a temporary sojourn there the height of privilege, beyond which all further yearnings were vain and unprofitable? Scattered to the four winds of heaven and with aims as wide and diverse as the chances that brought them together.

The true Nantucketer is glad at this dispersion. Life really begins now for them. They can be neighborly and social among themselves once more. They can stop to breathe leisurely the splendid air of the ripening autumn days and have the benefit of the family horse, which has done duty all summer for the liberal re-

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Ref in the magazine July 1890

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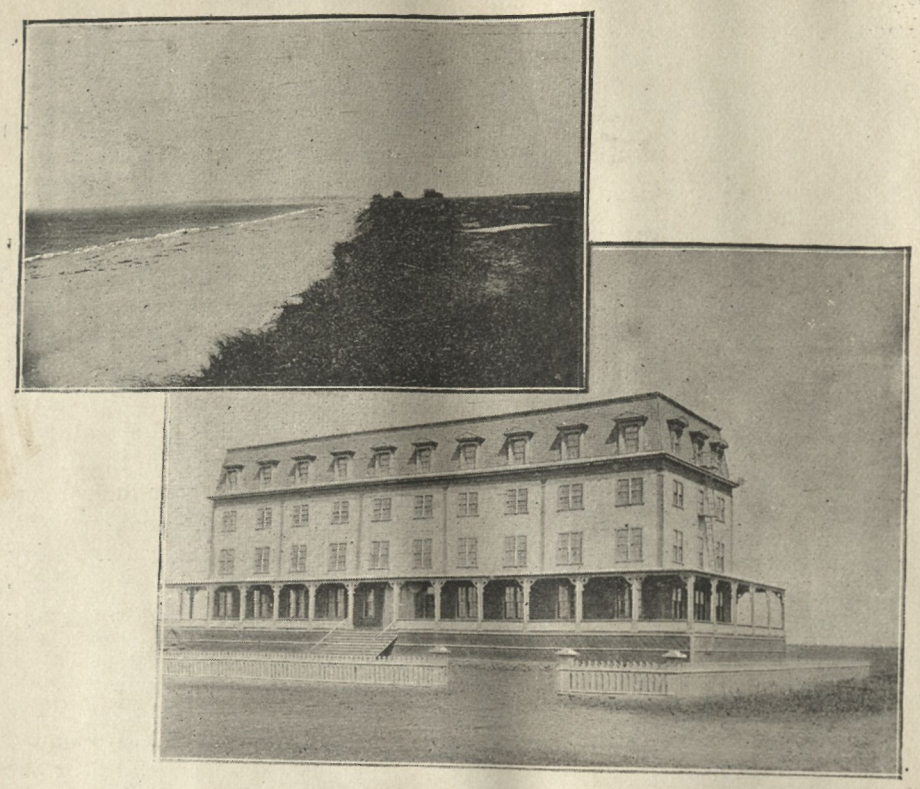
SURF SIDE

NANTUCKET, MASS.



THE popularity of Nantucket as a place of Summer residence, has induced a number of New York gentlemen, composing what is known as "The Surf Side Syndicate," including Messrs. John Firth, 513 Broadway, N. Y, F. C. O'Reilly, Orange, N. J., Daniel McKeever, 476 Broadway, N. Y., and Thomas H. Spaulding, of the Spaulding & Jennings Tube Works, Jersey City, to purchase a tract of land of about one thousand acres in extent, on that portion of the island known as "Surf Side," which they are now engaged in developing, and which they have placed in my hands for sale in villa plots of various sizes.

Surf Side is situated on the southern shore of Nantucket Island, about a mile and a half or two miles from the town of Nantucket, with which it is connected by a broad macadamized boulevard drive, and also by a steam railroad that runs from the Nantucket dock through the Surf Side property and finds its terminus at the village of Siasconcet, some six or seven miles away.

The syndicate above referred to have undertaken the development of the Surf Side tract in the most thorough and approved manner. They have laid out and graded streets, built cottages, and completed a large and commodious hotel capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty guests. This hotel, known as the "Surf Side Hotel," stands upon the bluff, overlooking the beach, commanding an excellent view of the ocean and also of the town of Nantucket in the rear.

A handsome boulevard, one hundred feet wide, runs through the property, making a most attractive and picturesque drive. It is in full view of the ocean for its entire length, and is destined to be the main artery of recreative driving on the island. The town of Nantucket boasts of Electric Light and Water Companies, both of which are about to extend their plants to the Surf Side tract, so that in the immediate future persons living there will possess all the conveniences and comforts which they would have in any of our large cities.

A number of handsome cottages have already been built and plans for others are in course of preparation. These cottages are owned by gentlemen of means and respectability who propose occupying them themselves, thus assuring the neighborhood to be first-class in every respect.

Along the ocean front a cliff extends for two or three miles, varying in height from 26 to 40 feet, forming an excellent barrier against the inroads of the sea in stormy weather and thus obviating one of

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muneration of the stranger. After the inevitable house-cleaning and removal of all traces of these necessary contributors to the family income, and the usual pickling and preserving that these good and thrifty housekeepers delight in, and which do credit to their Quaker ancestry, they can sit down with serene consciences and compare notes.

Sconset now reverts to its former uses. The fall fishing has begun and joyous crowds occupy the small houses of the fisher-folk, or their own larger and more complete country cottages, for Sconset has always been the real vacation spot of the tired mothers of the town, and the spring and fall fishing season beholds a very different life from that of the summer. Whole families make special preparation for a tarry of several days or weeks, as circumstances may favor, and the delightful freedom, simplicity and social life included in this Sconset visit must be shared to be appreciated. Fashion no longer holds irksome sway on "the bank," and the fine houses of city occupants are all closed, with perhaps one or two rare exceptions, and the simply-dressed people who stroll about the village or keep open house are all friends or neighbors in town, and greet each other like one large family.

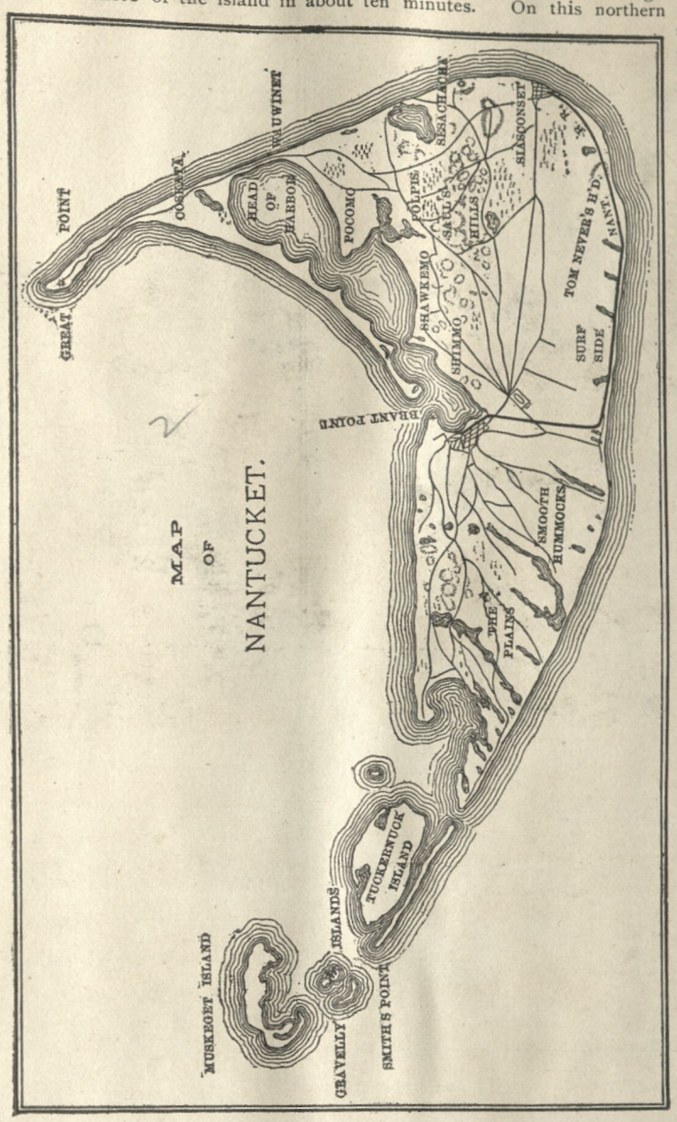
When the boats come in with their fares of fish and are guided dexterously through the surf to the beach, plenty of housekeepers are waiting to claim a share for the evening meal, and soon the tempting odor of fried fish or savory chowder ascends from many a hearth and tempts the appetite of the most indifferent visitor. The favored guest who enjoys these proofs of the Nantucket housewife's culinary skill for the first time marks it as a red-letter day in his calender of new sensations.

The October fishing has been unsuccessful thus far. The mild weather of this beautiful autumn has kept the temperature of the water too high to suit the cod, who keep out in cooler depths. Scon-

the chief drawbacks to ocean residence found by persons living along the ocean front on Long Island and New Jersey.

Below this cliff and extending to the water's edge, is a smooth, clean, hard, sandy beach, free from shell and sea-weed and the surf bathing is excellent.

It might be added here that an Electric Rail Road is about to be built through this property by a company composed of Boston capitalists, which will enable persons living at Surf Side to reach the northern shore of the island in about ten minutes. On this northern shore are most excellent still water bathing, sailing and fishing, and the shooting, in season, is second to none on the coast.



Surf Side is thoroughly adapted for building purposes. The land is uniformly level and high and persons desiring to build would be put to no expense for grading or excavating. There is a good, rich soil to a depth of from eighteen inches to two feet covering the sandy formation beneath, which insures perfect drainage. The surface is covered with a thick growth of green heather and moor grass which afford relief to the eye in marked contrast to the dazzling glare at most sea-side resorts.

The temperature at Nantucket is uniformly cool and pleasant. There is absolutely no malaria and for this reason as well as for its general healthfulness physicians unite in recommending it as a place of summer residence. It may be of interest to know that in Summer the temperature at Nantucket is from ten to fifteen degrees cooler than it is at the same latitude on the main land, while in Winter it is warmer than at Atlantic City. This is owing to the fact that the Gulf Stream from September to March sweeps against its southern shore. It is no exaggeration to say that in the very near future Nantucket in addition to being the most popular Summer resort on the Atlantic Coast, will be sought after on account of its Winter attractions, thus assuring a stability in land values that cannot be possessed by a place having only a few months of popularity.

The facilities for reaching the island have been greatly increased by the Old Colony Steam Boat and Railroad Company and negotiations are afoot looking to a direct boat line between New York and the island.

The present price of the lots is from $40 to $100, according to location, each lot being 25x100 feet. Not less than four lots will be sold, as it is the object of the syndicate to limit the size of the building lots to at least one hundred feet square.

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set is full of people, however, who find much else to pass the time pleasantly and wait patiently for the success which is only deferred. Nothing can be more beautiful than the slender crescent of the new moon, with its attendant star outlined in silver, as the day fades in the west in such clear, pure coloring as the writer has never seen elsewhere, and the stars fill the heavens with a peculiar splen or as they shed their soft light on the ever restless sea.

Those who love the Nantucket moors in summer should see them in these bright October days. The swamps are like the burning bush and the hillsides are all alight with warm reds and wonderful browns and yellows that would delight a lover of color. The lack of trees on the island enable these low growths to show to their fullest advantage, and the sedgy margins of the creeks and ponds have an indescribable beauty of their own. The mossy carpeting of the "commons" is in all the tones that silvery grey and pure yellow and rich brown can give, and the abundant red berries of the wintergreen or boxberry shine amid their glossy leaves. The surf rolls lazily upon the shore or, under a freshening breeze, breaks with exultant leap upon the sandy beach, tossing its spray high into the air. The very wine of life seems pressed to our lips in generous and unstinted draughts, and the late tarryer on this island of the sea thanks the beneficient powers that permit him to see Nantucket out of "the season."

E. C. L.

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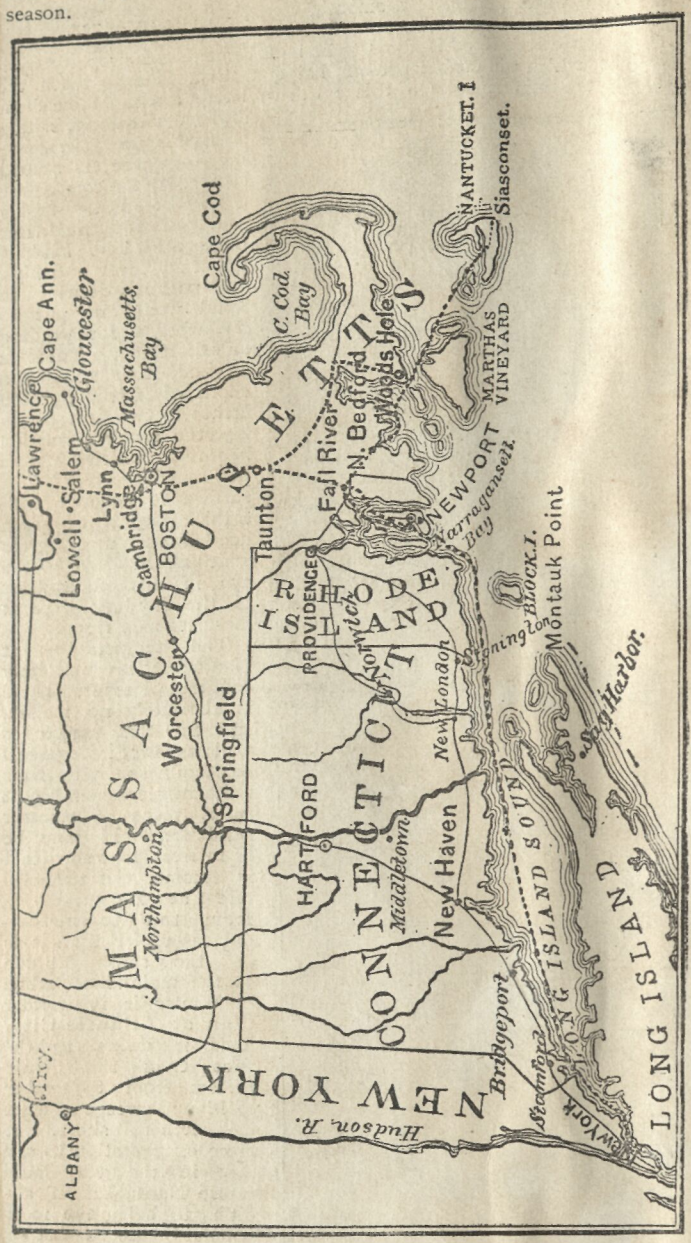
To any one desiring to build immediately at Surf Side, particularly advantageous offers will be made by the syndicate, and to those wishing to purchase with a view of speculation, I can confidently predict that the market value of the lots will at least quadruple during the coming season.



I have had several very fine photographs taken of the Surf Side property, giving excellent views of the building lots, the beach and the hotel, together with general views of the town of Nantucket and points of interest on the island.

Mounted on black mounts with gilt bevelled edges (cost $2.50 each to produce). In order to advertise Nantucket lots, I am willing to sell any of these photos at 25 cents each (there are six different views).

FOR

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St Paul Pioneer Press Sept 13/90

St. Paul Fishermen in the East.

SIASCONSET, Nantucket Island, Mass., Aug. 30.—To the Editor: It will probably be of interest to your readers to know that a St. Paul man has taught the natives at this popular seaside resort how to catch blue fish, sometimes called "horse mackerel," one of the most predacious of the finny tribe, and gamy enough for the most fastidious angler, and weighing usually in these waters from four to fifteen pounds. Two methods are employed in catching them, the most popular being trolling with a line, to which a drail or squid of metal is attached, and drawn through the water by cat-boats sailing briskly over the "rips." The greedy fish mistakes the shining metal for small game, snaps at it and is caught. Then comes the excitement of the struggle by the fisherman, or fisherwoman, to haul him in. At this place, however, there is no harbor for sailing craft and the angler must throw out the drail on a line perhaps ten or twelve fathoms long, haul it in and then repeat the process. If the blue fish see the drail and goes for it, he is likely to be caught; but as the fisherman much oftener pulls in his line without a fish, an hour or two of effort is very tiresome. This method of fishing is sometimes done from the beach when the fish are in shore, but it is generally done from a dory—a little flat bottom boat that is pushed out from the beach on the surf and anchored from an eighth to a half mile from the shore.

But the amateur fishermen do not take kindly to the hard work of heaving and hauling. They prefer to go to Nantucket where they can get a cat boat with competent sailors to manage it, because it requires no effort except when the fish strikes the drail and then he is hauled in. Many times expert anglers have essayed to use improved tackle in blue fishing to avoid the chafing and skinning of their fingers and hands which the throwing out and hauling in of lines causes, but heretofore they have

always been unsuccessful here. Whenever a city fisherman comes to this place with the paraphernalia of fancy tackle he is quietly laughed at. Now the laugh is on the other way. Mr. John G. Hinkel of St. Paul arrived here on the 9th of August. The next day he went out with Horace Folger, one of the most expert fishermen, who bet a dollar with Mr. Hinkel that he would not catch a fish using his rod and reel. Mr. Hinkel got the laugh on the fisherman and won his dollar, for he caught nine splendid specimens and lifted them into the dory. The next day he caught eighteen and the next one. The two succeeding days he had no luck, but on his next effort thirty-seven were caught, of which Mr. Hinkel hauled in fifteen and another day he caught eight. On the last day out Col. Sam Pierce of Rochester accompanied the party and in two hours they pulled in sixty-two fish, of which Mr. Hinkel caught twenty-five with his rod and reel.

The visitors are mostly intellectual people, college professors, ministers, teachers, literary men, artists and invalids. Some are families who, though fashionable at home, seek the seclusion from fashion, for

here is no display and only the disposition to rest, except that the young folks organize the amusement and have a happy time, and as for the little ones the out of door life makes the place to them a paradise.

TRAVELER.

Hartford Times, Nov 1, 90

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NANTUCKET AT ITS BEST.

SCALLOPING, AND HOW THE INDUSTRY IS WORKED.

Dangers That Menace Life-Saving Men.

The Sailor's Baby Thrived on Hard Tack and Molasses.

Correspondence of The Hartford Times.

NANTUCKET, Mass., October 27, 1890.

In the season from July to September one can not see Nantucket because of the visitors. In October, however, these have fled, and one has the island and the islanders to himself. October is the month in which to visit Nantucket. The skies are at their bluest, rivaling in hue old ocean spread all around the lonely little isle, and the wide downs are gay with golden rod and purple aster, and gray with withered grasses and heather. In summer the islanders "live on the boarders," as they term it. In autumn and winter they are thrown on their own resources, and one may study them at their various employments: cod-fishing, "scallopin'," gathering sea-weed, picking cranberries, shooting wild duck and other water fowl, "wreckin'," manning the life-saving stations, and spinning sea yarns that would make Clark Russell green with envy.

SCALLOP INDUSTRY.

They are pleasant, companionable folk, quite unspotted by the world, and it is interesting indeed to talk with them and get their quaint verdict on men and things. Along the bay shore on the extreme southern outskirts of the town are several little moss-grown houses with peaked roofs about as large as the old-fashioned pig styes of New England farmers. Great heaps of scallop-shells outside mark them as the work-shops and ware-houses of the scallop fishers. A tarry veteran in oil skins, whom we surprised there one rainy morning putting the finishing touches to a "drudge," told us all about the industry. "First," said he, "you want a good cat-boat, and a stiff two-reef breeze to drive her. Next a 'drudge' like this (pointing to a machine with a sharp blade), a bail like a coal scoop, and a deep, purse-like netting behind. This 'drudge' is fastened to the boat's stern and is dragged over the beds until the purse is full, when it is lifted and emptied into the boat. That's what scallopin' is. Sailin' back an' forth over the beds, all day, an' in February an' March, the best months when it's cold enuff to freeze the innards inside of you, no sport, I kin tell you. About fifteen bushel is a day's work. Scallops are brought in and given to the openers, who open the shell, take out the heart of the fish, and put it in gallon cans."

"Your market is Boston, I suppose."

"No, York. You see Boston is a small place, an' soon gits filled up. Ther's a law agin takin scallops out o' season," he continued. "It went off the first of October, but few of our boats is out scallopin' yit. It's too warm."

"But I should suppose you'd go at it at once," we remarked, "and so take the cream of the market."

"No, we don't," he said with a sly chuckle; "we know a thing or two about scallopin' ef we do live thirty miles out to sea. It's just here. The minnit the law is off all along the shores of Buzzard and Narragansett Bays you'll see the 'drudgers' out after scallops. Consequence is the market's soon overstocked and prices fall, but their beds only hold out about six weeks, and then we come on and get the cream of the market all winter. How big are our beds? Well, you look down the harbor there to Wauwinnett and Coskata, seven miles long by three wide—all one scallop bed; and in the Sound, all around to Maddeket, we find 'em plentiful. Good lobsterin' there in places, too. What is the total catch? Well, takin' the season through, probably from fifteen to twenty thousand bushels."

A NOVEL EXCURSION.

The other day Captain Burdick went down to the "head of the harbor," at Coskata, after cedar knees for a yacht he is to build this winter, and invited Principal Long, of the High School, with *carte blanche* as to friends, to sail with him. Long invited a young New Yorker named Macy, four of his best High School boys and myself. It was one of the most novel and interesting expeditions we had ever made on Nantucket. The region at the "head of the harbor" is called Coskata. It is a low, narrow sand-bank, perhaps half a mile wide, interposed between the harbor and the ocean on the west, and between the harbor and the Sound on the north. Several acres of it is occupied by Coskata Pond, as much more by salt marsh, and the rest by sand wastes, covered in places by a dense growth of bayberry, beach plum, and scrub cedar. There are thousands of acres here utterly untenanted, except by the life-saving men whose station is seen peering above the chaparral on the Sound side of the peninsula. In former days great flocks of sheep were kept on Coskata, and an old deserted farmhouse and ruins of a sheep fold are still to be seen on a bluff overlooking Sound and ocean. The cat-boat was brought to and anchored a hundred yards from shore; the party landed in the small boat, and separated to meet at lunch, the teacher and his boys going to surround Coskata Pond and lie in wait for black duck, Captain Burdick making off into the cedar thickets for his knees, while Macy and the writer went for a visit to the life-saving station. In the marshes we walked through purple and crimson beds of salt water rosemary—a most beautiful plant—and on the sands saw true cactus or prickly pear, the only place in the North where we had seen either.

THE LIFE-SAVING MEN

live an isolated, dangerous existence nine months in the year, their term of service lasting from September to June. Except the lighthouse keeper at Great

Point, two miles out on the cape, there is not a soul nearer than the town, six miles distant, across the harbor. Their duties are onerous. All night from sunset to sunrise, two or more of them are patrolling the beach, on the Sound side when the wind is north or east, on the ocean side when the wind blows from the south or west, eye and ear alert for a wreck. Suppose on some night of storm and darkness, the patrolman discovers one. At once he burns his coston light as a signal to the wrecked men that they are discovered, and hurries to the station. This at once becomes the scene of hurry and bustle. Lights flash, the Lyle gun and hand cart containing life line, breeches buoy, and other paraphernalia of life saving, is run out, and the men drag it over the sands to the wreck. There the gun is fired, and its projectile flies over the fore part of the wreck, carrying a life line of stout manilla hemp, which has been attached to it. This line the shipwrecked crew seize, and by means of it haul on board and make fast a huge hawser. On this the breeches buoy is quickly bent, and travels back and-forth from wreck to shore, bearing one man at a time until all have been rescued. If the sea is not so heavy that a boat can not live, the life-boat is launched, and rowed to the wreck, and the crew rescued in that way. Picking our way back through the cedars, we found the hunters returned and ready for lunch. They had secured no duck, but showed a marsh hen and a magnificent specimen of a fish hawk as trophies.

THE ISLANDERS.

As before remarked one finds at this season abundant opportunity for the study of the islanders. There is a resident population on Nantucket of about 3,000 souls. They are a well organized and exceedingly intelligent community, with churches, schools of high grade, Christian Endeavor Society, and Epworth League, a village improvement society, a literary society, lecture course, and other modern isms in most delightful juxtaposition with quaint old customs that became obsolete on the mainland, half a century ago.

A CAPITAL BABY STORY.

Kobbe's recent article in the Century on whale fishing, has been the subject of much good humored criticism on the island of late. Mrs. Captain N. (our landlady) was talking about it only yesterday. "He [Kobbe] says that many brides went from the church door to their husbands' ships," she remarked. "I was the only bride I ever heard of who did so," she continued. "We were gone three years cruising about in the Pacific. When we came back we brought a fine baby girl of 2 years. She was born at Fayal, and soon became the pet of the ship. The sailors fairly worshiped her and declared that she brought them good luck. We shipped two goats at Fayal to furnish milk for her, but they failed in this office on shipboard, and the baby was brought up on ship's bread soaked in molasses. She throve on it too. At one time the bread nearly gave out, and the crew went on short allowance that she might have enough."

A GOOD WHALE STORY.

The veteran sea captains here complain of the thinness and paucity of detail in the article referred to. There were facts enough lying around loose on the island, they say, that the writer failed to get. "It's very much like Dr. Wood's lecture on the whale," said a bright. island lady to me. "Some years ago Dr. Wood, the famous English naturalist, was down for a lecture on the above named subject in our lecture course. As Nantucket was interested in the whale and thought it knew something about it, everybody went, and the doctor had a full house. It was as good as a play to sit and watch the expression on the faces of our old captains, who had pursued and captured the whale for twenty years, as the scholar went on with his demonstrations. They aided him in drawing something 'very much like a whale' on the blackboard, but when he held up a harpoon and gravely told them that that was the weapon used in killing the whale, there was a universal shout, for everybody but the lecturer knew that the harpoon was only used in making fast to a whale, and that the lance was the weapon with which the death-stroke was given."

COD.

This morning Billy Clark went through the streets with his horn—toot, toot, toot. "F-r-r-r-sh cod! fresh cod! jest caught on Nantucket Rips. G-g-g-o-d good time for fish chowder." We haven't driven over to S'conset to see the cod-fishing yet, but we mean to. Old fishermen say the cod struck in very early this year, and argue from it a cold winter.

T.

Inquirer & Mirror Nov 29, 1890

Sewerage for Nantucket.

After the public meeting of last summer, several of our citizens and summer residents concluded to seek from a reliable source an opinion as to the needs of sewerage for Nantucket, and Dr. Henry J. Barnes, of Boston, who is a recognized authority, was induced to come here and examine into the needs and requirements. His report of the result of his investigation is given below, and will be found an interesting document, containing suggestions of a different nature than have before been advanced upon this question, with an estimate of the cost:

429 BEACON ST., BOSTON,
Nov. 20, 1890.

Doctor Harold Williams, Messrs. W. H. C. Lawrence, F. H. Gardner, Miss M. C. Mixter, C. P. W. French, C. C. Moores, et-al.:—

In compliance with your request, I have the honor to report on a system of drainage for Nantucket.

Density of population, rapidity of growth, industrial pursuits, and the volume of sewage to be disposed of, are the most important conditions to be considered. Where residences are sufficiently divided by intervening land, it is possible for each family to provide simple and efficient means for the disposal of the wastes, but in the thickly-settled parts of Nantucket this does not appear possible. The leaching cess-pool upon which so many of the houses are dependent, has proved so disastrous in many communities as to require public measures for its suppression, and for years our State Board of Health has disapproved its employment. At random, I take the annual report for 1888, and under the title of "Health of Cities and Towns," the board remarks: "Communities are learning, both from their own experience and that of their neighbors, that the rapid removal of household wastes and filth from inhabitated dwellings is far preferable, especially from the sanitary standpoint, to the storage of such noxious material in the immediate neighborhood of the population, by means of vaults, cess-pools, and other receptacles." Out of 52 local returns of health authorities quoted, 30 maintain the existence of cess-pools, privy vaults, or the want of a sewerage system, either as a cause of sickness or a menace to health. The epidemic of typhoid fever at Nahant a few years ago, the same disease at the Reformatory at Sherborn, the cases of diphtheria at the Westborough Asylum, all examples of many hundred recorded, a reference to which might do an injustice to hotels, communities, and individuals, engaged in a struggle to regain a lost reputation for healthfulness. The large number of typhoid fever cases occurring in Massachusetts, estimated by Doctor Prince to be in the neighborhood of 10,000 a year, are now known to result from improper means adopted for the disposal of waste material. By the storage of filth, noxious gases are generated, springs, wells and other sources of water supply are polluted.

RAPIDITY OF GROWTH.

There can be no doubt as to the desirabilty of a drainage system in towns as large as Nantucket, having a comparatively rapid increase of population. Leaving out of consideration the annual influx of summer visitors, the decline of your resident population since 1840, if continued but for a short time, will relieve you of any necessity for the establishment of a system.

INDUSTRIAL PURSUITS.

I am familiar with no industry of your town of sufficient magnitude or probable development meriting consideration, other than what results from the large number of summer visitors. You are the best judges, if their presence is of material advantage to the town, and to what extent. If undesirable, no indirect measure can be more effective in turning the tide in other directions, than indifference to sanitary surroundings. Neither health, comfort, or pleasure is secure in an ill-drained community. The disasters which have attended even a few cases of sickness, caused by filthy surroundings of hotels and communities, are too numerous to admit of doubt as to result, and it is common experience that year by year people are becoming more critical as to their sanitary surroundings, and that community which has the best to offer in this respect, must receive corresponding patronage.

There is little prospect of building up industries in your town, other than providing for guests during the summer months. Assuming this to be profitable, you naturally would wish to retain the present popularity. A favorable climate, excellent water, and good air, together with social advantages, are the chief attractions. With these there now exists certain conditions that will ultimately operate to your disadvantage, and should be suppressed before becoming sufficiently notorious to influence the prosperity. One of your hotel proprietors refrains from adding to his house at an expense of $20,000 to $25,000 through want of opportunity to dispose of the wastes of so large an establishment. One of your citizens has expended $250 the past year for drainage facilities, and now is unable to properly or safely dispose of the wastes of his house.

CONSUMPTION OF WATER.

An excellent public water supply, derived sufficiently remote from habitations to insure its purity, is your happy possession, but without adequate provision for its exit after contamination from numberless sources dependent on its use; the advantages derived are materially lessened, as the chances of polluting the soil and vitiating the air are greatly enhanced by the increased volume of sewerage, and its transportation by other than water carriage to available land sufficiently remote, would be an excessive burden to many of your hotels and private residences. Nor can the pernicious leaching cesspool in many localities be depended on as a means of disposal, as the soil is not sufficiently porous.

"WHAT IS THE BEST SYSTEM FOR NANTUCKET?"

The admission of storm water to a drainage system adds to the cost by the greatly increased size of plant necessary in time of heavy rainfall. As your road beds are generally quite porous, if unforseen changes do not take place in the occupation of the inhabitants, street wash will not be sufficiently polluted to require admission. It may, as in the past, find its way to the sea by natural water courses, without danger of objectionable results. It might be good economy in some parts of the town, where road beds are liable to be washed away, to lay a second pipe when a trench is open, to discharge by gravitation in the nearest water. It would not add over $800 per mile to the cost of construction.

An answer to your second question would not be complete without an opinion as to the best means for disposing of the sewage. To deposit it by gravitation at a number of outlets along the water front would be the *cheapest, but sure to increase many of the evils you are now contending with.* By a single outlet, a discharge into deep water from your nothern shore would require pumping through an iron pipe to a point nearly half a mile beyond the end of the jetty—the nearest deep water— also a protecting embankment, owing to the unstable ocean bed. With these obstacles overcome, I can give you no assurance that your shores would be protected from the deposit of offensive matter. Experience is generally against this as a satisfactory means of disposal. Even with the careful study of local currents of the Thames, and in Boston harbor, the results have not corresponded with the expectations. I know of but one large city (Liverpool) discharging into tide water that escapes unpleasant consequences.

The late chief engineer of Paris, Durand Claye, in a report to the municipal government on several German cities, said of Dantzig: "It is of much credit to the municipality that although the town is surrounded by rivers of large size, and lies within three miles of the sea, it has rejected the false and barbarous custom of casting untreated sewage into sea or river."

SUB-SURFACE IRRIGATION.

This system eliminates the solid matter and clarifies the sewage, and while the pores and joints of the pipe are unobstructed, there are no offensive surroundings. The distributing pipe is laid ten or more inches below the surface, out of reach of micro-organisms necessary for decomposition, consequently the sewage is little benefit to vegetation. For the 350 inmates of Sherborn Reformatory, six acres of land was prepared at a cost of $18,000. The effluent being objectionable in Boston's water supply, the plant is to be abandoned and connection made with the Framingham system of land purification, by depositing the sewage on the surface. If for no other reason, its cost would be a barrier to its employment at Nantucket.

MECHANICAL FILTRATION.

This system has been resorted to in a great number of places. I am familiar with none where satisfactory results have been obtained. At best, the solid matter alone is eliminated. All in solution (which represents about six-sevenths of the putrescible matter), escapes. If this were sufficient for your purposes, you would be burdened by the cost of frequent cleansing of filters, transportation of solids arrested of little or no value, to remote places, to be dug into the earth, offensive surroundings of the filter beds and about the point of final discharge of the liquid. The variable winds would at times render offensive works objectionable, located on any side of the town.

ELECTRIC TREATMENT.

This has been under experimental trial at Crossness on the sewage of London. The results obtained have thus far failed to convince the authorities of the efficacy. Leaving out of consideration the cost of the necessary plant, my own obervations are to the effect that the chemical treatment after electric, here employed, would accomplish quite as much without the electricity as with it.

[Since writing the above, I learn through a friend the London plant has been abandoned.]

CHEMICAL TREATMENT.

Except in a general way it would be unprofitable to consider this method for the treatment of the sewage of Nantucket. Lime, sulphurate of iron, and sulphate of alum, either alone or in combination with a great variety of other agents, are employed for this purpose, with the result of removing the solids in suspension, and clarifying the sewage sufficiently to justify a final discharge into tide water, or water unused for domestic purposes. Purification has never been accomplished, although millions of dollars have been spent in France alone with this object. The conclusion of a commission appointed by Parliament a few years ago may be quoted, as Dr. Frankland, the recognized Prince of chemists, signed the report. "The actual resources of chemistry do not permit the hope that the polluting matter dissolved in sewage can be precipitated and sent away by any appliance of chemical reaction, and unless new chemical laws are discovered, it is useless to attempt the employment of chemical agents. Epuration must be confided to dame nature."

Most of the plants with which I am familiar employ land for subsequent treatment of the effluent. Frankfort-on-the-main achieves fair results without land, but at an enormous cost, and the thousands of tons of sludge piled up on an adjacent field proves how little has been saved of the fertilizing properties. It can hardly be disposed of by gift. This is in harmony with English experience, which estimates a hundred tons of crude sewage to contain $8.00 worth of fertilizing material, $7.50 for that in solution, and 50 cents for the solid in suspense; but when it is known that no chemical treatment preserves the ammonia (many add to it) in the effluent, and many lose the phosporic acid, the comparative worthlessness of the sludge is appreciated. The cost of chemicals, machinery, mixing tanks, settling tanks, and care of sludge with the usual offensine surroundings are sufficient reasons for its rejection, where other, more efficient, and less costly means can be obtained.

SOIL TREATMENT.

This is the only means known by which complete purification can be accomplished. I have seen a professor of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology drink a tumbler full of the effluent obtained from sewage purified at the State Board of Health's experimental station at Lawrence. Together with the members of the International congress of Hygiene, I drank freely of the effluent of the sewage of Paris last summer, at a dinner given by the city at its sewage farm. It was cool and sparkling, and analyzed in purity, both by chemical and biological tests far superior to the average town water supply. I mention this only to call attention to the possibilities, not that it establishes a desirable source of water supply. Satisfactory epuration has been obtained in over 200 cities and towns of Great Britain, where soil treatment is now employed. A few of which, owing to favora-

ble condition of soil and atmosphere, net something above the cost of operating the farms. At Croydon, Beddington, Wimbledon, Doncaster, Strowbridge, Ferfar and Edinburg, profit is realized, a result surprising, in view of the general excess of moisture. Near Paris profit is unquestionably realized by the cultivators of the farms at Gennevilliers. Available land commands five times as much rent as similar soil outside the drainage district. Mr. Hobrecht, the engineer of the Berlin sewage works, informed me last summer that the sewage farms of the city netted 2 1-2 per cent. above cost of operating, and interest on plant. The Dantzig farm, formerly a barren, sandy island of absolutely no value for agricultural purposes, is now sub-let by the contractor, Mr Aird, at from $20 to $100 per acre. The favorable results achieved at Berlin, where public work houses and convalescent hospitals, and villages are surrounded by sewage farms, with the effluent of one on the north discharging into the river space, just above the city water works, all without injury to public health and unattended by paludal surroundings, justifies the confidence of the city reposed in her men of science. Virchow, Koch, Gill and Hobracht, who said to Durand-Claye a few years ago, "The city of Berlin never refuses us the necessary money, when it is a question of health and of sanitary works." Berlin has over 1,300,000 population. The employment of cesspools is forbidden; none exist. All family wastes are conducted to the drains and utilized in agriculture. The Craigentinney meadows, near Edinburg, under profitable irigation by sewage for over 200 years, the sewage farm at Buntzlan, established in 1559, give periods of sufficient length to prove the capacity of soils for an indefinite time, to take up and appropriate the wastes of habitations without becoming sewage sick, as has been predicted. In support of these views, I make a few quotations from eminent authorities. The sixth commission appointed to devise means for the disposal of the sewage of Paris, after portraying the advantages thus far derived in the epuration of one-third of sewage (34,000,000 gals. a day) write: "Highly to the honor of the city be it said, that by the perseverances of its representatives, by the science and devotion of its engineers, the problem of the epuration of the residues of cities and of their utilization by agriculture is absolutely and definitely solved." Durand-Claye, the engineer who established the experimental farm of about six acres over twenty years ago, after extensive travels in Europe, at the request of the government, reports: "In Germany, it is now everywhere admitted, without dispute, that the sanitation of towns rests upon three principles: (1) The discharge of all excretal matter into the sewers; (2) An abundant supply of water to the houses; (3) The purification of the sewage by the soil and vegetation." The commissioner appointed by the municipal authority of Turin: "The only method recognized up to the present time as really efficacious for the purification of sewage, is irrigation. This method is deprived of danger, and of inconvenience, and would give the best agricultural results." Mr. Aird: "The ruling authorities in Germany know that sewage irrigation can be carried out without causing any nuisance, * * * * and therefore they declare it permissible anywhere." Dr. Corfield, in an exhaustive work of over five hundred pages devoted to the treatment and utilization of sewage, concludes, with regard to irrigative farming. "The facts that we have brought together seem to us to show clearly that it satisfies the three conditions * * * * The sewage is purified, a profitable agricultural return is ensured, and the health of the neighborhood is not endangered." The Royal Commissioner on Metropolitan Sewage Discharge, after two years of study, involving all known methods of disposal, reports: "Although there are many points in regard to this system in which the authorities differ in opinion, there can be no doubt of the general conclusion that the result of experience and of the investigation of the subject by the most competent authorities, have been strongly and almost unanimously in favor of the application to land as in every respect the best and most advisable mode of treating sewage *when circumstances will admit of its use.*" Pullman is the pioneer in the establishment of this system in America. Without nuisance, health and profit are both realized. A plant of recent construction is in operation at Framingham, Mass. And here let me state, that I have never observed an offensive odor on a sewage farm, either in this country or Europe, which was not the result of accident or carelessness in the management.

The Superintendent of the Pullman farm with his family lives in the centre of the field. Convalescent hospitals are established on the Berlin sewage farms. A robust and healthy population of 3500 reside in the midst of sewage farms on the plains of Genevilliers. Land adjacent to the sewage farm of Croydon sells at from $2,000 to $5,000 per acre. At a dinner given at Reims last summer, the tables were spread in open air in the centre of a sewage farm in full operation. Over 300 men, representing sanitary science from all parts of the world, many accompanied by their wives, who perhaps would be more fastidious, ate unannoyed by the slightest odor.

You do not hesitate in covering your lawns with the coarse, and often offensive products of the barnyard. Sewage deprived of solid matter, a liquid fertilizer, which disappears on dry, porous soils before decomposition takes place, is inoffensive and more beneficial. Fears have been expressed lest disease should result, and prejudice exists against the use of vegetables produced from sewage. The products of the barnyard are valuless as a fertilizer until decomposed. so also is sewage. They differ only in amount of combined nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and salts of potash contained. With water, these are the chief elements appropriated by plants in vegetation. Either within reach of the roots is beneficial. Either applied to the leaves is disgusting and dangerous. The entire crop of squashes raised from sewage at the Pullman farm was sold a few years ago in Boston. Much of our best celery has for several years been obtained from the same source. Gennevilliers is the garden *par excellence* of Paris, and the same may be remarked of the sewage farms of Berlin and Birmingham. Night soil as a fertilizer is in common use throughout the world.

DO "CIRCUMSTANCES ADMIT OF SOIL TREATMENT" AT NVNTUCKET?

Of easy access within the limits of the town, are barren tracts of sandy soil, of little or no value at the present time. Its porous character and excellent grades would require little preparation to receive the drainage of the town. Without under-draining or much work in leveling, an ordinary plow would turn up an embankment of ample strength sufficient to hold 45,000 gallons, equal to one inch on two acres. The effect of three inches every third day would not be noticed on a field of this size except in the improvement of vegetation. I have yet to see the sewage farm that suffers from over fertilization. The capacity of soils to dispose of sewage is always limited by its ability to dispose of the water without becoming waterlogged. Excessive fertilization is practically unknown in agriculture. The moist climate of England, together with an abundant rain fall on stiff clay soils, fixes the limitations of the volume of sewage to the acre at a comparatively small amount. Soil and climatic conditions of New England, are favorable for a much greater volume, as our most prosperous garden farmers find profit in the purchase of water, or the establishment of plants of their own for irrigating purposes. On the plains of Gennevilliers, 312 inches a year of sewage has been discharged with no other than beneficial results. Under our forms of municipal government, profitable agriculture under the most favorable conditions is unlikely to be realized. The prime object is, therefore, to get rid of the sewage in the cheapest unobjectionable manner. I am convinced that soil treatment would fully meet this requirement at Nantucket, and that an enterprising garden farmer would find profit in its utilization. Eight acres of light porous, sandy soil, divided into four beds for "intermittent filtration" is all that would be required of the town for the purposes of purification, without offensive surroundings, if the following rules governing its application to the land are strictly observed:

1.—The sewage should be deposited on the and before putrefactive changes begin. It does not decompose while in motion.

2.—The discharge should be intermittent, thus giving the land a chance to breathe, as it were.

3—The soil should not be over-dosed, otherwise no more will be accomplished than by the leaching cesspool or subsurface irrigation, simply mechanical filtration. Successful epuration by this method depends on the activity of bacterial digestion of the soluble matter, thus resolving it into gases and other elements necessary in the growth of vegetation, which, if not appropriated immediately, are locked up in the soil for the future use of plants. These micro-organisms exist in the air, the water, and the first few inches of the surface of the earth. Without them the decay of organic matter would not take place. You kill them by boiling, and thus preserve your fruits. You expose your barnyard products to their action by turning it over and mixing with soil, in order to obtain immediate results from its fertilizing properties. Without the expense of handling and carting, you may obtain the same results by irrigating with sewage.

LOCATION.

A main drain, beginning at or near the Sea Cliff, and following the line of North Water street to Broad, thence through Broad, Federal, Main and Union streets, to land well adapted to the purposes of purifying the sewage, in the vicinity of the Agricultural Fair Grounds, would provide for many offensive conditions and nuisances now existing. It would take the sewage of the Sea Cliff, houses in Lily pond district, the Springfield, Veranda, Ocean House and large boarding houses in the neighborhood, and with branches, to connect the Sherburne, American, and Bay View Hotels, the most urgent requirements of the town at the present time will be provided for.

PROBABLE COST OF A SYSTEM?

Your question requires an engineer's survey before accurate estimates can be made. Rough calculations may be made from the following data: 15-inch main tile pipe can be delivered at Woods Holl at $1,980 per mile. Laid at an average depth of 5 1-2 feet, with an inclination of 1 to 880, equal to 6 feet per mile, $3,940. Bends, T and Y branches, would make the total cost of main per mile, about $6,000. Maximum capacity, 46,440 gallons per hour. Eight-inch branch pipe, under similar conditions, would cost $5,000 per mile, not including transportation from Woods Holl.

1 1-2 miles of main pipe (15-inch)	$9,000
1 mile of branch pipe (8-inch)	5,000
Pump and boiler	1,500
Pumping station	1,500
2 reservoirs of deposit 56,250 gallons each	2,500
100 acres of land at $10	1,000
Preparation of eight acres	100
2 gate chambers	200
Engineer's expenses, 15 per cent	3,120
	$23,920

SUMMARIZING THE FOREGOING.

Health, wealth and comfort are largely influenced by the methods adopted for the disposal of the wastes of habitations. Satisfactory individual care is impracticable at Nantucket. Your continued prosperity as a summer resort depends on the establishment of a system. Your abundant water supply makes it more necessary. The separate system recommended would make ample provision for all present and prospective requirements. Soil treatment will accomplish purification without objectionable features. The plant recommended is of sufficient size for a much larger maximum population. It can be enlarged without the abandonment of any part. The large expenditure in face of a declining resident population is important in opposition to the establishment of a system, the weight of which the people of Nantucket must determine.

Respectfully Yours,
HENRY J. BARNES, M. D.

N. Y. Tribune Nov 16/91

The fascinations of Nantucket were not exhausted when the "off-islanders" carried away her antique furniture and her carved sandalwood boxes, redolent of foreign lands, and corrupted the economic ideas of her carriage drivers. There remains behind for the privileged few, who have a genius for getting the best from every place, the "sailor's cot," made by Obed Swain in a back Nantucket street whose name we forget—back streets in Nantucket are so absurd.

This cot is made of white canvas. The bottom, stretched over a wooden frame, does not "give" any more than the seat of a chair. The advantage over the ordinary hammock is apparent. The hammock has a way of catching you where you don't want it to, and holding you in an uncomfortable position. The cot never does. In it the most awkward can recline with the grace of Mme. Recamier. It is swung from the ceiling by ropes attached to the end pieces.

Most of the Nantucket cottagers are familiar with this luxurious substitute for a hammock as swung on summer piazzas, but to only a few has it occurred to carry it with them to their city homes. If you, reader, are one of those few and you have suspended it from gilded hooks in the ceiling of some airy chamber, if you have upholstered it in pretty cretonne, twisted the ropes with ribbons and filled it with soft cushions, then not only have you offered a tribute at the shrine of the picturesque, but insomnia has forever fled from your dwelling.